H220
RCM 359057

RCM London

XXVII. C. 7
~~XXVI. A. 6. a.~~
F1 - 4
H22051
rcm 359061
RCM London

INKLE AND YARICO

A COMICK OPERA

As PERFORM'D at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY MARKET

The Words by George Coleman Jun.r

The Musick Composed by

D.r Arnold

Organist & Composer to his Majesty

ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE, HARPSICHORD, PIANO FORTE &c.

Opera XXX.th

Enterd. at Stationers Hall.

Price 10s/6d.

LONDON Printed & Sold by Longman & Broderip No. 26 Cheapside, & No. 13 Hay Market.

S.A.

INDEX to the Songs, Duetts &c, in INKLE and YARICO.

A

Page

A Voyage over Seas - - - - - - - - - - 12

A Clerk I was in London gay - - - - - - - 42

C

Come let us dance and ſing - - - - - - - 44

F

Freſh and ſtrong the breeze is blowing - - 24

M

Mars woud oft' - - - - - - - - - - - 28

O

O fay ſimple maid - - - - - - - - - - - 18

Our Grotto was the ſweeteſt place - - - 36

R

Page

Remember when we walk'd alone - - - - - - 34

T

The Achilles, tho' chriſtend - - - - - - - - 10

This maxim let evry one hear - - - - - - - 26

Tho' Lovers like markſmen - - - - - - - - 40

W

When the chace of day is done - - - - - - 14

White man never go away - - - - - - - - 20

Wampum ſwampum - - - - - - - - - - - 21

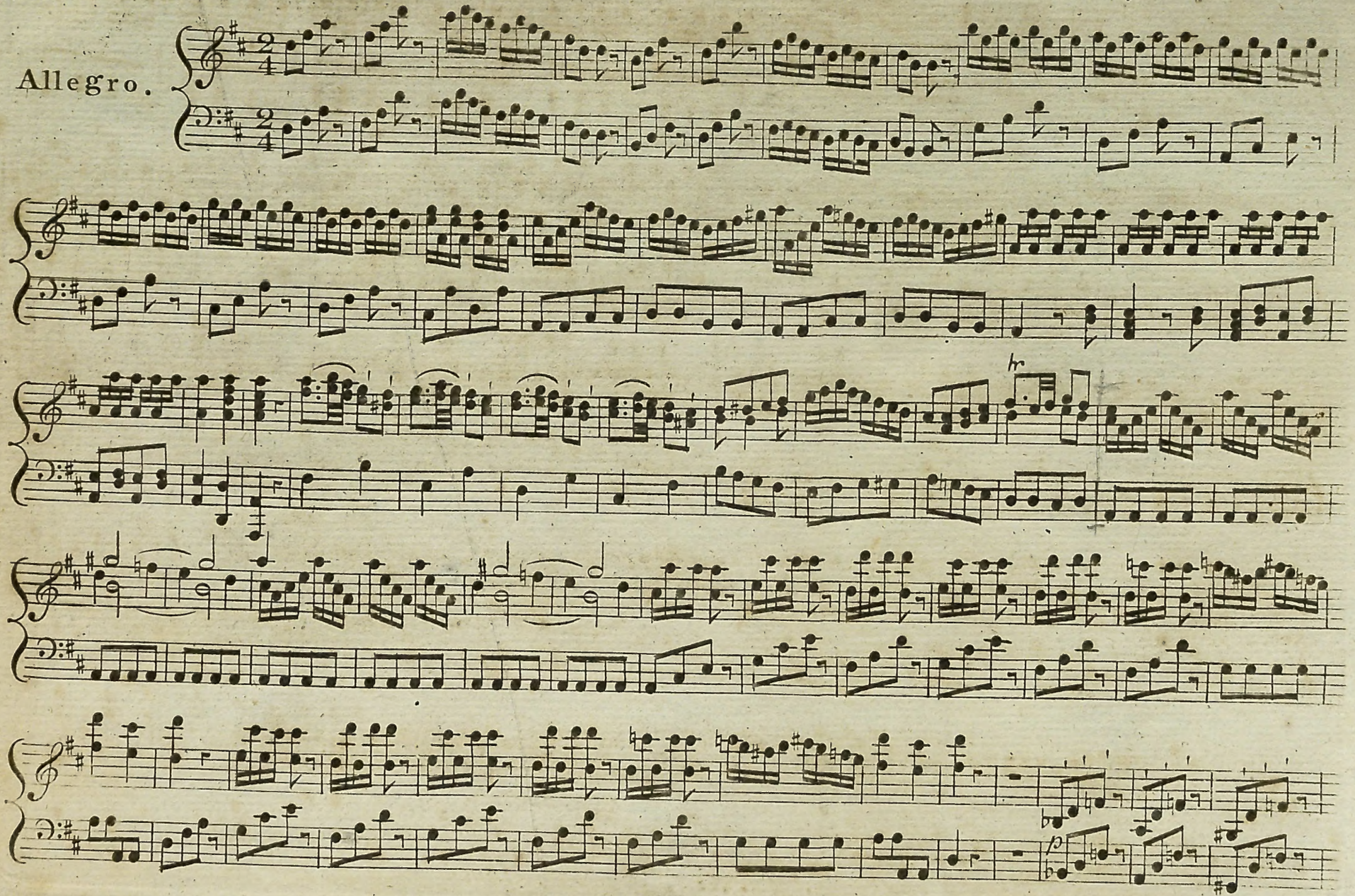
Why ſhoud I vain fears diſcover - - - - - - 31

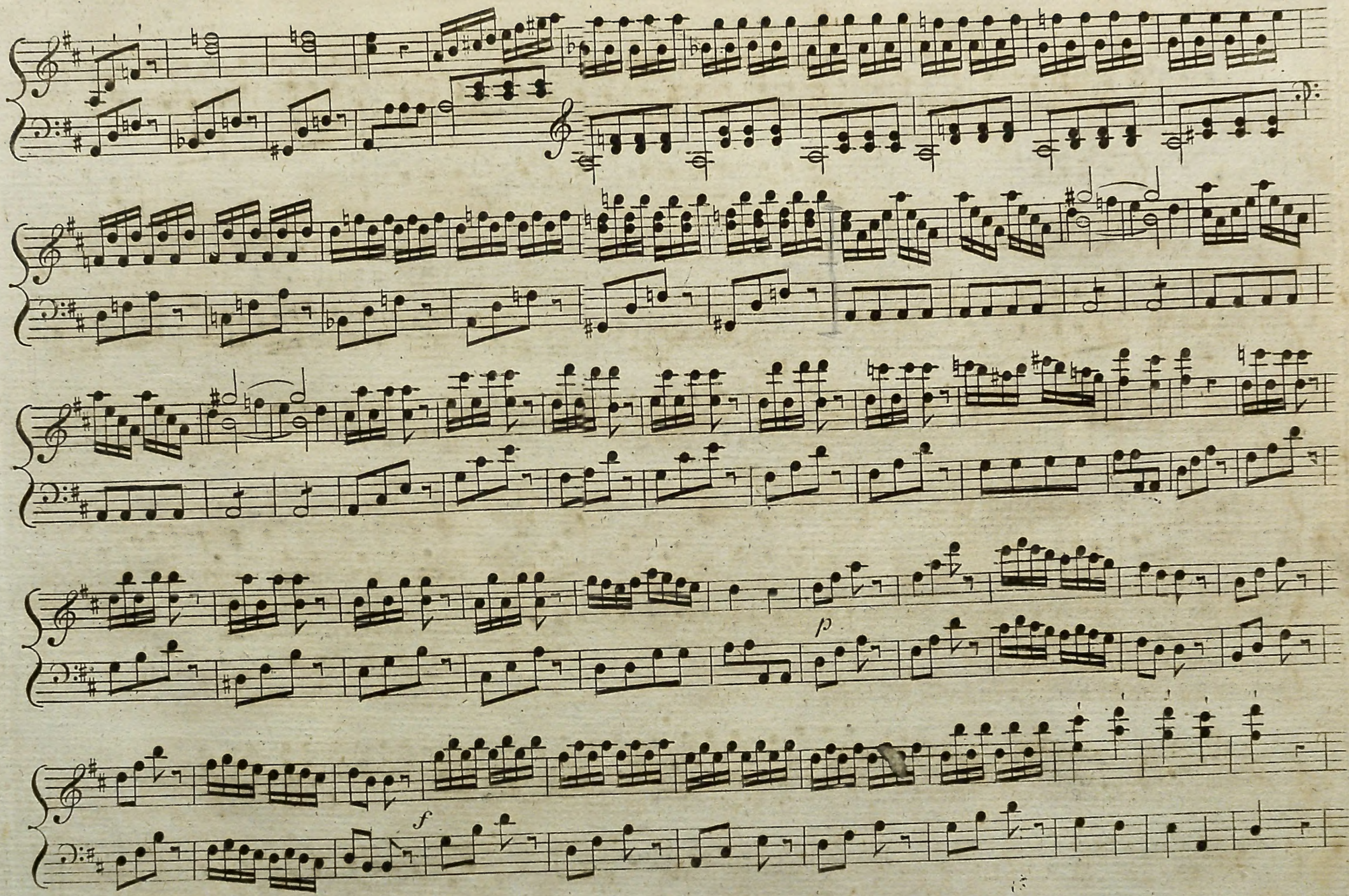
Your Colinettes and Ariettes - - - - - - - 38

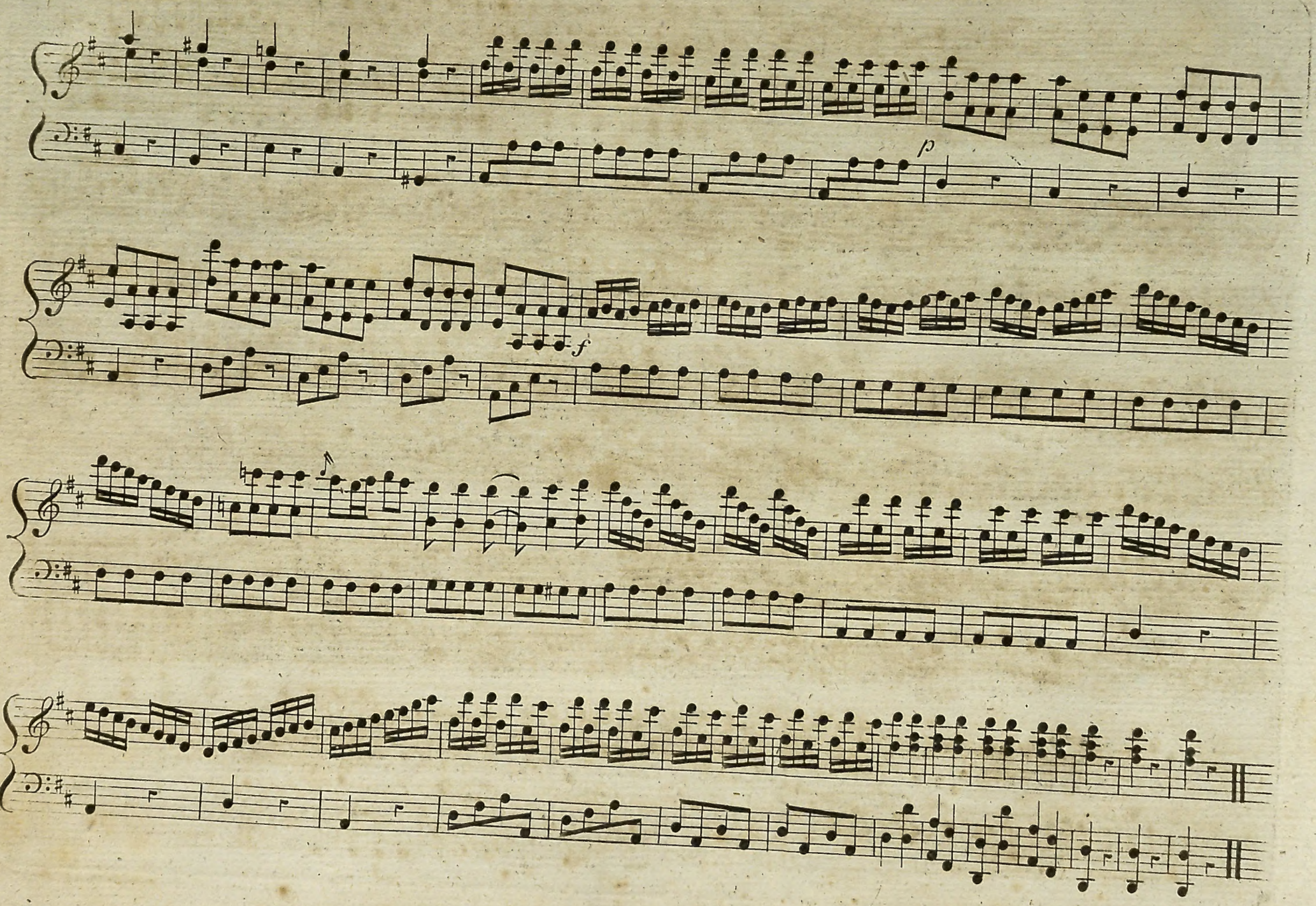
33

OVERTURE.

Allegro.




p
f


p
f

Octave Flute and Baffoon Unis.

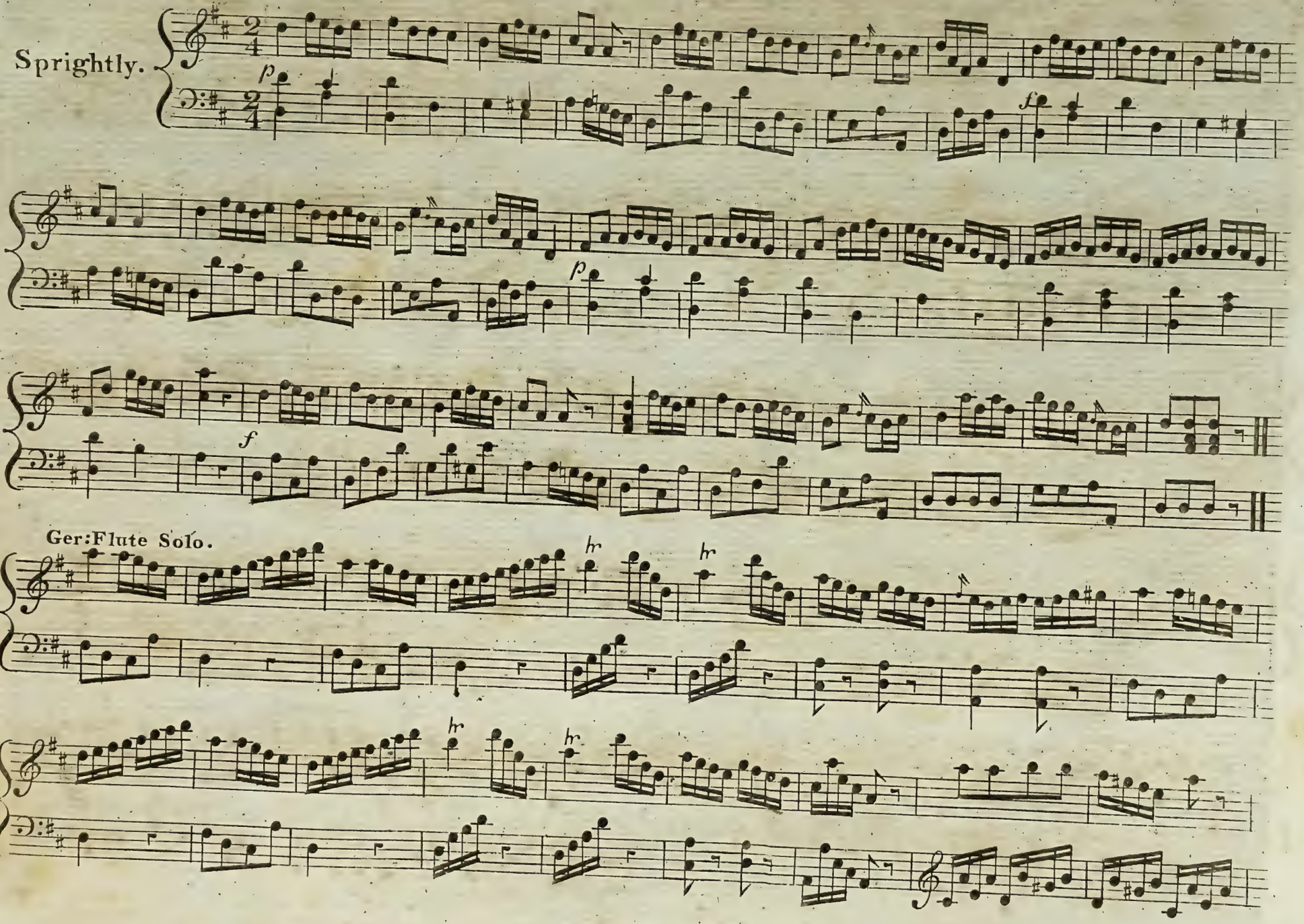
Andante.

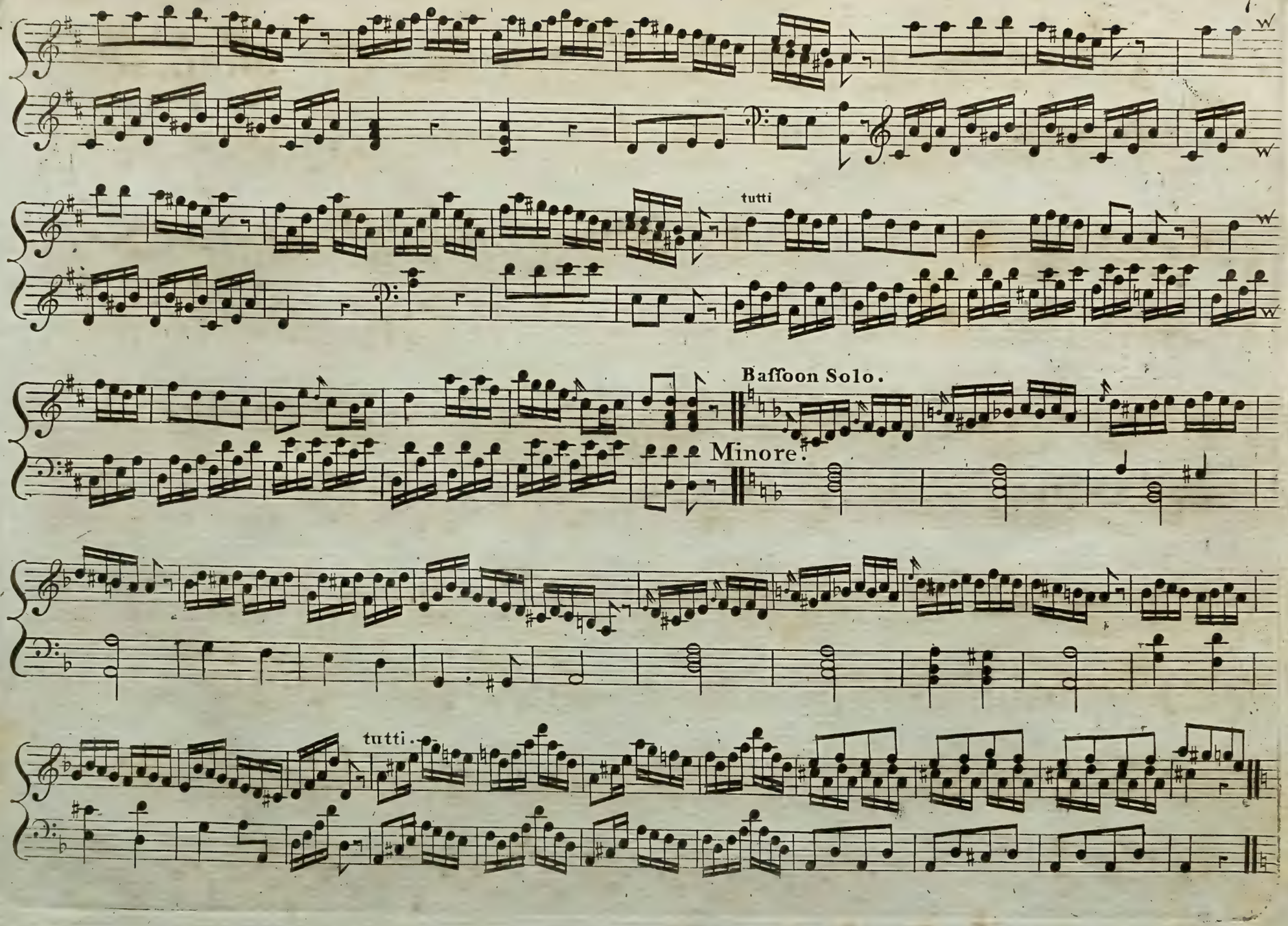
tutti

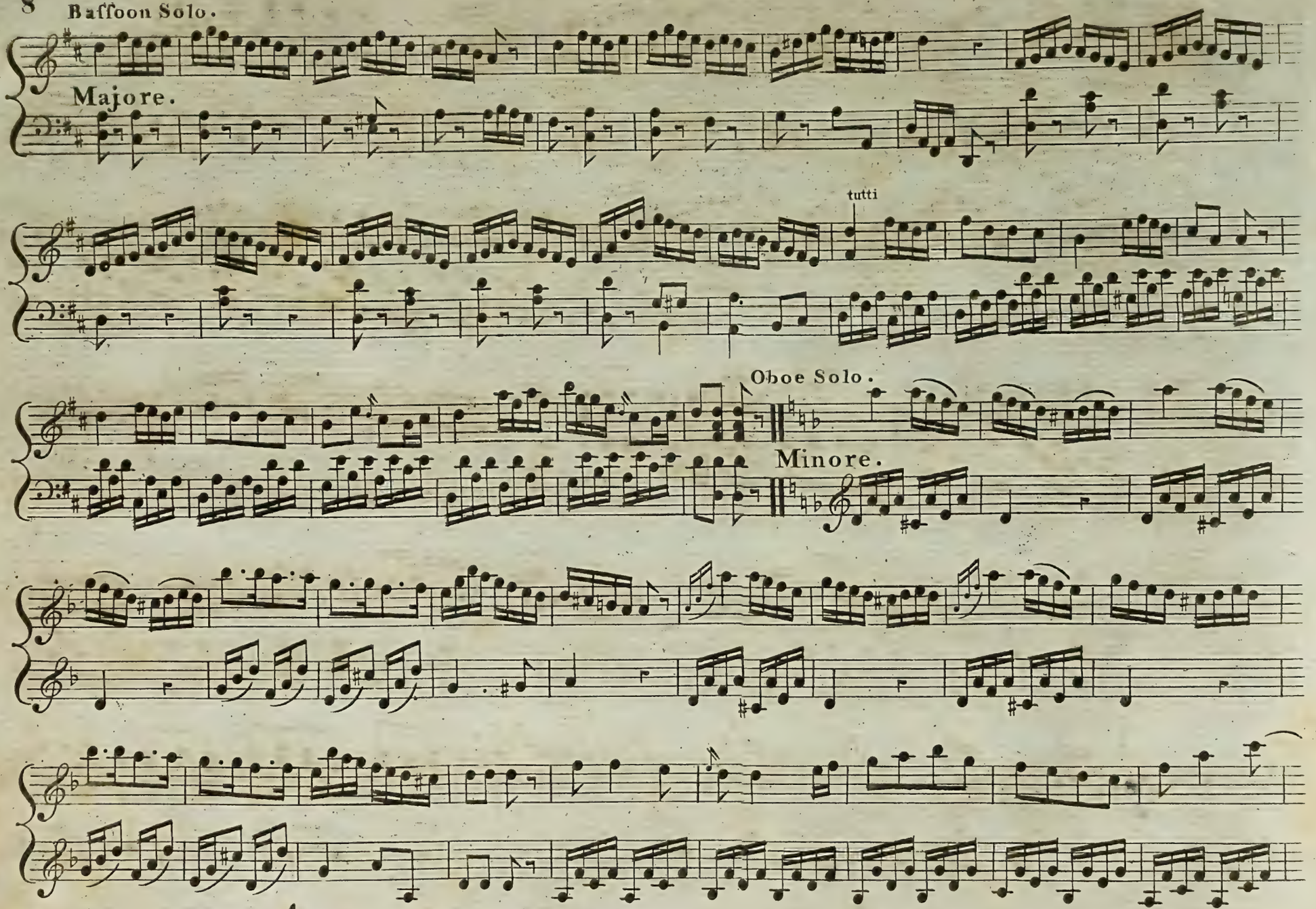
f

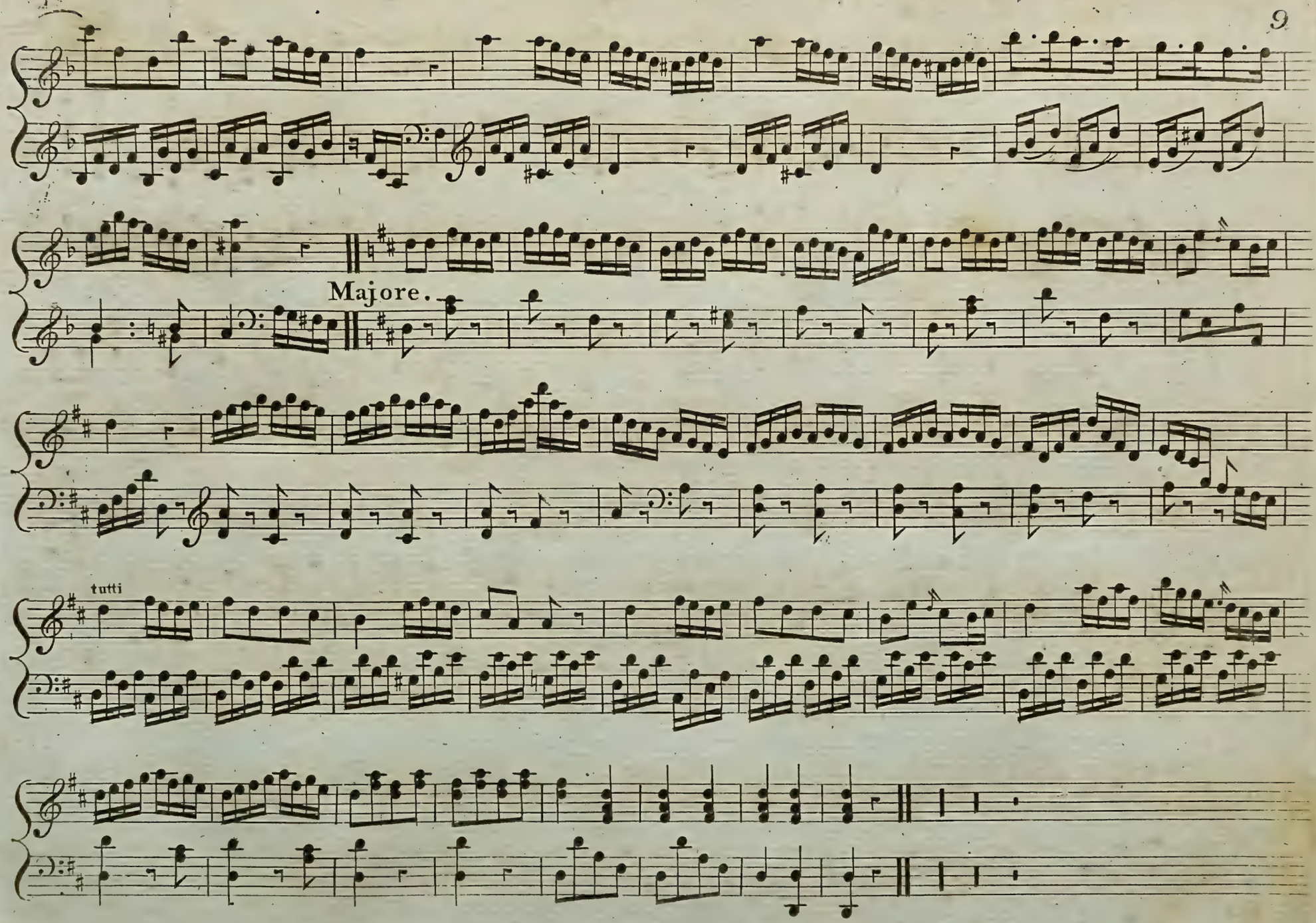
p

f

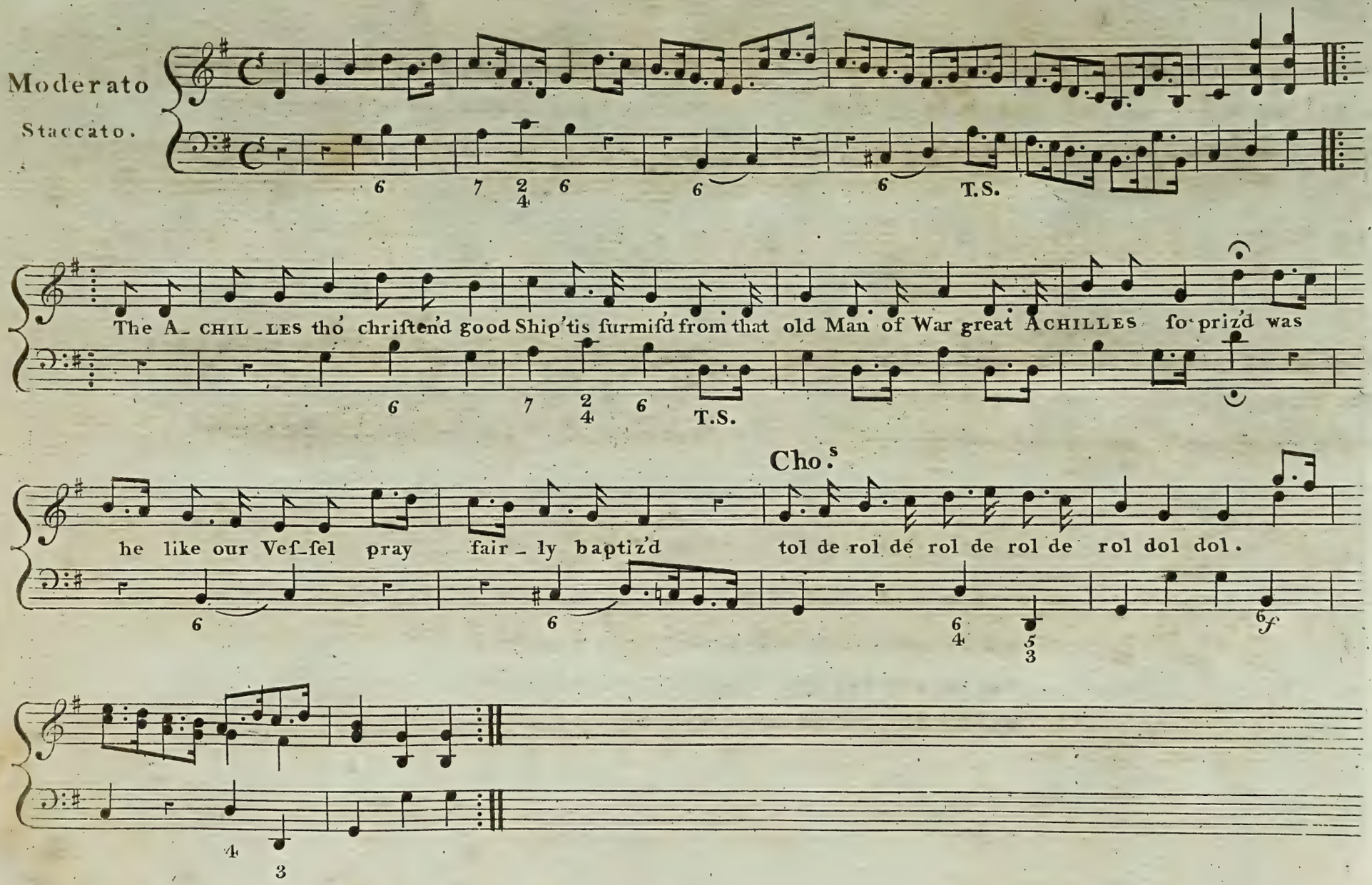

Sprightly.
p
f
p
f
Ger:Flute Solo.
hr
hr
hr
hr


tutti
Baffoon Solo.
Minore.
tutti.


Baffoon Solo.
Majore.
tutti
Oboe Solo.
Minore.


Majore.
tutti

Sung by Mr. Meadows.



2

Poets ſung that ACHILLES – if now they've an itch
To ſing this, future ages may know which is which,
And that one rode in GREECE, and the other in PITCH.

3

What tho' but a merchant ſhip! ſure are our ſupplies,
Now your man of war's gain in a lottery lyes,
And how blank they all look, when they can't get a prize.

4

What are all their fine names! when no rhino's behind,
The INTREPID and LION look ſheepiſh you'll find,
Whilſt, alas! the poor ÆOLUS can't raiſe the wind.

5

Then the THUNDERER's dumb, out of tune the ORPHEUS,
The CERES has nothing at all to produce,
And the EAGLE I warrant you looks like a GOOSE.

6

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid like fine King ſhips to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourſelves well, without fighting at all.

37

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

(Laft Valentines day)

Vivace.

Corni.

tutti

TRUDGE.

A voyage o'er Seas had not enter'd my head had I known but on

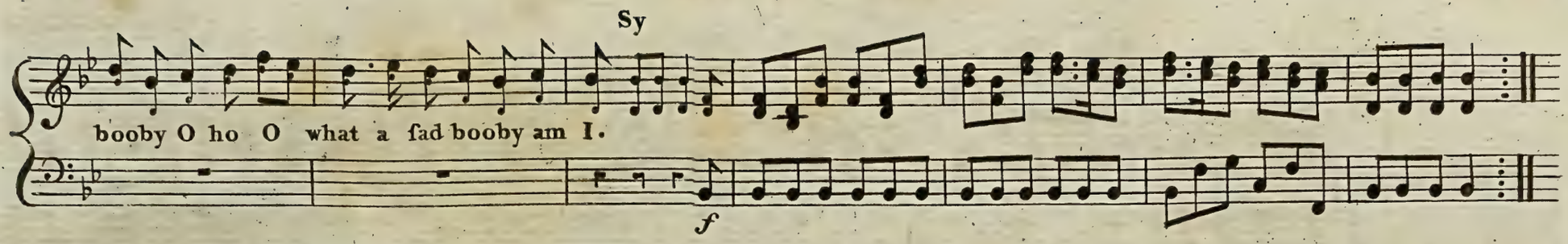
Sy

which ſide to butter my bread heigho ſure I for hunger ſhall die I've

p *f*

faild like a booby come here in a ſquall where alas there's no bread to be butter'd at all O ho! I'm a terrible

p 6 6



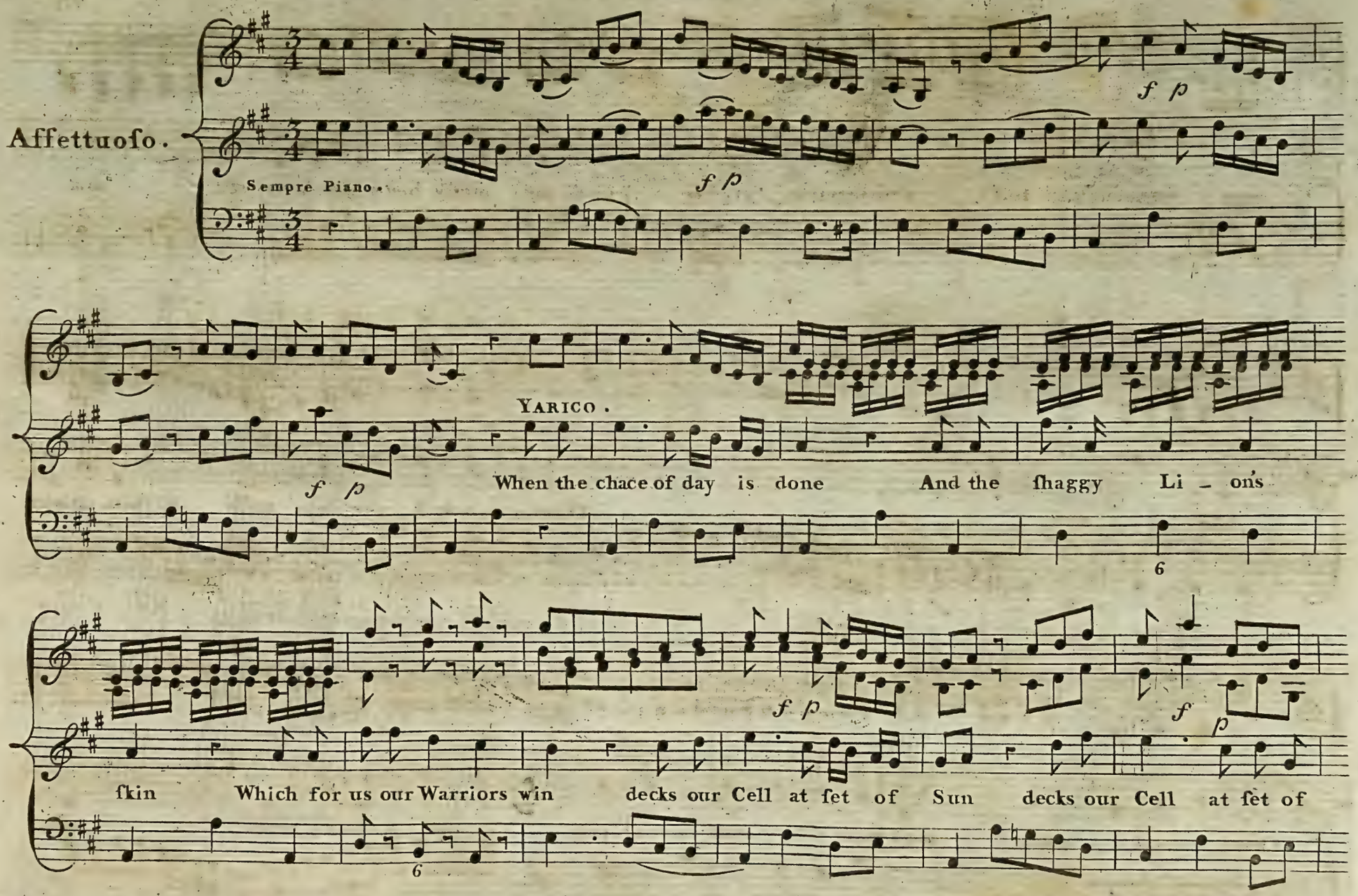
2

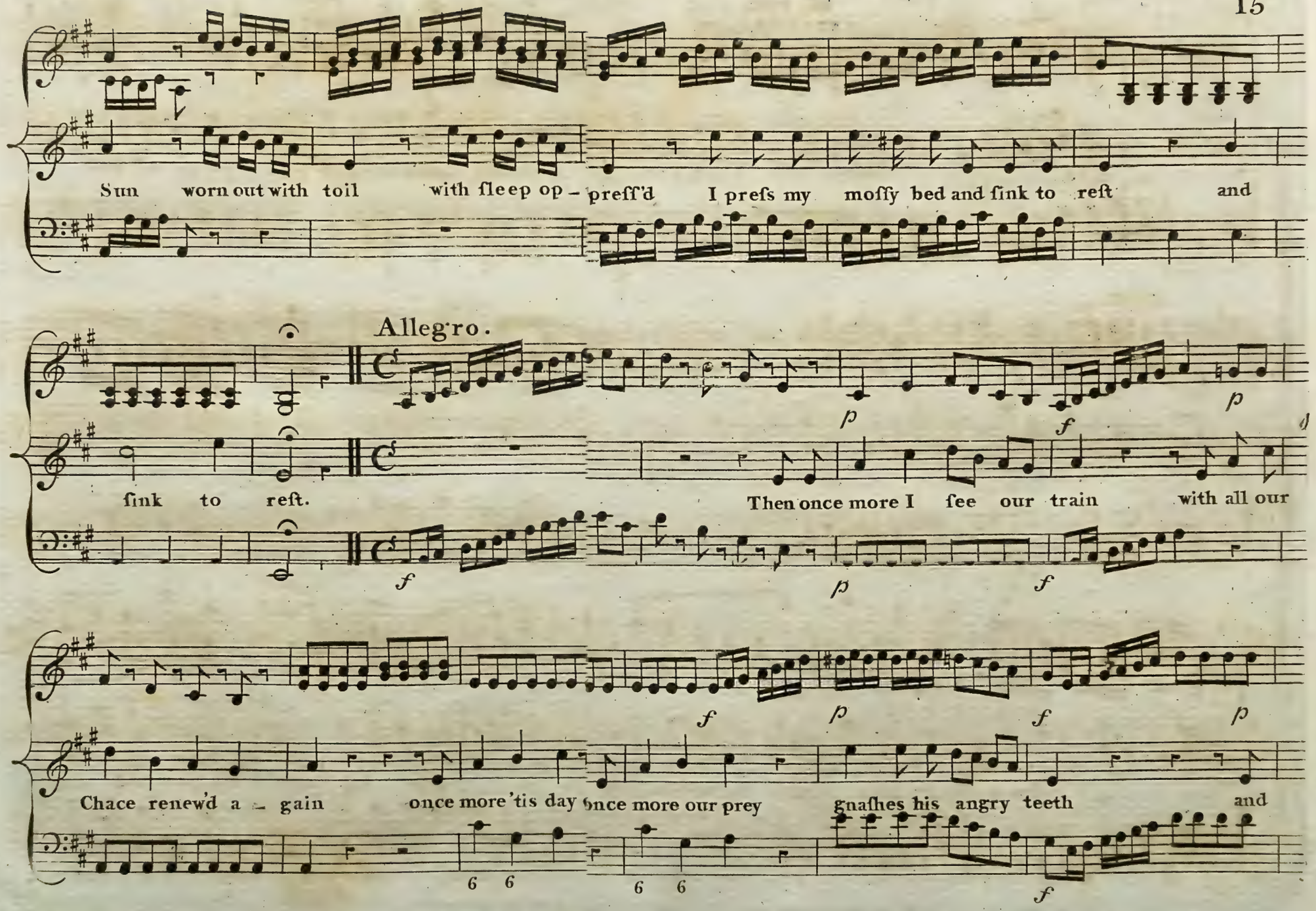
In London, what gay chop houſe ſigns in the ſtreet,
But the only ſign here, is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I, for hunger ſhou'd die!
My mutton's all loſt, im a poor ſtarying elf;
And for all the world like a loſt mutton myſelf.
O, ho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh what a loſt mutton am I!

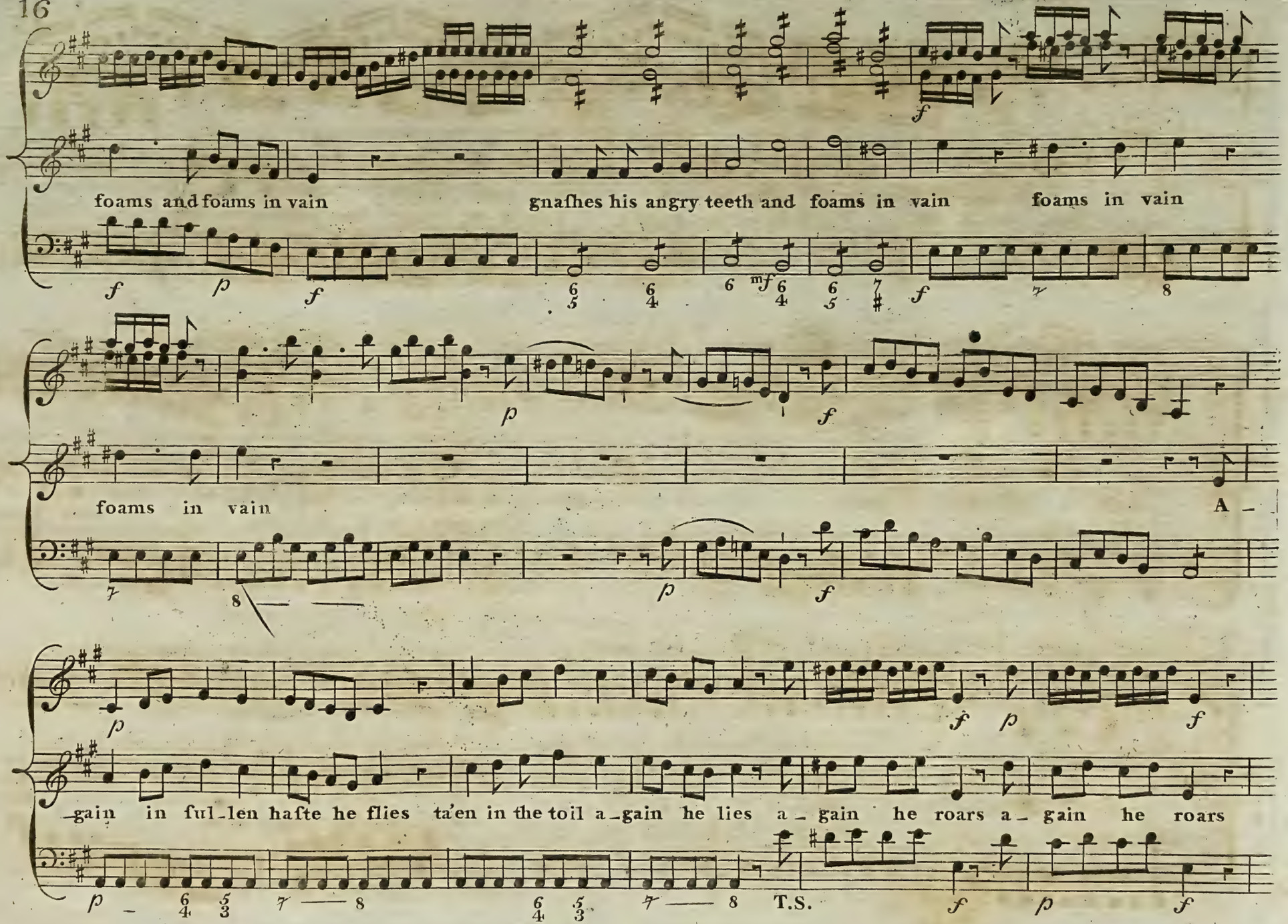
3

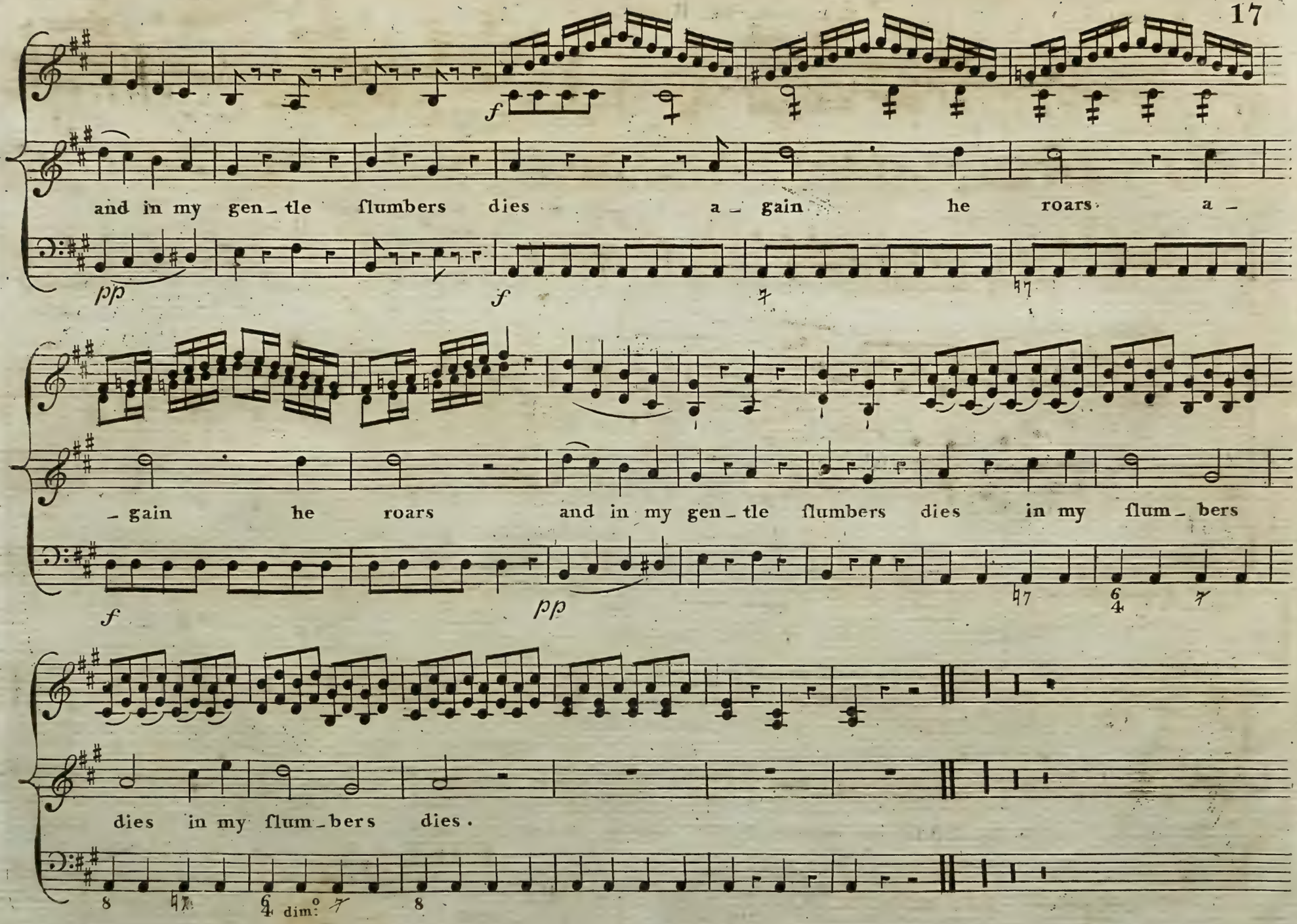
For a neat ſlice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull,
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I, for hunger ſhou'd die!
But, here without meat, I muſt here meet my grave;
For my bacon I fancy I never ſhall ſave.
O, ho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon not I!

Sung by Mrs. Kemble.



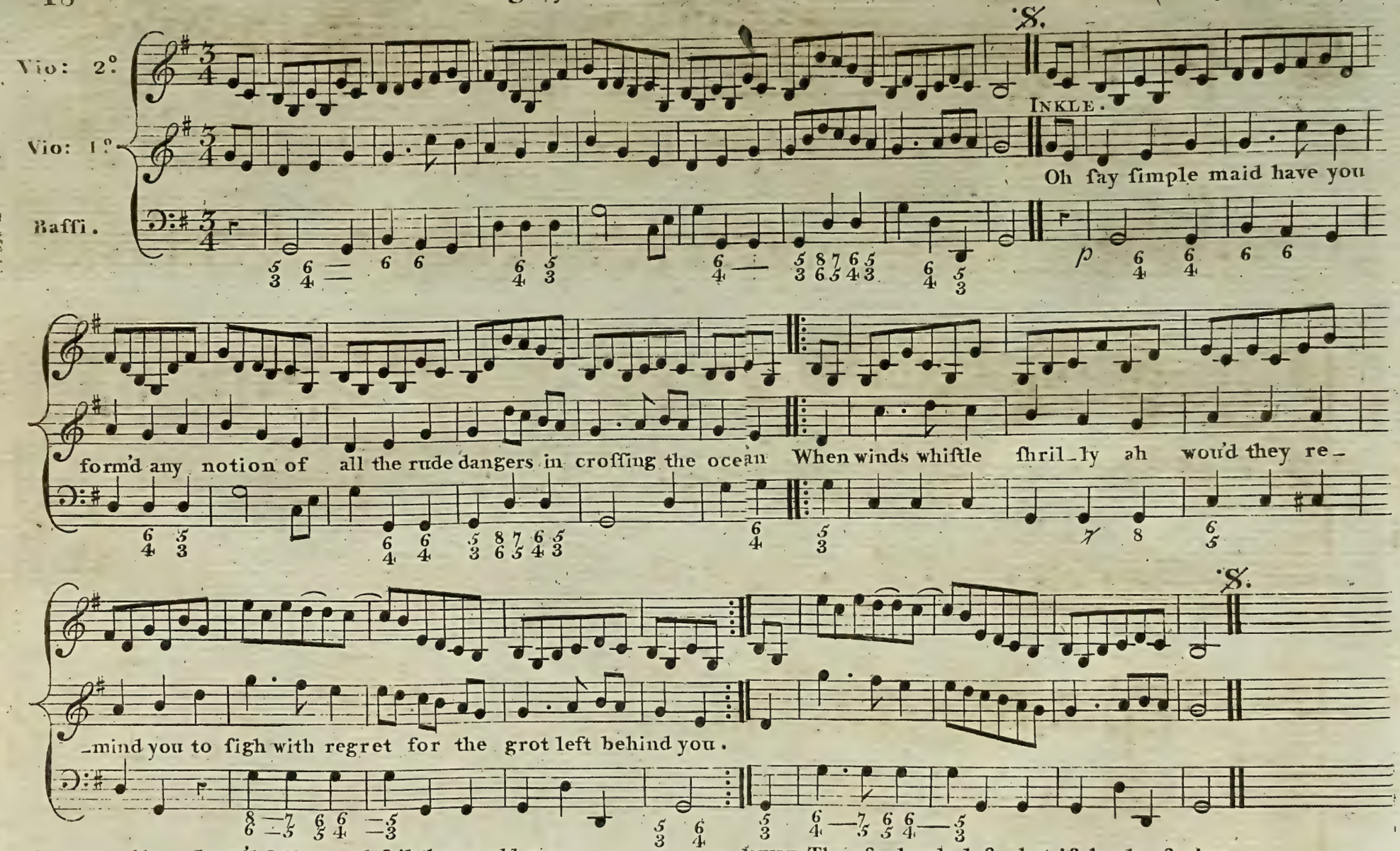

Sun worn out with toil with fleep op – preſſ'd I preſs my moſſy bed and ſink to reſt and
Allegro.
ſink to reſt.
Then once more I ſee our train with all our
Chace renew'd a – gain once more 'tis day once more our prey gnaſhes his angry teeth and


foams and foams in vain
gnaſhes his angry teeth and foams in vain
foams in vain
foams in vain
A –
–gain in ful–len haſte he flies
ta'en in the toil a–gain he lies
a – gain he roars
a – gain he roars
T.S.


and in my gen_tle flumbers dies a_ gain he roars a_
pp
f
_gain he roars and in my gen_tle flumbers dies in my flum_bers
f
pp
dies in my flum_bers dies.
dim.

Sung by Mr. Baniſter & Mrs. Kemble.

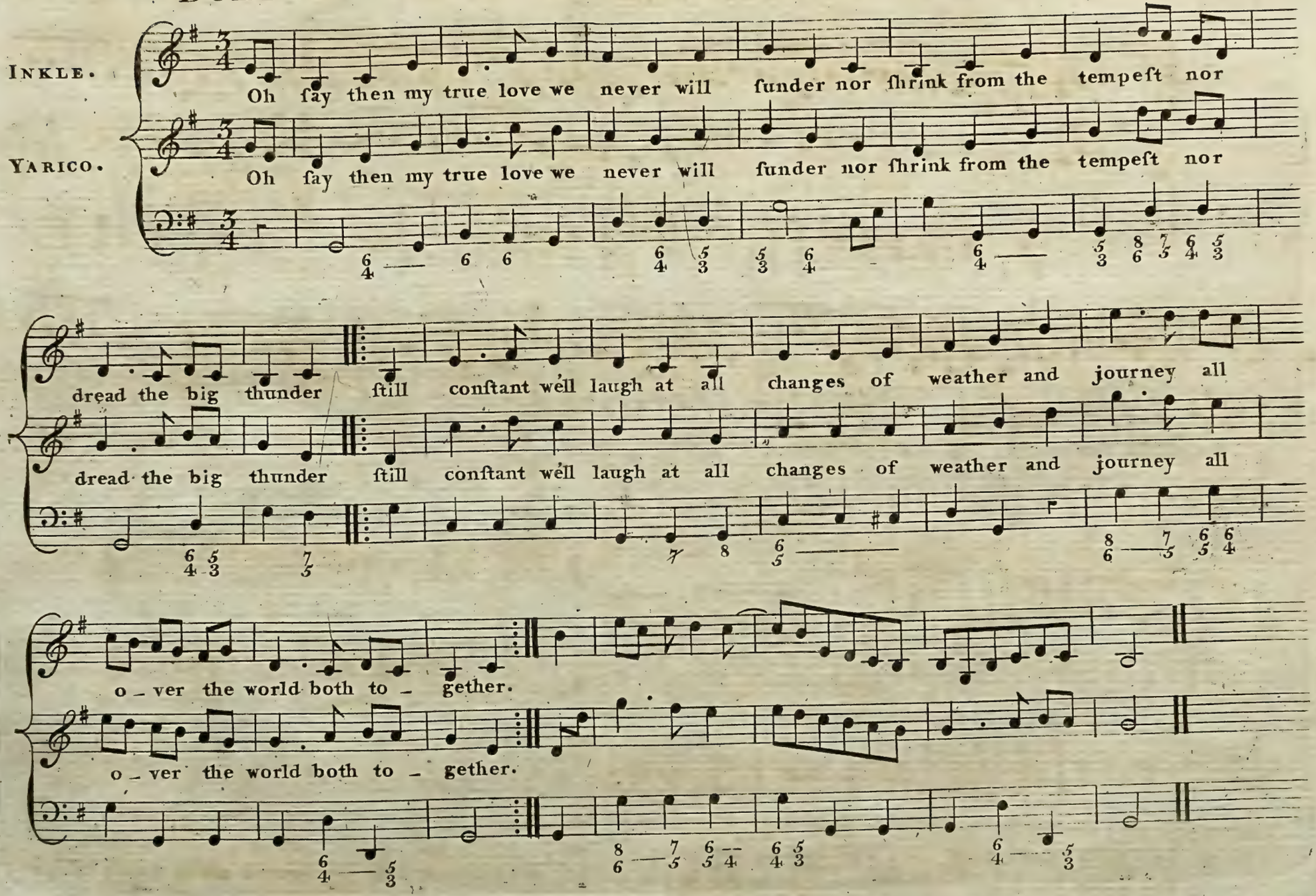
(Oh fay bonny Lafs)



YARICO. Ah no I coud follow and fail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look at my lover;
The winds which blow round us your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to ſleep while we're rock'd by the billow.

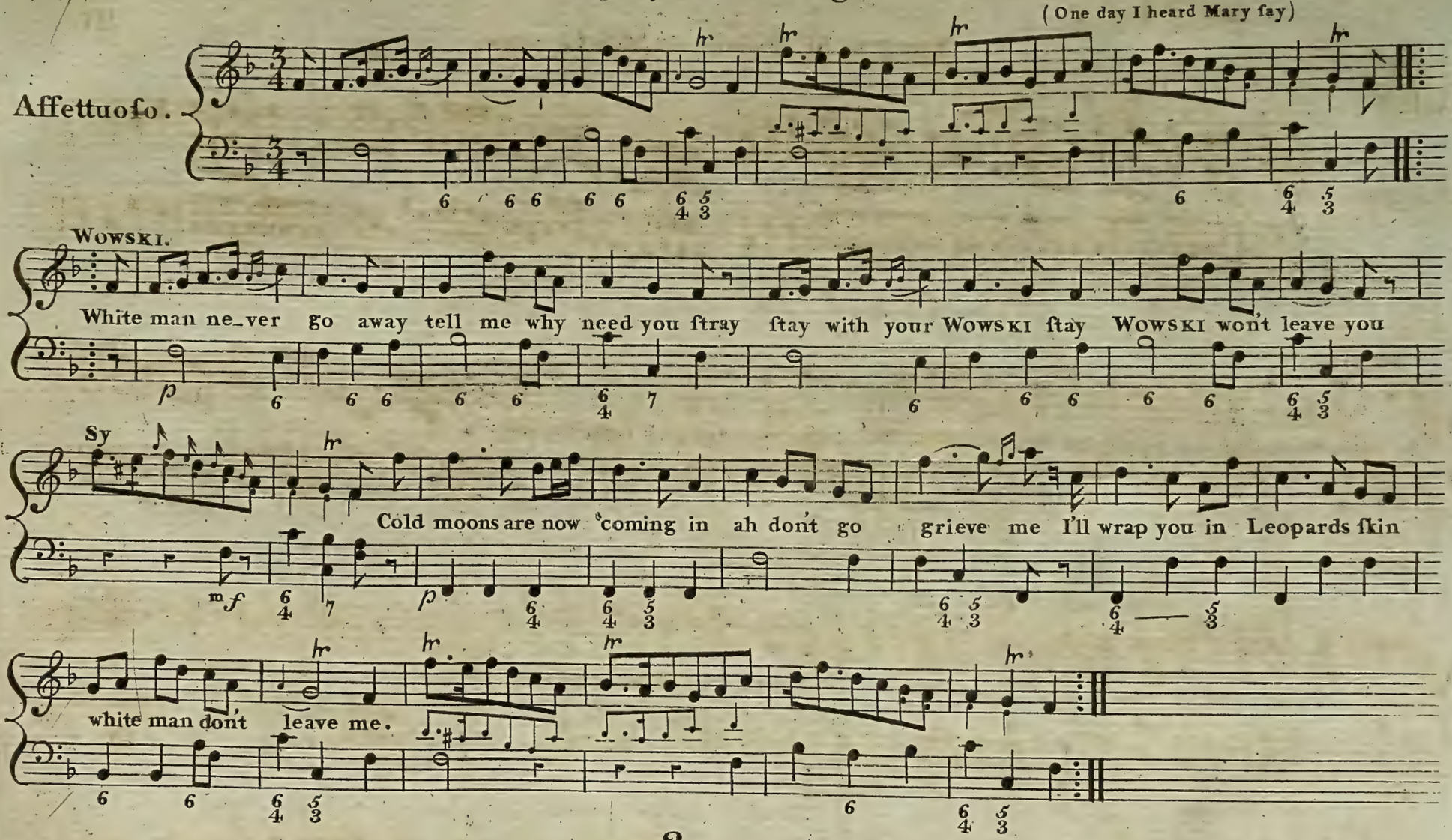
INKLE. Then ſay lovely lafs what if haply eſpying,
A rich gallant veſſel with gay colours flying;
YARICO. I'll journey with thee love to where the land narrows.
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

DUETTO.


INKLE.
YARICO.
Oh ſay then my true love we never will ſunder nor ſhrink from the tempeſt nor
Oh ſay then my true love we never will ſunder nor ſhrink from the tempeſt nor
dread the big thunder ſtill conſtant well laugh at all changes of weather and journey all
dread the big thunder ſtill conſtant well laugh at all changes of weather and journey all
o ver the world both to gether.
o ver the world both to gether.

40

Sung by Mifs George.



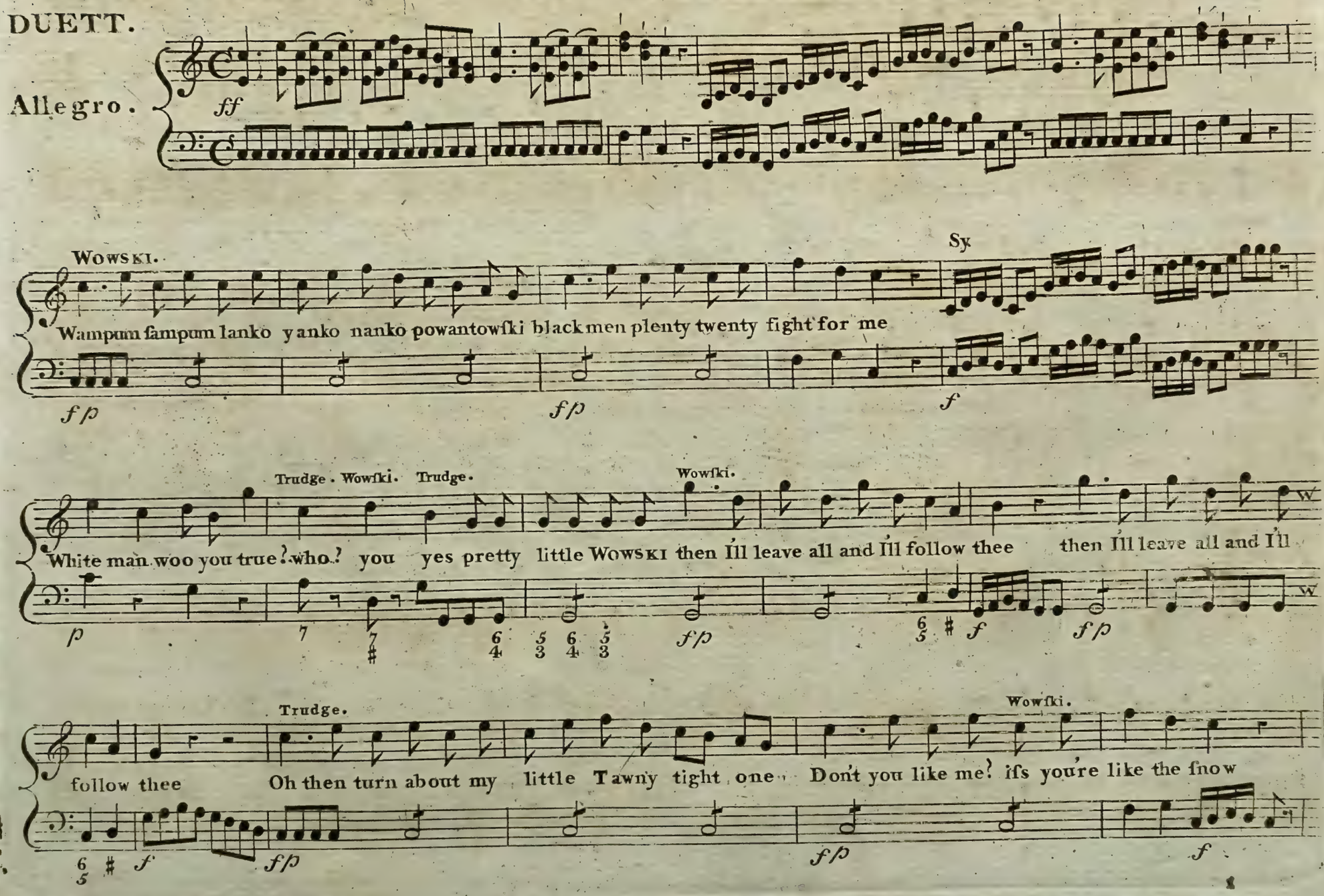
2

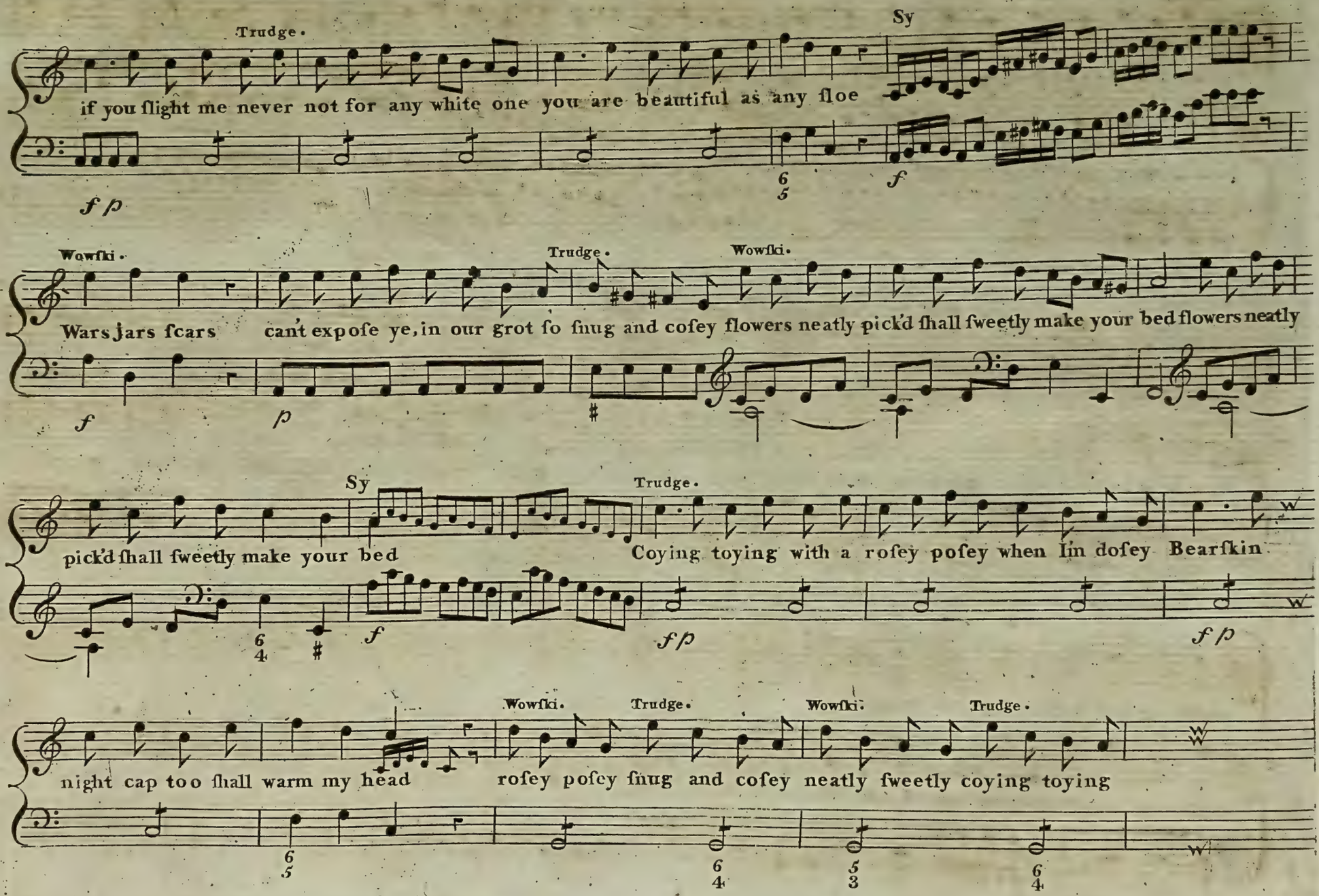
And when all the fky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather;
Ill catch you a Cock-a-too,
Dreſs you in feather:

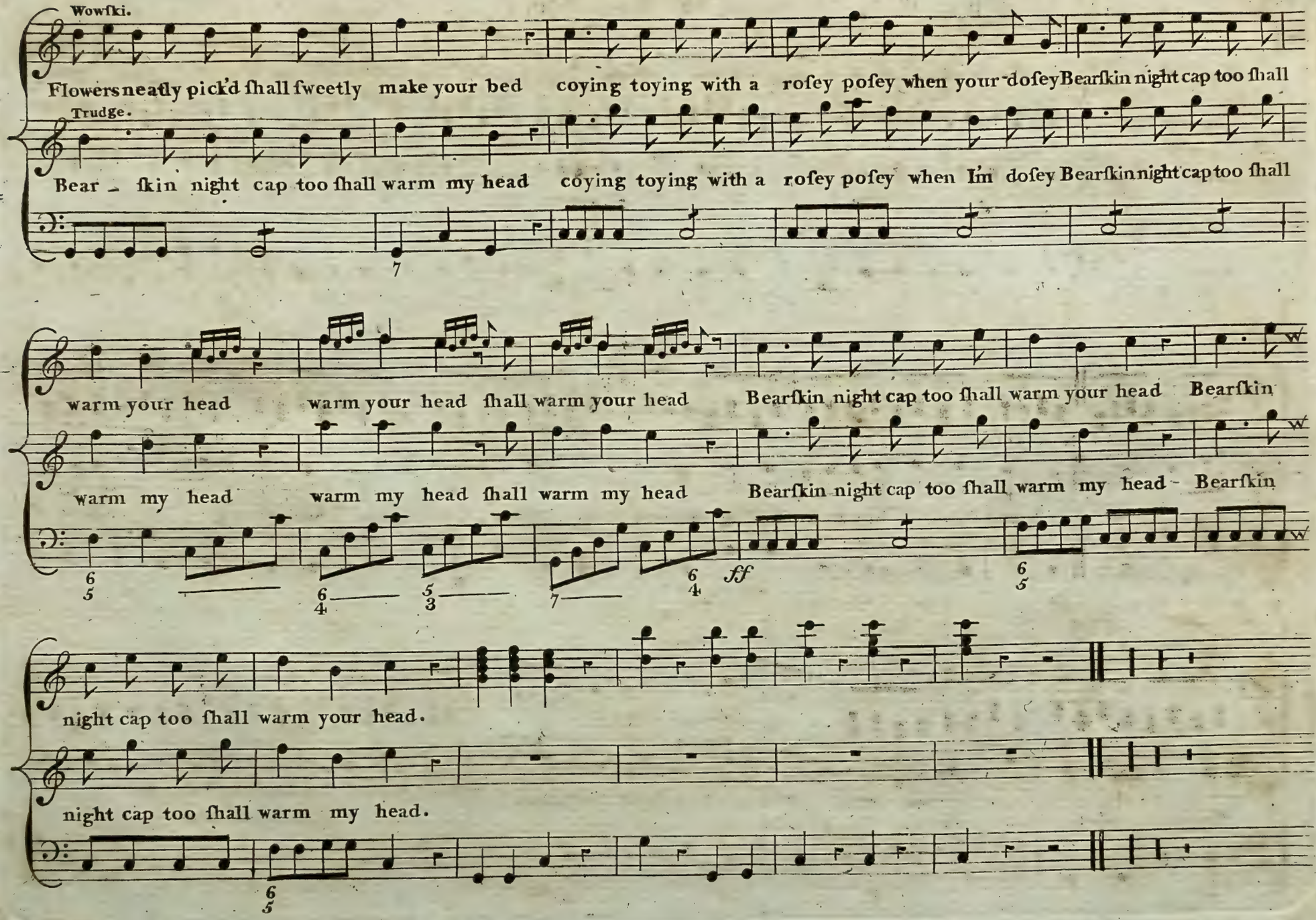
When cold comes or when 'tis hot,
Ah don't go grieve me;
Poor Wowski will be forgot,
White man don't leave me.

Sung by Mr Edwin, and Miss George.

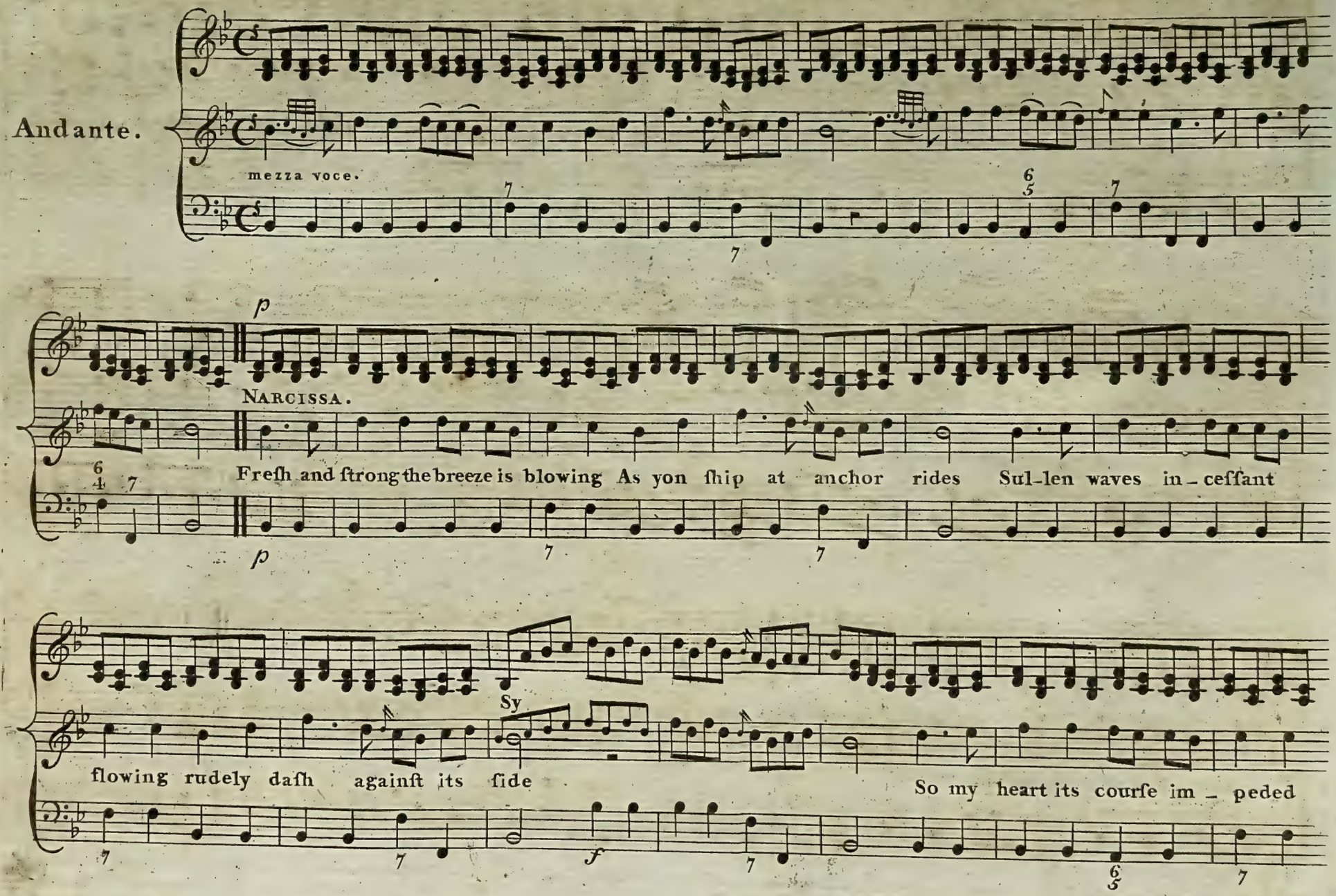
DUETT.

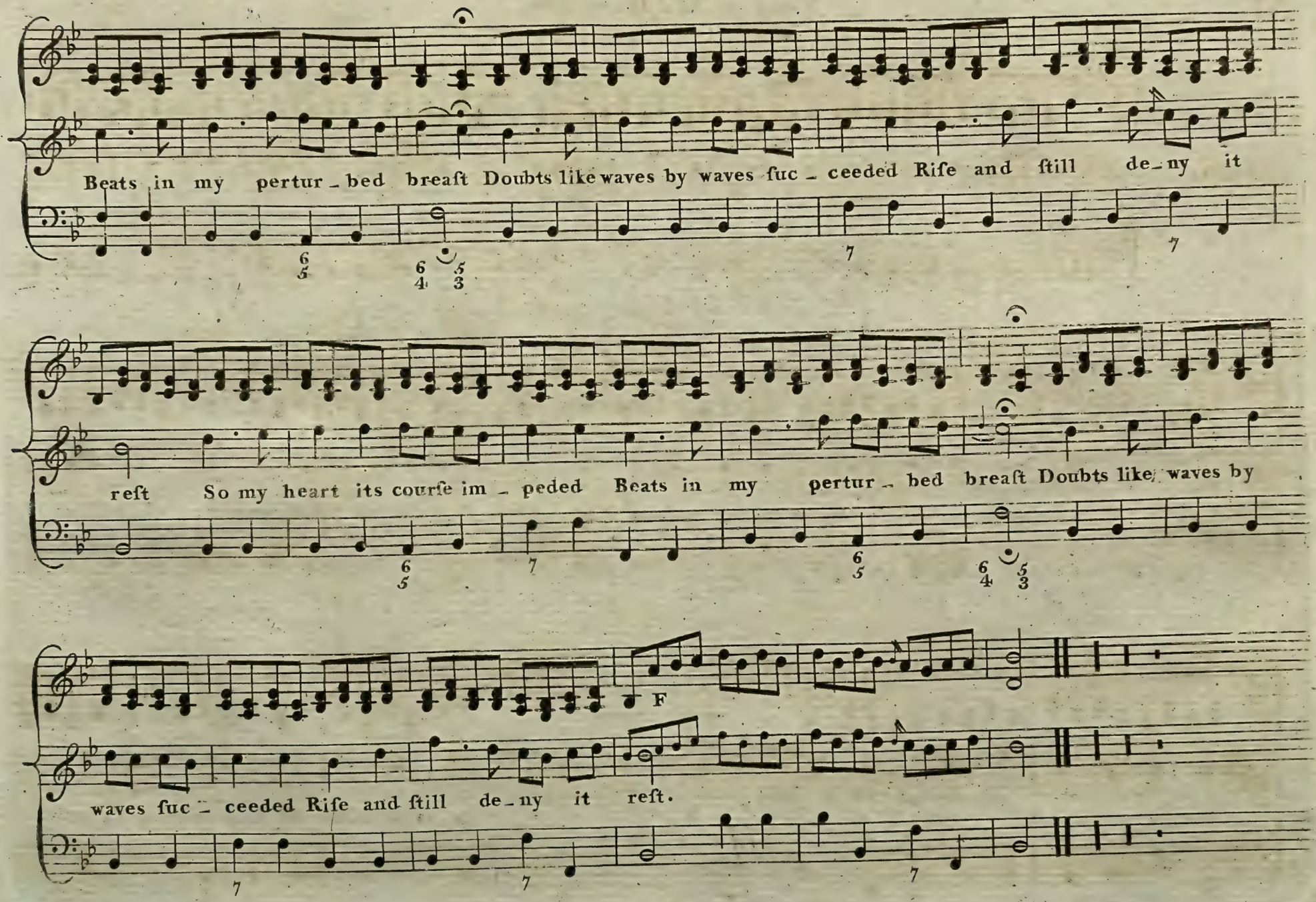



Trudge.
Sy
if you ſlight me never not for any white one you are beautiful as any ſloe
Wowſki.
Trudge.
Wowſki.
Wars jars ſcars cant expoſe ye, in our grot ſo ſnug and coſey flowers neatly pick'd ſhall ſweetly make your bed flowers neatly
Sy
Trudge.
pick'd ſhall ſweetly make your bed
Coying toying with a roſey poſey when I'm doſey Bearſkin
Wowſki.
Trudge.
Wowſki.
Trudge.
night cap too ſhall warm my head
roſey poſey ſnug and coſey neatly ſweetly coying toying

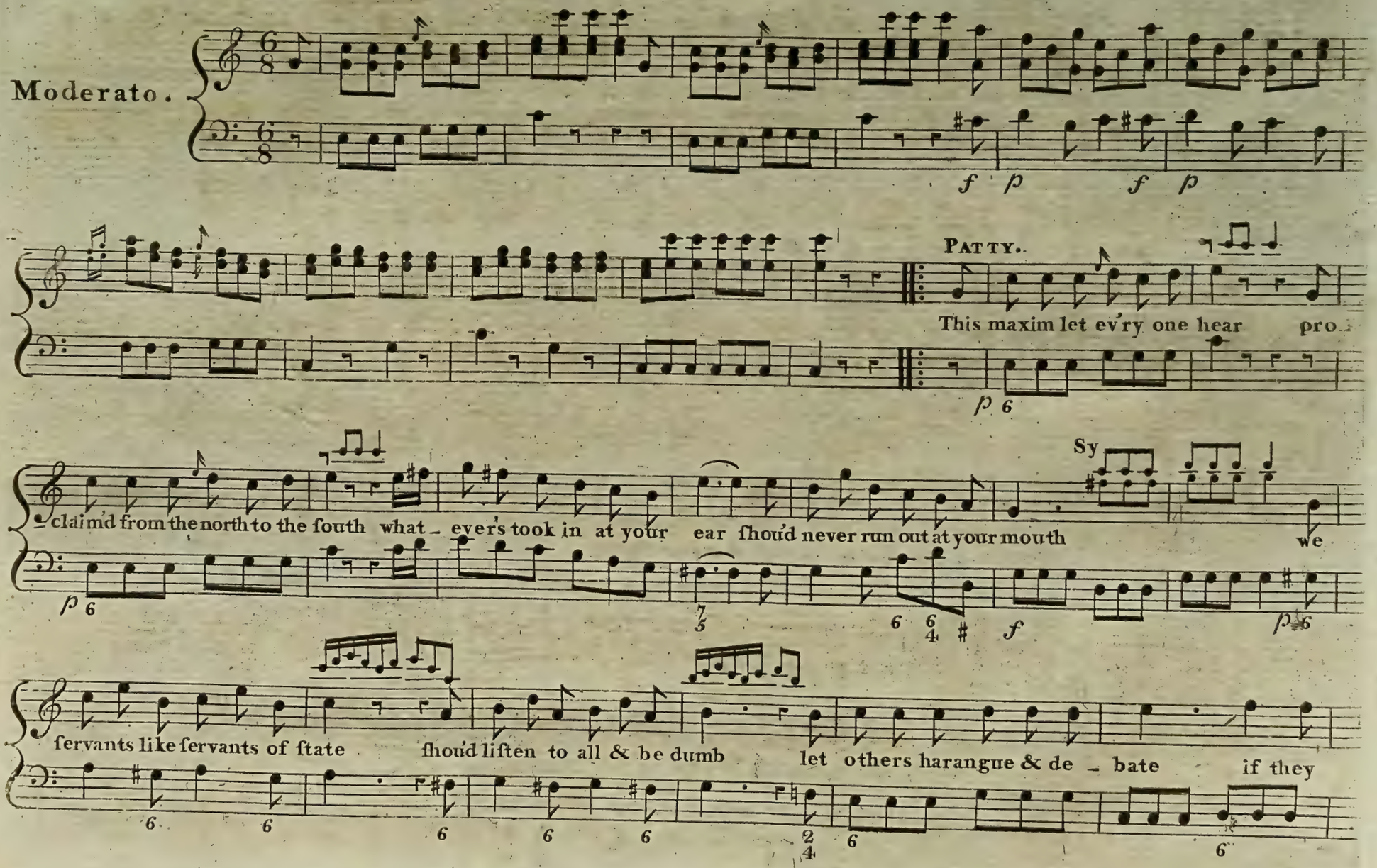

Wowſki.
Flowers neatly pick'd ſhall ſweetly make your bed coying toying with a roſey poſey when your doſey Bearſkin night cap too ſhall
Trudge.
Bear - ſkin night cap too ſhall warm my head coying toying with a roſey poſey when I'm doſey Bearſkin night cap too ſhall
warm your head warm your head ſhall warm your head Bearſkin night cap too ſhall warm your head Bearſkin
warm my head warm my head ſhall warm my head Bearſkin night cap too ſhall warm my head - Bearſkin
ff
night cap too ſhall warm your head.
night cap too ſhall warm my head.

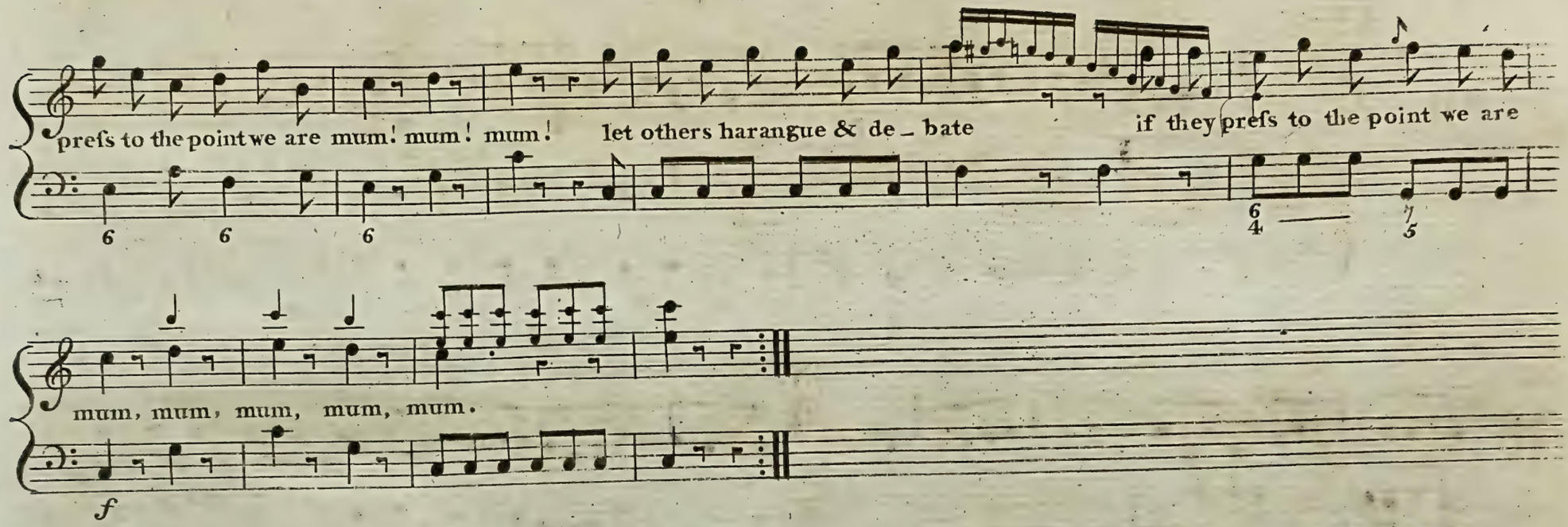
Sung by Mrs Bannister.




Beats in my pertur_bed breaſt Doubts like waves by waves ſuc_ceeded Riſe and ſtill de_ny it
reſt So my heart its courſe im_peded Beats in my pertur_bed breaſt Doubts like waves by
F
waves ſuc_ceeded Riſe and ſtill de_ny it reſt.

Sung by Mrs. Forſter.





2

The Judge in dull dignity dreſt,
In ſilence hears Barriſters preach;
And then to prove ſilence is beſt,
He'll get up and give them a ſpeech:
By ſaying but little, the maid
Will keep her ſwain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true to her trade,
Is certain to kiſs, and cry mum.

Sung by Mrs. Baniſter.

RONDO.

Andante.

S.

S. NARCISSA.

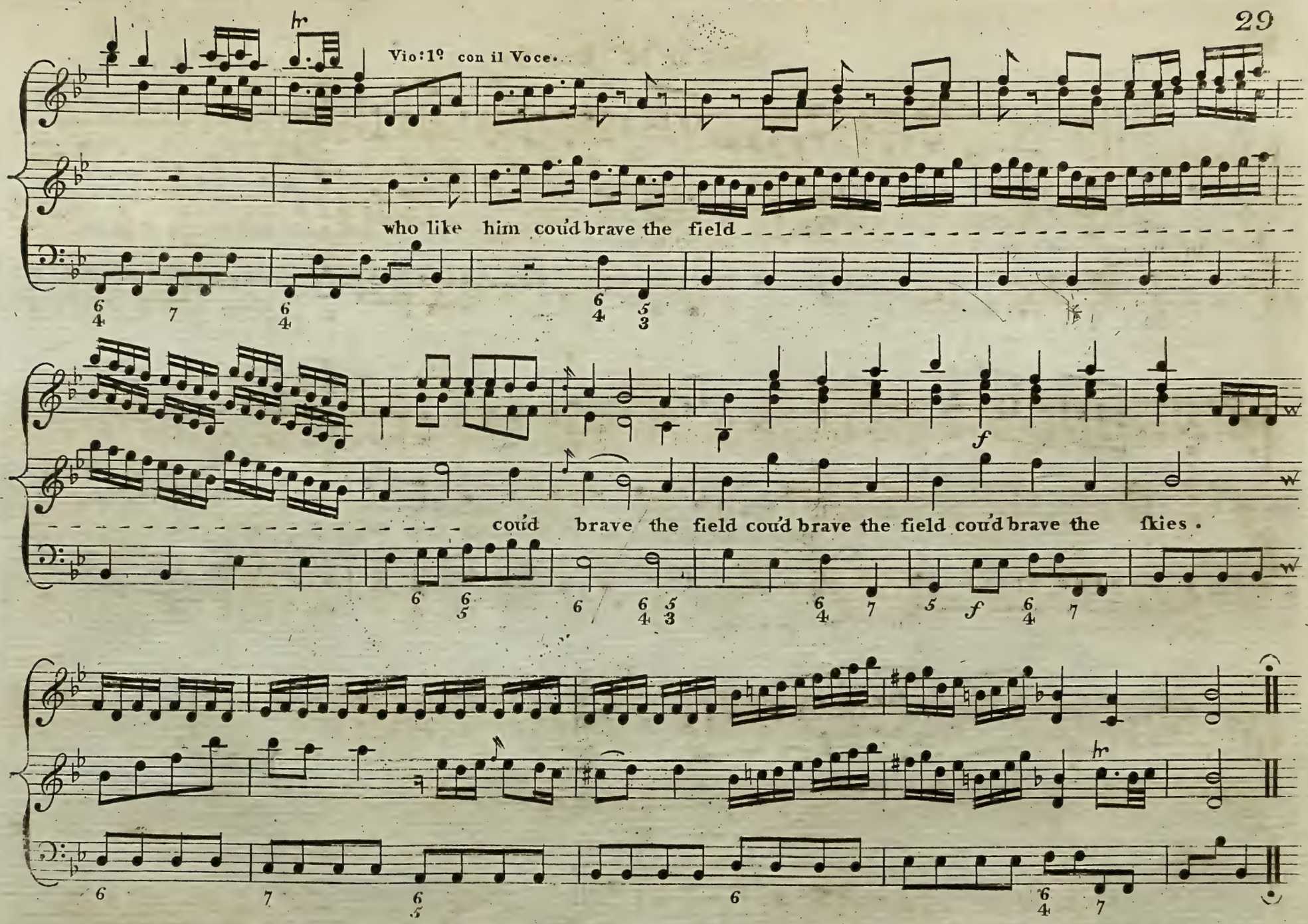
Mars would oft his conqueſts over to the Cyprian Goddeſs

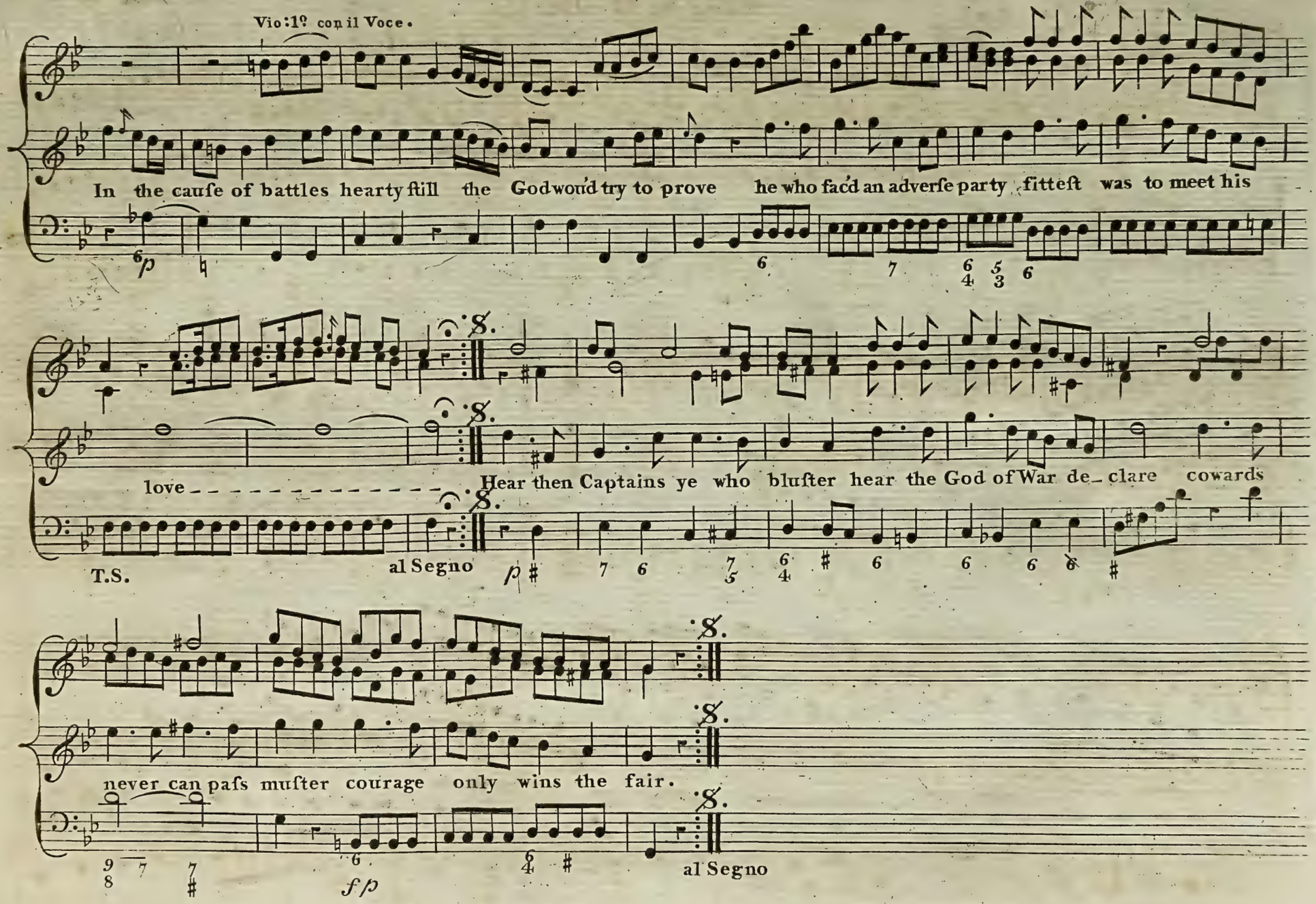
S.

Flutes

Flutes

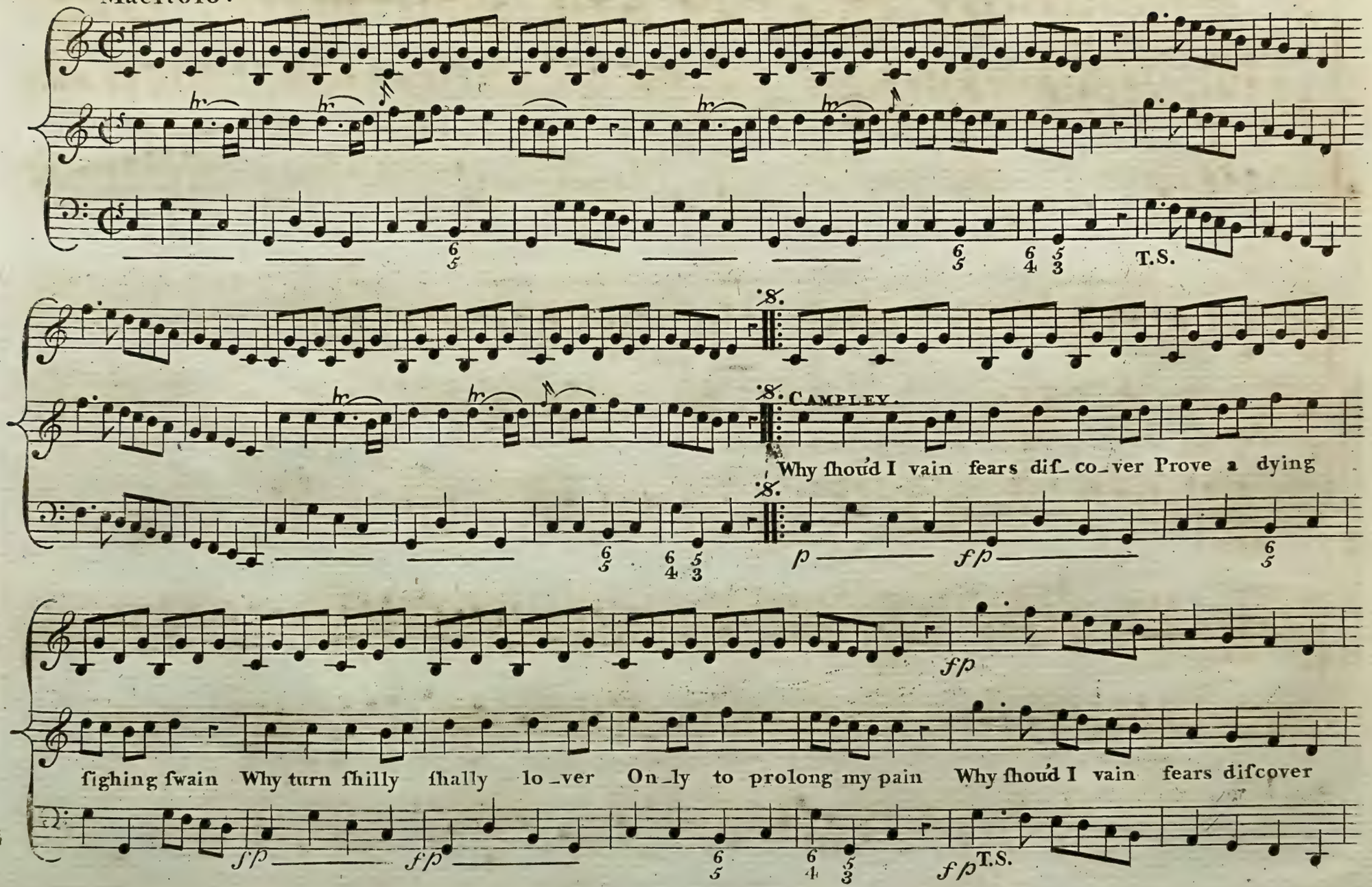
yield Venus gloried in a lover who like him could brave the field Venus gloried in a lover

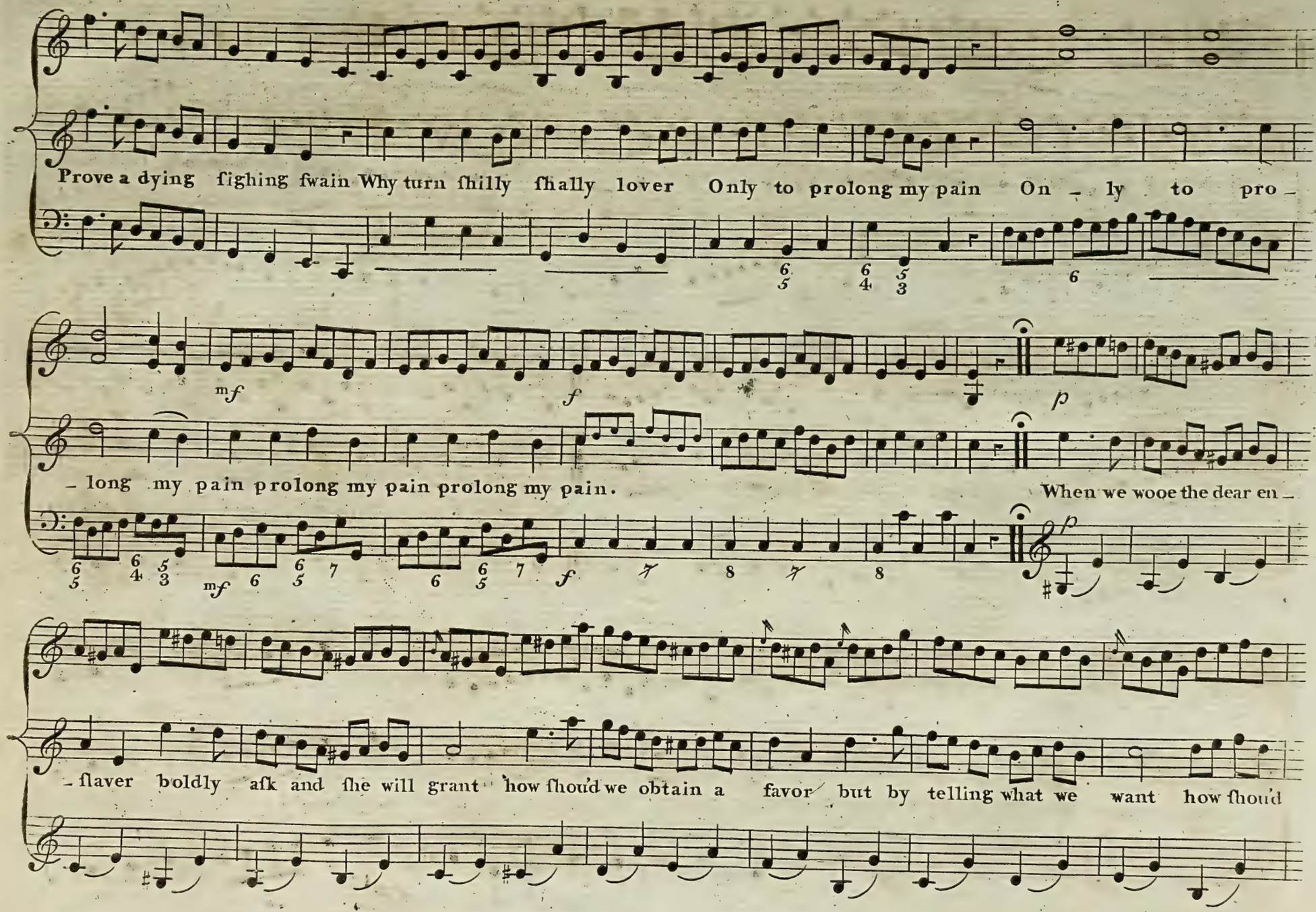

Vio:1º con il Voce.
who like him could brave the field
could brave the field could brave the field could brave the skies.

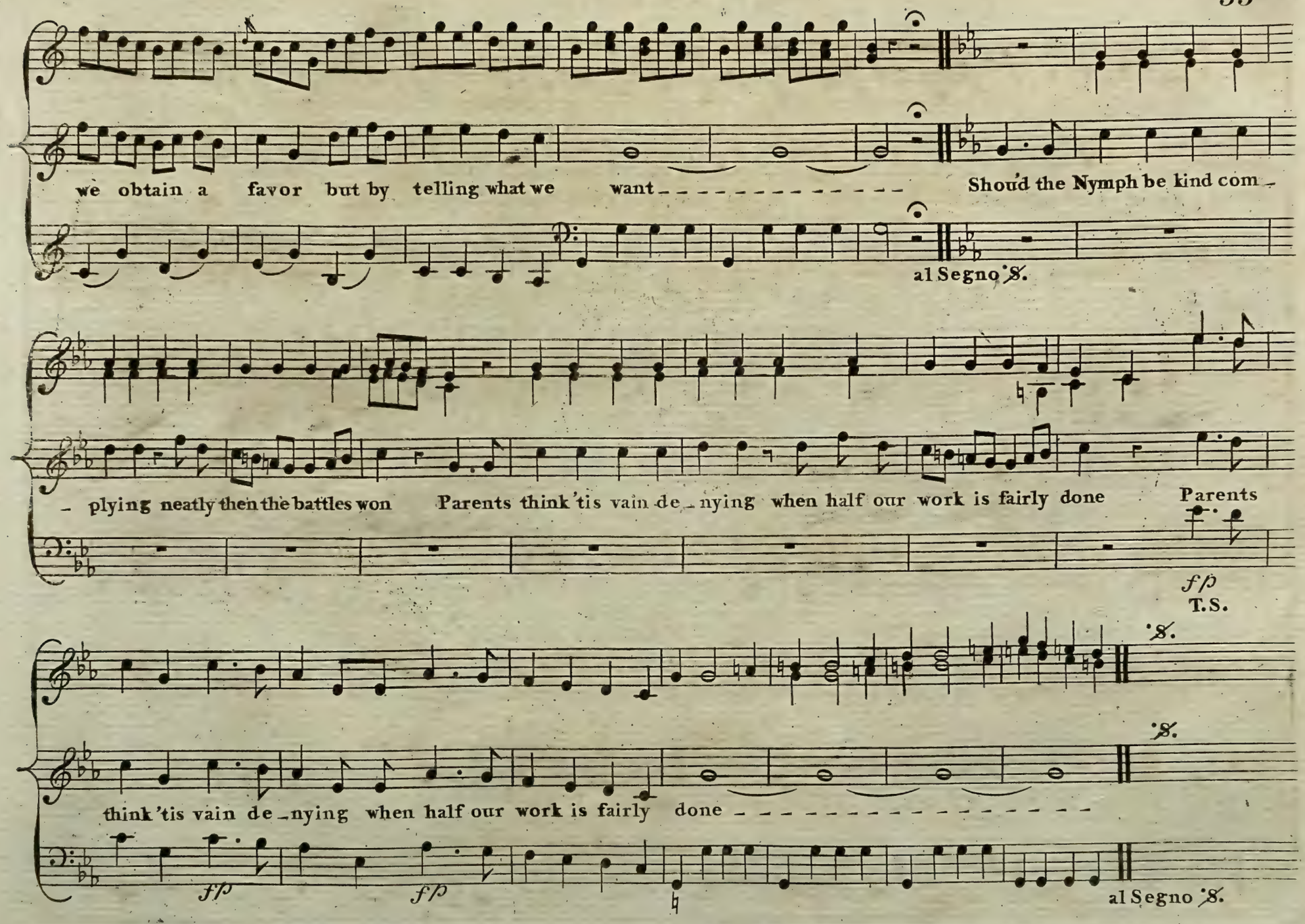

Vio:1º con il Voce.
In the cauſe of battles hearty ſtill the God would try to prove he who fac'd an adverſe party fitteſt was to meet his
p
love
Hear then Captains ye who bluſter hear the God of War de_clare cowards
T.S.
al Segno
p
never can paſs muſter courage only wins the fair.
f p
al Segno

Sung by Mr. Davies.

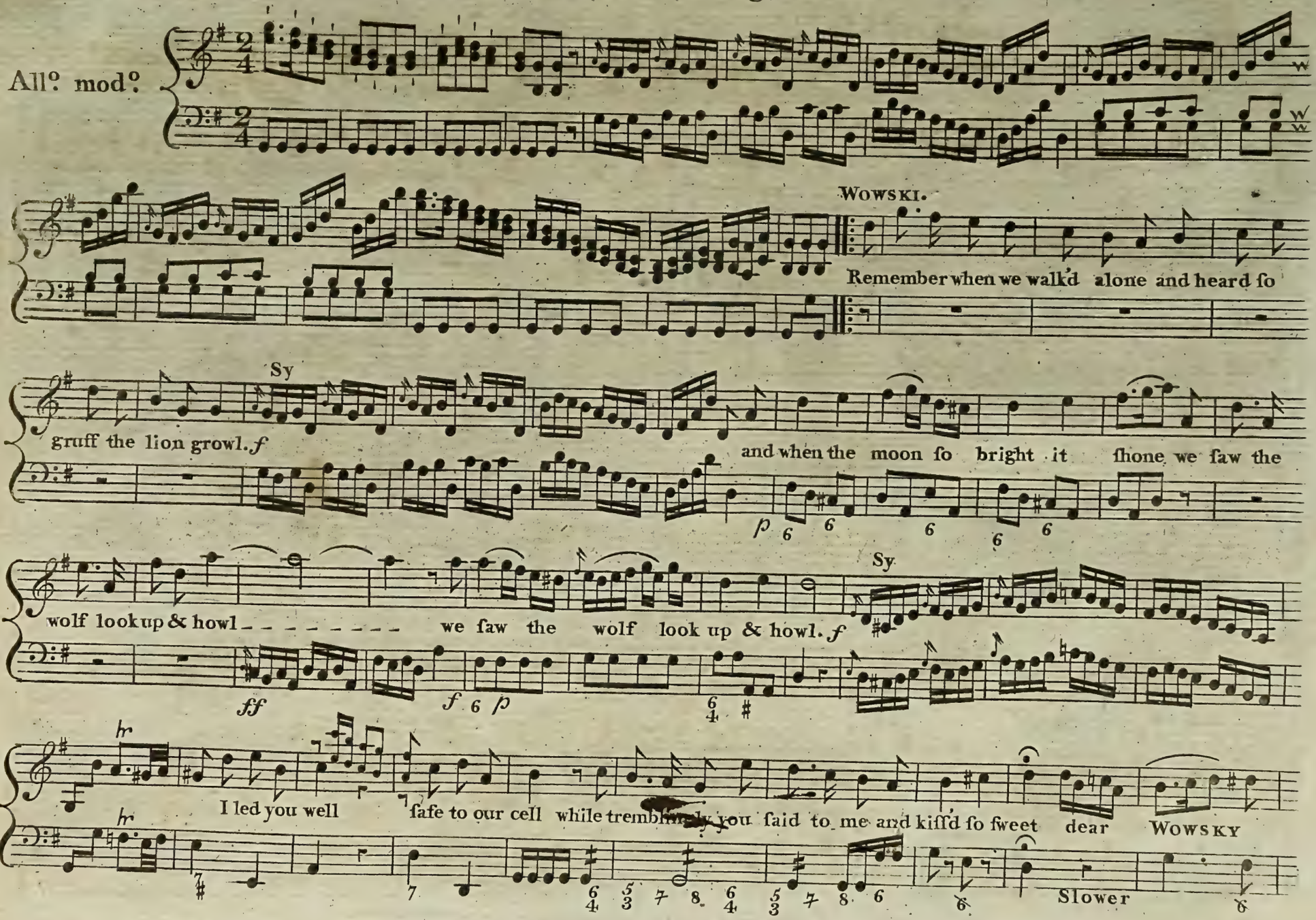
Maeſtoſo.

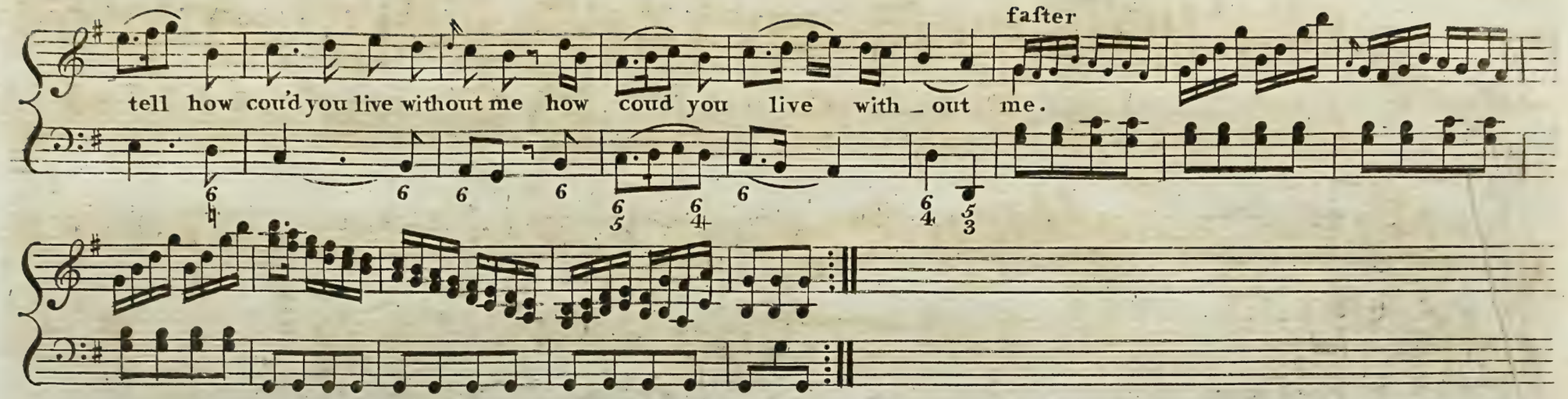



Prove a dying fighing fwain Why turn fhilly fhally lover Only to prolong my pain On ly to pro
long my pain prolong my pain prolong my pain.
When we wooe the dear en
flaver boldly afk and fhe will grant how fhoud we obtain a favor but by telling what we want how fhoud


we obtain a favor but by telling what we want
Shoud the Nymph be kind com -
al Segno 𝄋.
- plying neatly then the battles won
Parents think 'tis vain de - nying when half our work is fairly done
Parents
fp
T.S.
think 'tis vain de - nying when half our work is fairly done
fp
fp
al Segno 𝄋.

Sung by Miſs George.

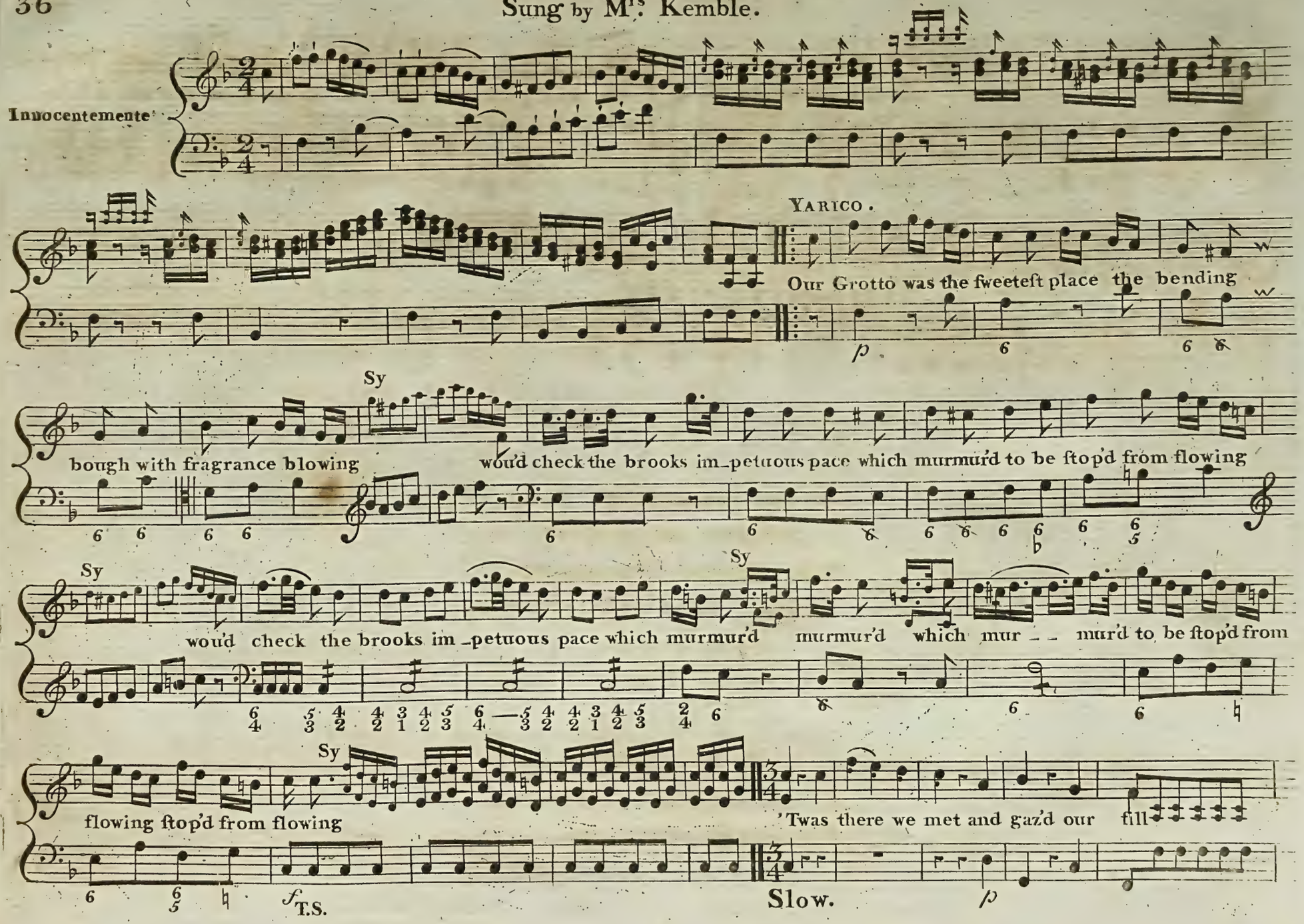


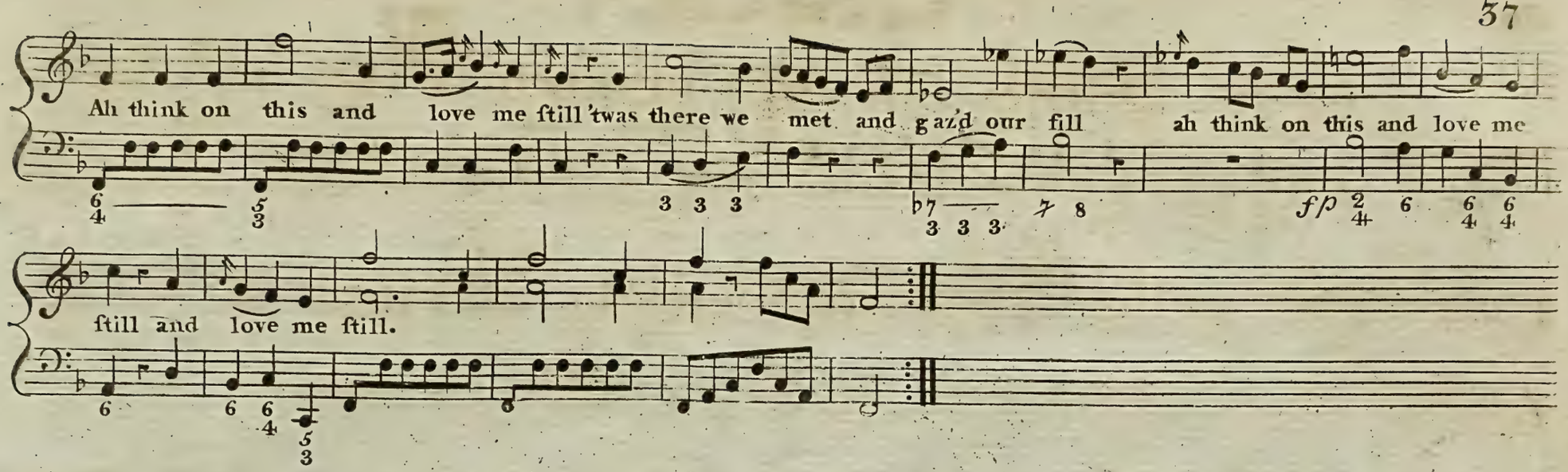


2

But now you come acroſs the ſea,
And tell me here no monſters roar;
You'll walk alone, forget poor me,
When wolves to fright you howl no more:
But ah! think well,
On our old cell;
Where tremblingly,
You kiſſ'd poor me:
Perhaps you ſay; poor WOWSKI tell,
How can I live without you.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble.





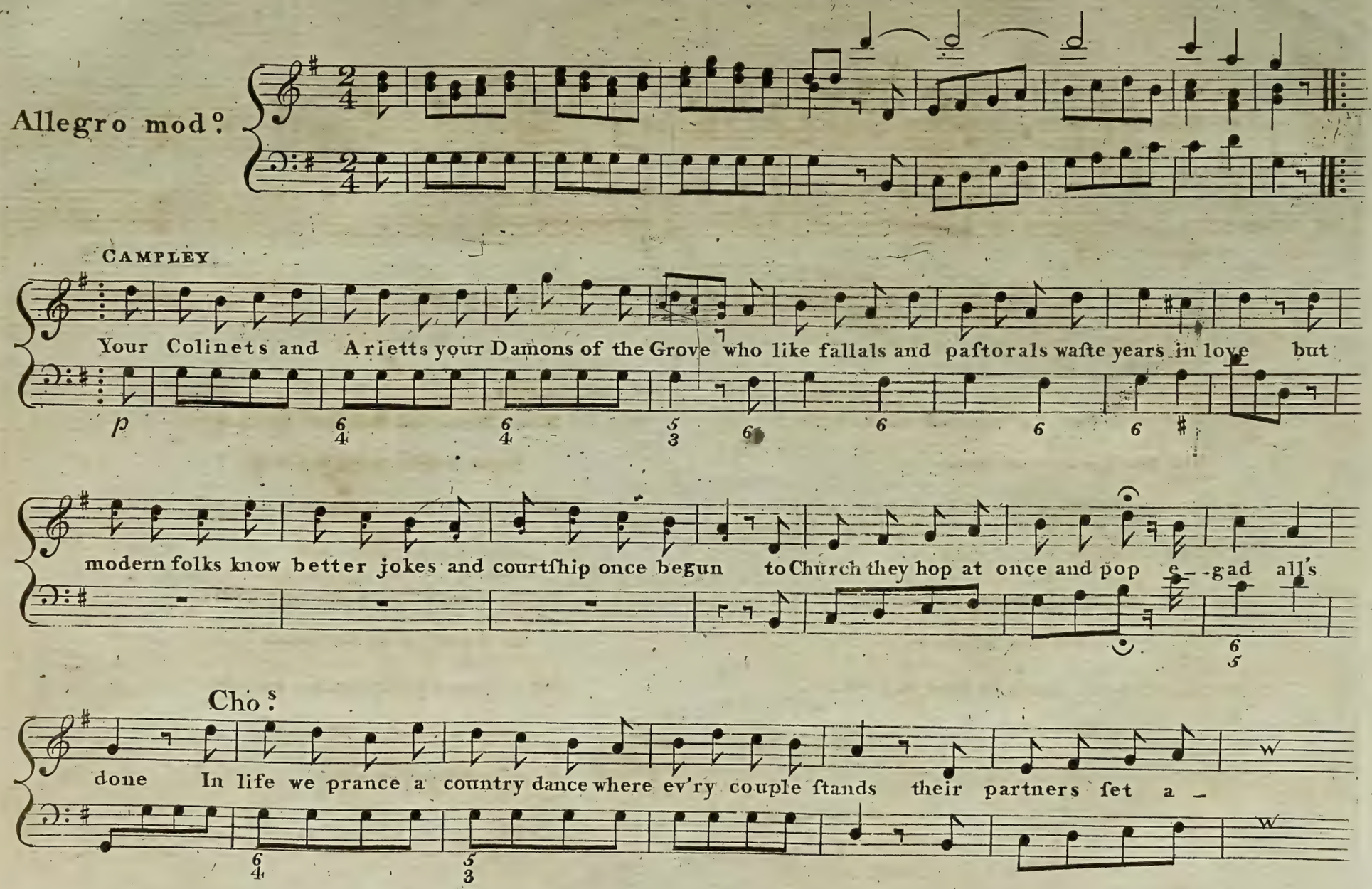
2

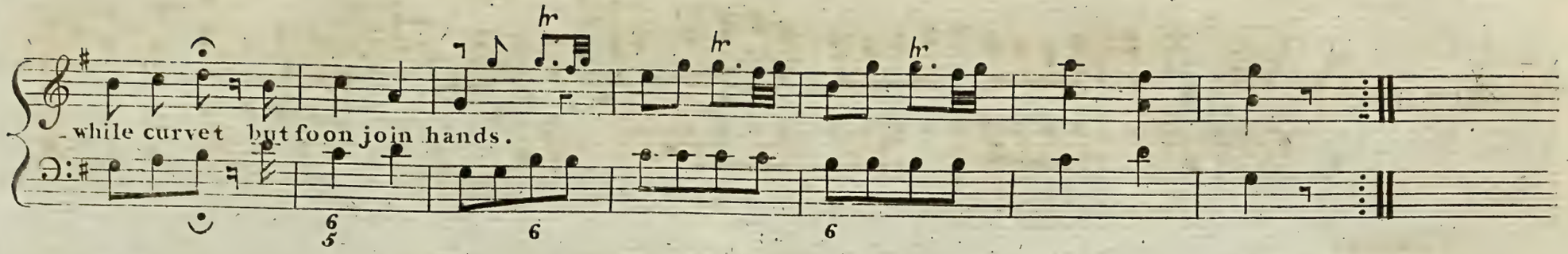
'Twas then my boſom firſt knew fear,
Fear to an Indian maid a ſtranger;
The war ſong, arrows, hatchet, ſpear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger:
For him wou'd cares my boſom fill,
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

3

For him by day with care conceal'd,
To gather fruit I climb'd the mountain;
And when the night no form reveal'd,
Jocund we ſought the bub'ling fountain.
Then then wou'd Joy my boſom fill,
Oh! think on this, and love me ſtill.

Sung by Mrs Bannister Mrs Forster & Mr Davis.





2

NARCISSA.

When at your feet, ſo trim and neat,
The powder'd lover ſues;
He ſwears he dies, the lady ſighs,
She can't refuſe:
Ah how can ſhe, unmov'd ee'r ſee,
Her ſwain his death incur;
When once the 'Sqire, is ſeen expire,
He lives with her.

Cho^{s} In life we prance &c:

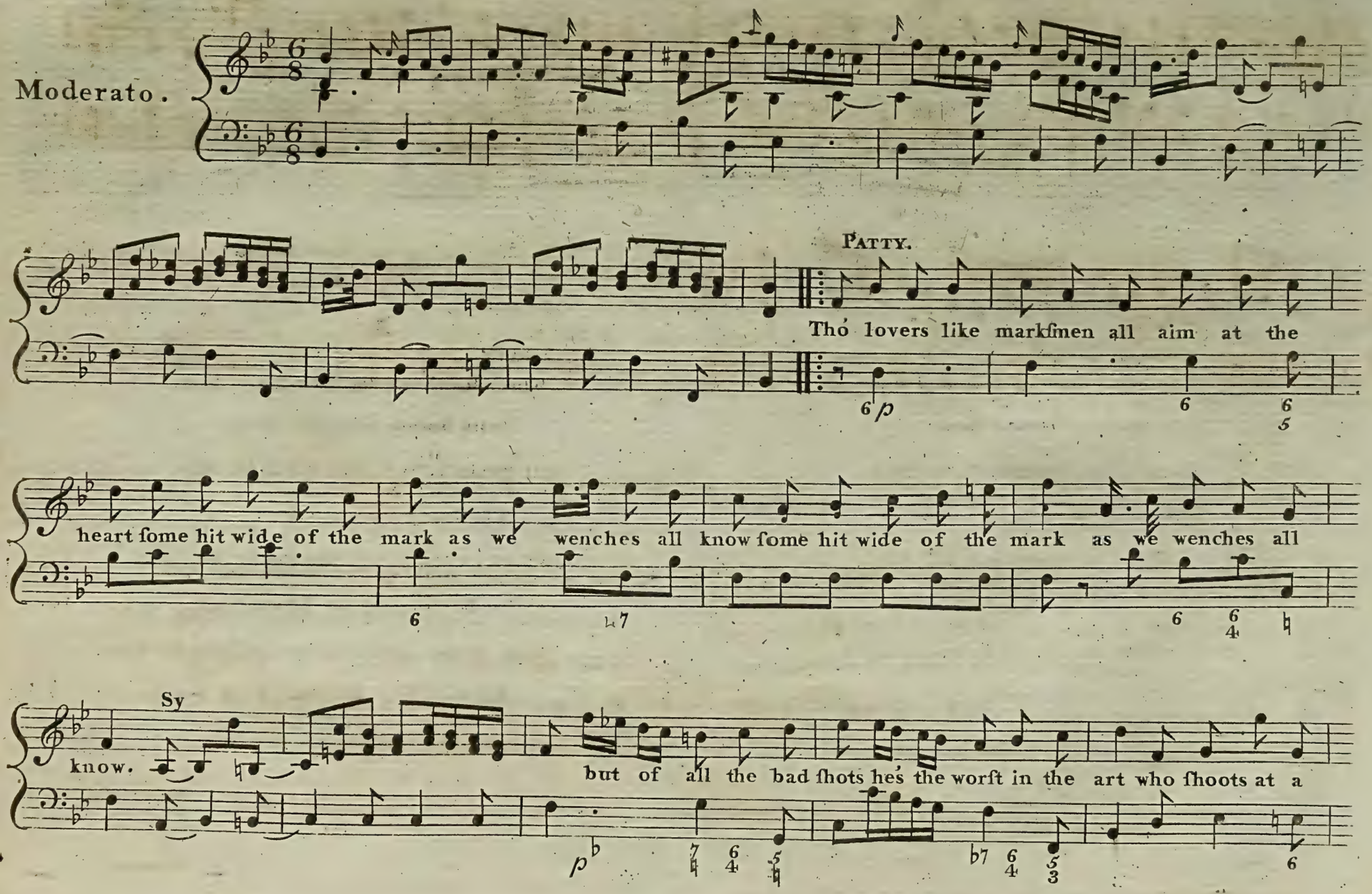
3

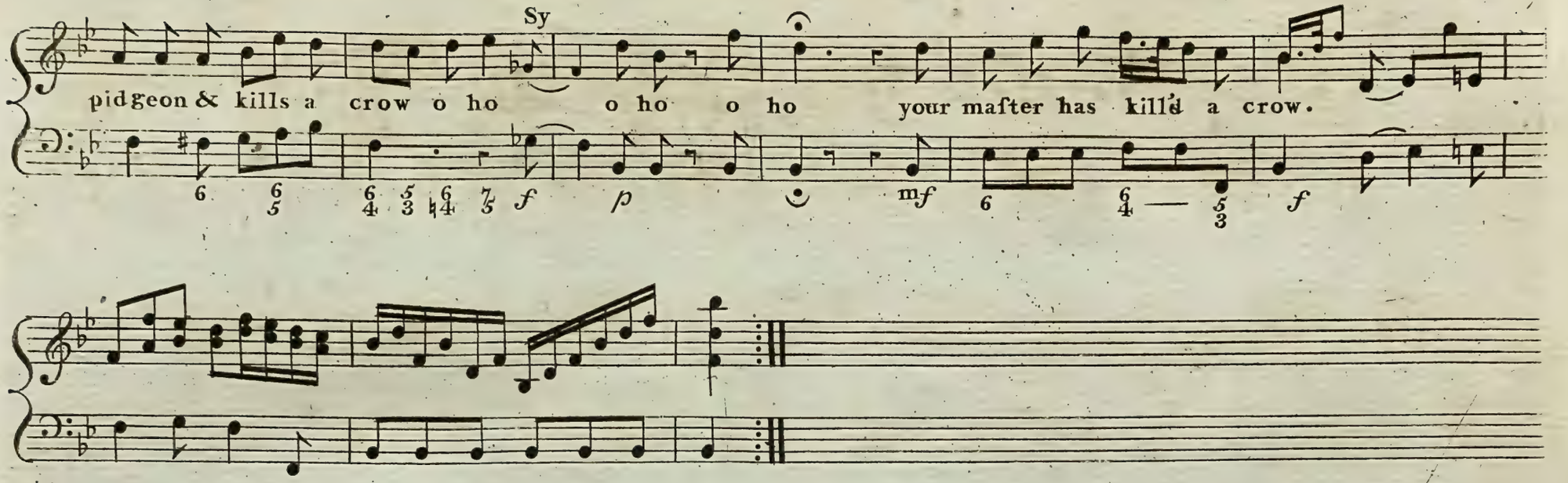
PATTY.

When John and Bet, are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck;
He ſteals a buſs, without more fuſs,
The bargain's ſtruck:
While things below, are going ſo,
Is Betty pray to blame;
Who knows up ſtairs, her miſtreſs fares,
Juſt juſt the ſame.

Cho^{s} In life we prance &c:

Sung by Mrs. Foſter.





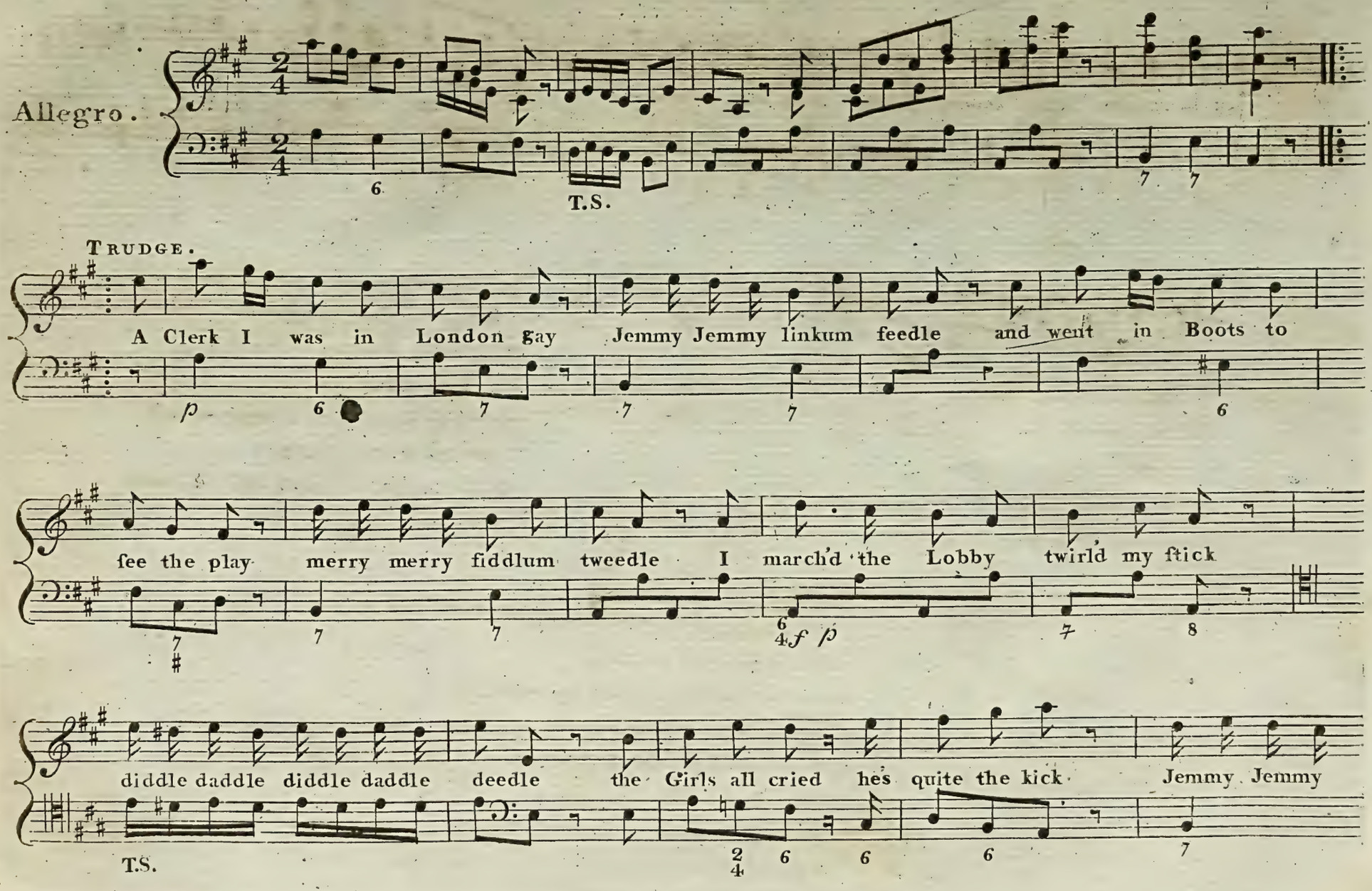
2

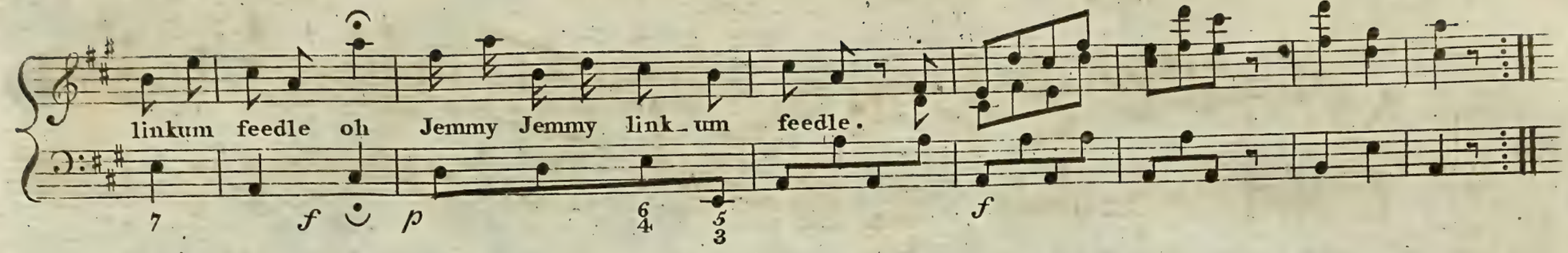
When younkers go out the firſt time in their lives,
At random they ſhoot and let fly as they go;
So your maſter unſkill'd how to level at wives,
Has ſhot at a pidgeon and kill'd a crow.
O ho! your maſter has kill'd a crow.

3

Love and money thus waſted in terrible trim,
His powder is ſpent and his ſhot running low;
Yet the pidgeon he miſſ'd I've a notion with him,
Will never for ſuch a miſtake pluck a crow.
No! no! your maſter may keep his crow.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.





2

Hey! for America I ſail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The ſailor boys cried ſmoke his tail,
Jemmy Linkum feedle:
On Engliſh Belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle daddle deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black,
Oh twaddle twaddle tweedle.

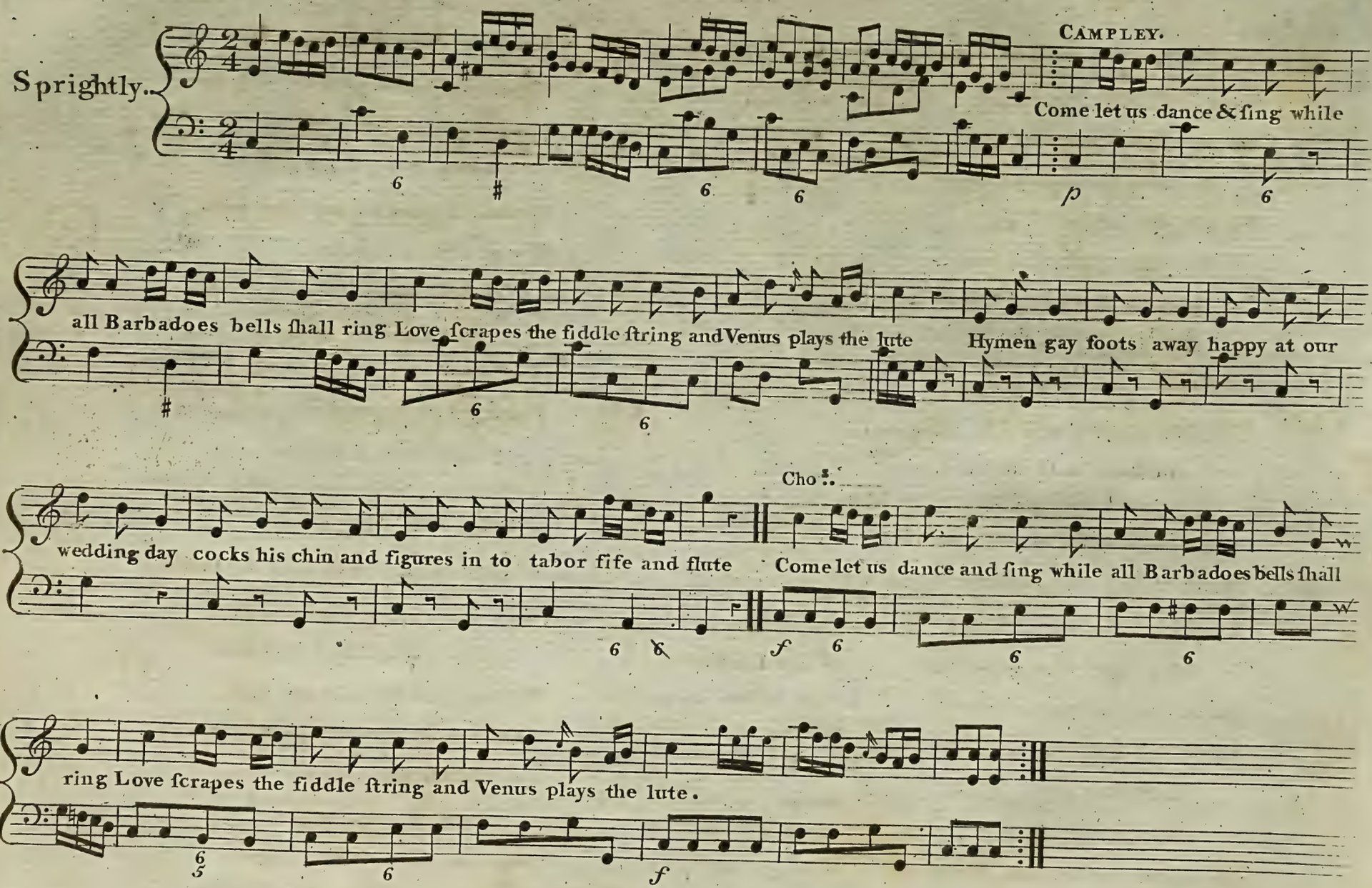
3

Your London Girls with roguiſh trip,
Wheedle wheedle wheedle;
Boaſt their pouting under lip,
Fiddle faddle feedle:
My Wows wou'd beat a hundred ſuch,
Diddle daddle deedle;
Whoſe upper lip pouts twice as much,
Oh pretty double wheedle.

4

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy Linkum Feedle;
A feather fine ſhall grace her noſe,
Waving ſidle feedle:
With Jealouſy I ne'er ſhall burſt,
Who'd ſteal my bone a bona;
A white OTHELLO I, can truſt
A dingy DESDEMONA.

44 **FINALE.** Sung by Mr. Edwin, Mr. Davies, Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Forſter, and Mrs. Banniſter.



2

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care,
Is vaniſh'd into empty air;
Ah how can I forbear,
To join the jocond dance:
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantaſtic toe;
While with glee,
Merrily
The roſy hours advance.
Cho^{s}. Come let us dance, &c:

3

TRUDGE.

'Sbobs now Im fix'd for life
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;
Who fears domeſtic ſtrife,
Who cares now a ſouce,
Merry cheer, my dingy dear;
Shall find with her Factotum here,
Night and day,
I'll friſk and play,
About the houſe with Wows.
Cho^{s}. Come let us dance, &c:

4

YARICO.

When firſt the ſwelling ſea,
Hither brought my love and me;
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think:
Doom'd to know, care and woe,
Happy ſtill is YARICO;
Since her love,
Will conſtant prove,
And nobly ſcorns to ſhrink.
Cho^{s}. Come let us dance, &c:

5

PATTY.

Let PATTY ſay a word,
A chambermaid may ſure be heard;
Sure men are grown abſurd,
Thus taking black for white,
To hug and kiſs, a dingy miſs;
Will hardly ſuit an age like this,
Unleſs here,
Some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.
Cho^{s}. Come let us dance, &c:

THE

MAID OF THE MILL

a

COMIC OPERA

As it is Performed at the THEATRE ROYAL, *in* COVENT GARDEN.

for the

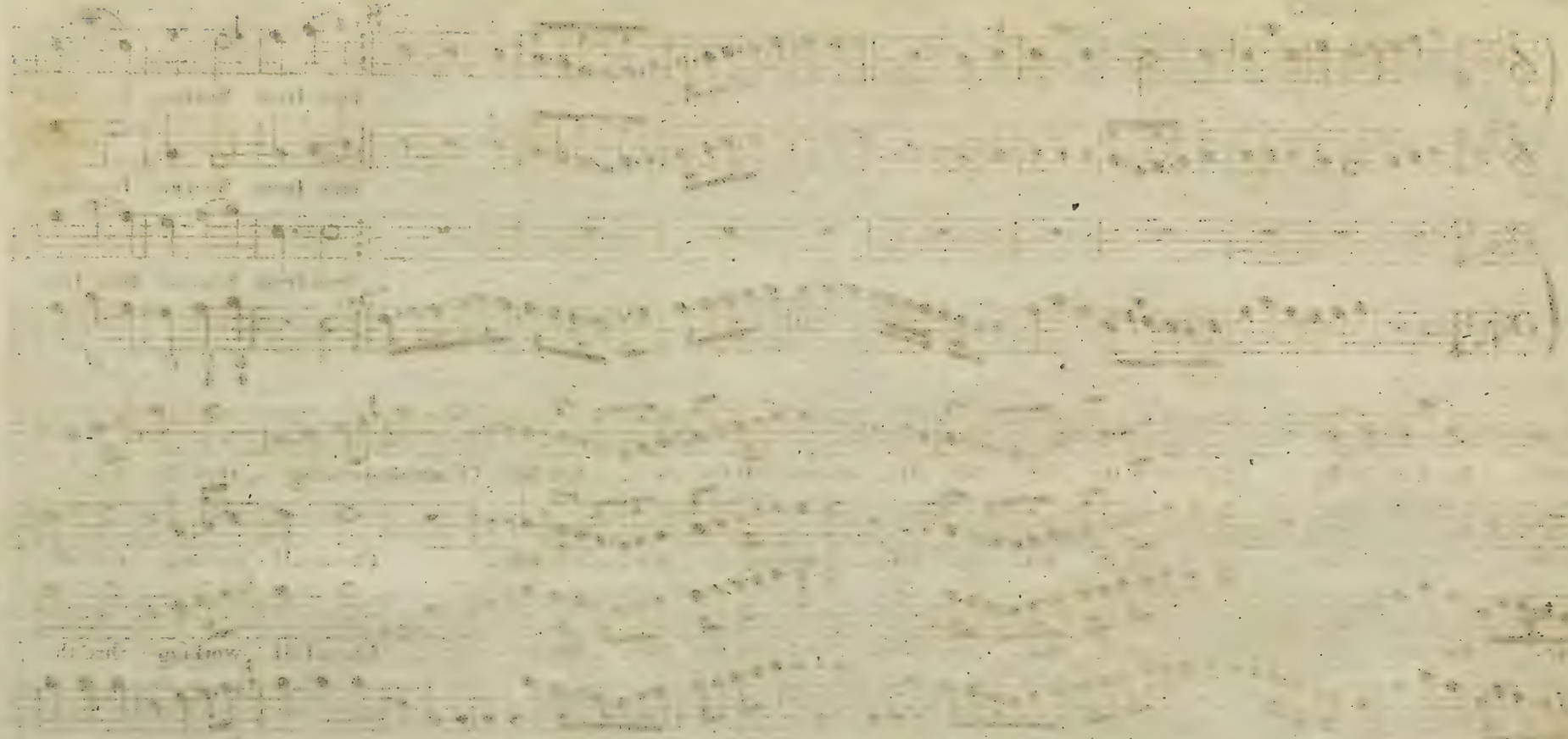
VOICE, HARPSICHORD, or VIOLIN.

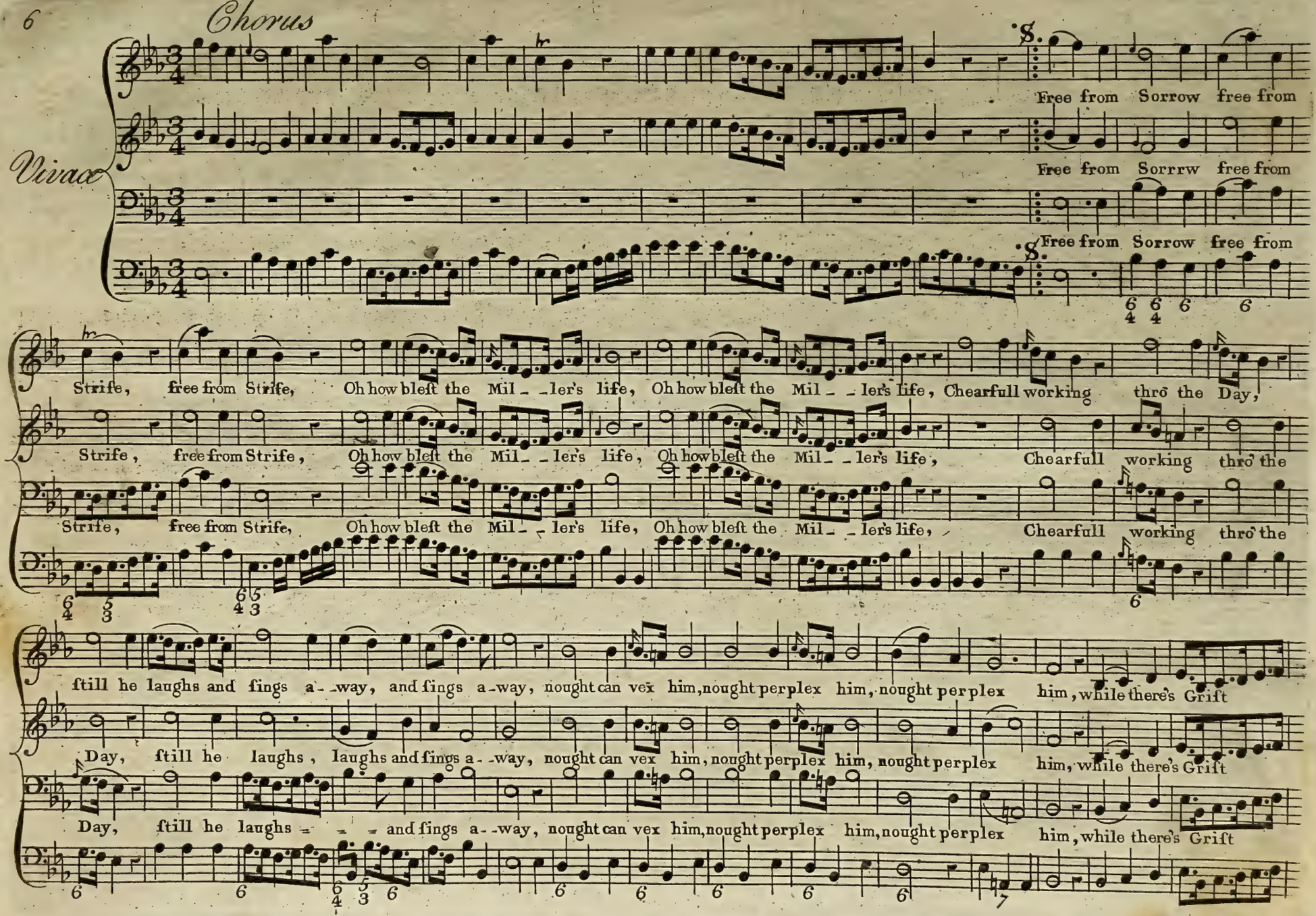
N. B. That none may pretend ignorance, notice is here given, that who ever presumes to print, or write out for Sale, any Song in this OPERA; will be prosecuted by the Author and the Proprietors with the outmost rigour of the Law.

LONDON.

Printed and Sold by R. BREMNER, at the Harp and Hautboy,
oppoſite Somerſet-Houſe in the STRAND.
of whom may be had.
This Opera Printed ſeperately for the German Flute and Guittar.

RCM London




Chorus
Vivace
Free from Sorrow free from
Free from Sorrrw free from
Free from Sorrow free from
Strife, free from Strife, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Chearfull working thro the Day,
Strife, free from Strife, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Chearfull working thro the
Strife, free from Strife, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Oh how bleſt the Mil_ _ler's life, Chearfull working thro the
ſtill he laughs and ſings a_ _way, and ſings a_way, nought can vex him, nought perplex him, nought perplex him, while there's Grift
Day, ſtill he laughs, laughs and ſings a_ _way, nought can vex him, nought perplex him, nought perplex him, while there's Grift
Day, ſtill he laughs = = = and ſings a_ _way, nought can vex him, nought perplex him, nought perplex him, while there's Grift

Duetto

to make him Gay, to make him Gay, to make him Gay.

Let the Great en=joy the Bleſſing,

to make him Gay, to make him Gay, to make him Gay.

Let the Great en=joy the Bleſſing,

to make him Gay, to make him Gay, to make him Gay.

by in=dul=gent fortune ſent, what can wealth can grandeur offer, more than Plenty, and Content, and Content, what can wealth and

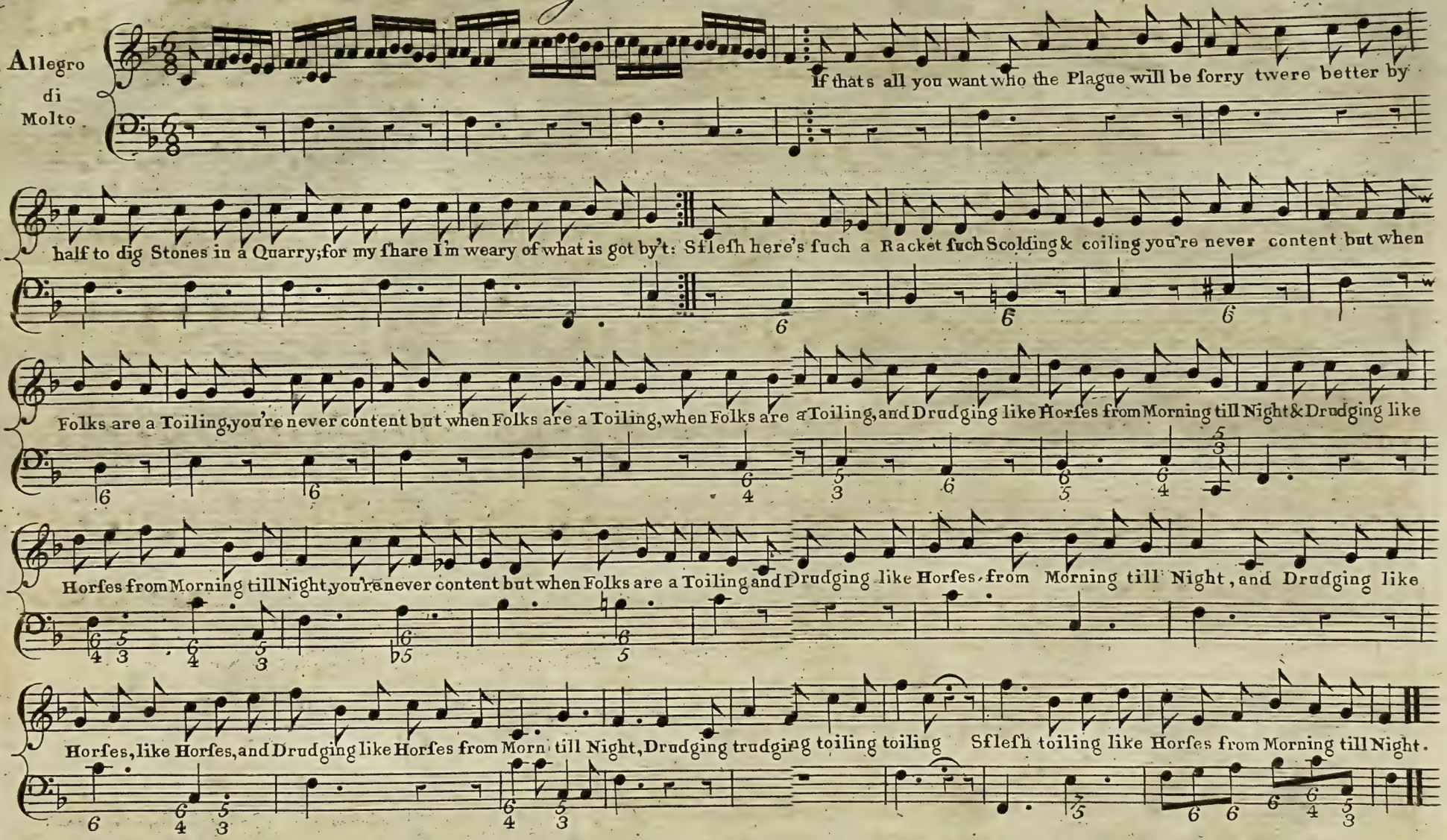
by in=dul=gent fortune ſent, what can wealth can grandeur offer, more than Plenty, and Content, and Content, what can wealth and

grandeur of_fer more than plenty, and content, than plenty, and content, than plenty and con_tent.

grandeur of_fer more than plenty, and content, than plenty, and content, than plenty and con_tent.

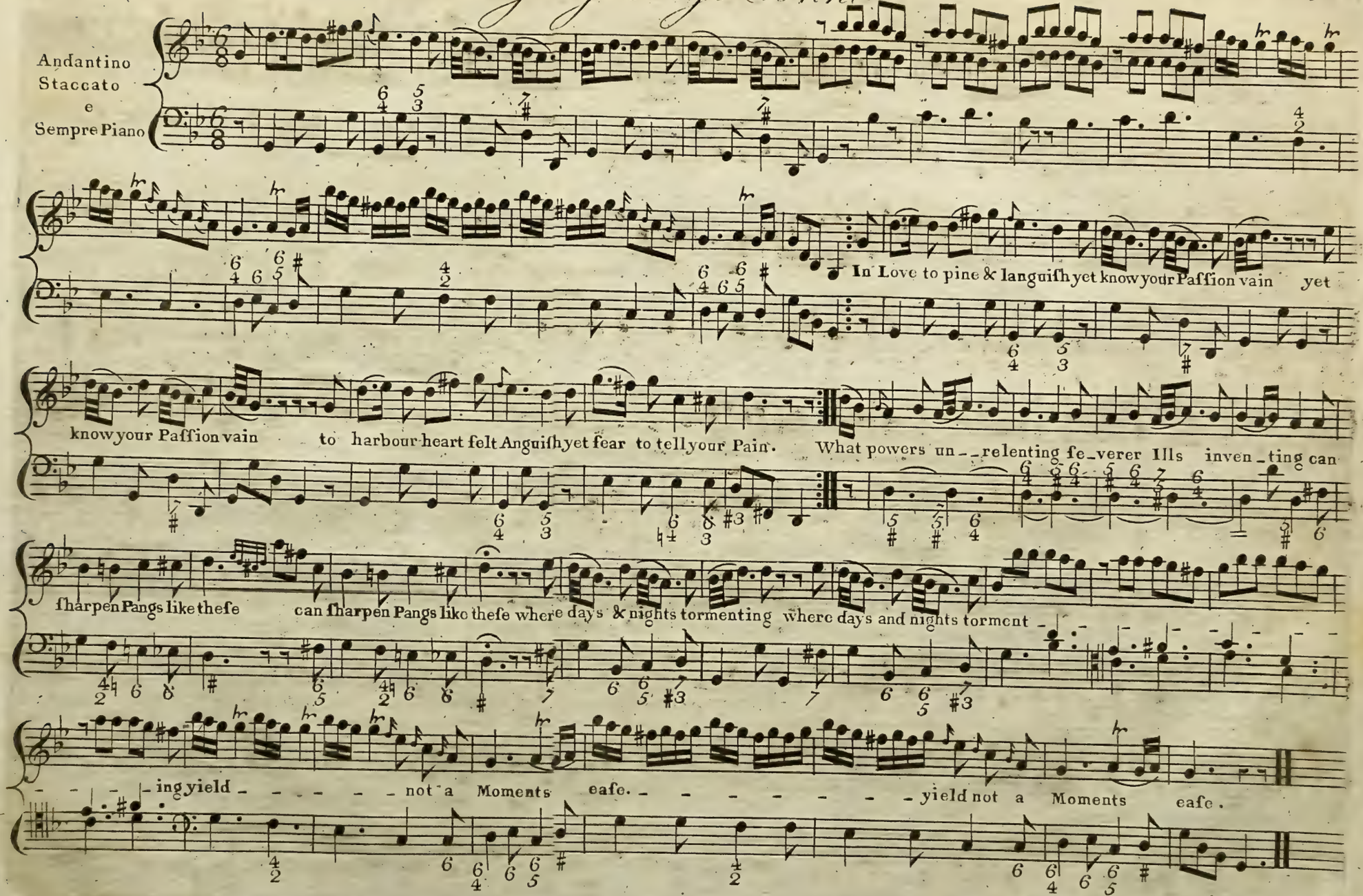
Al Segno 𝄋.

Sung Mr Dibdin

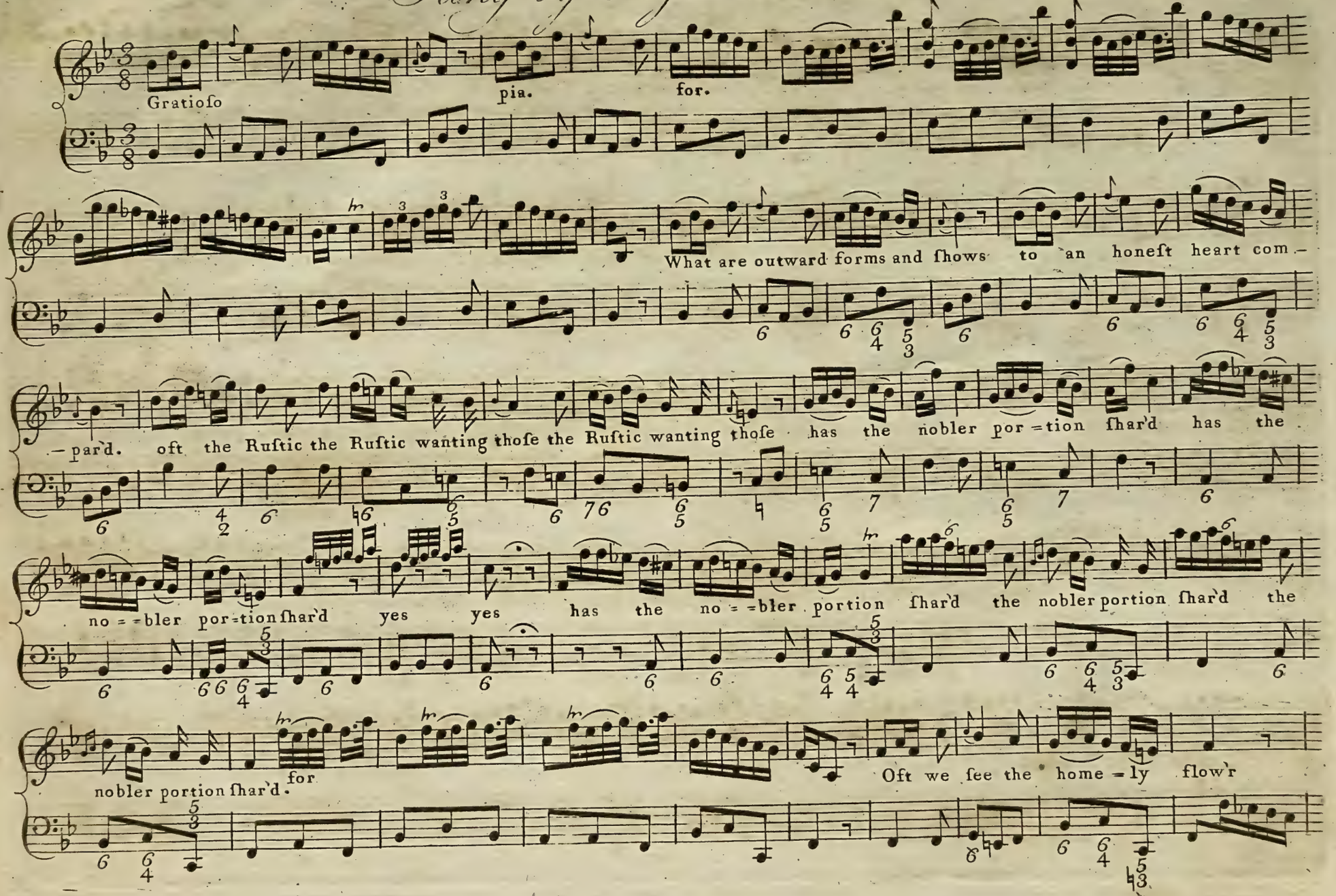


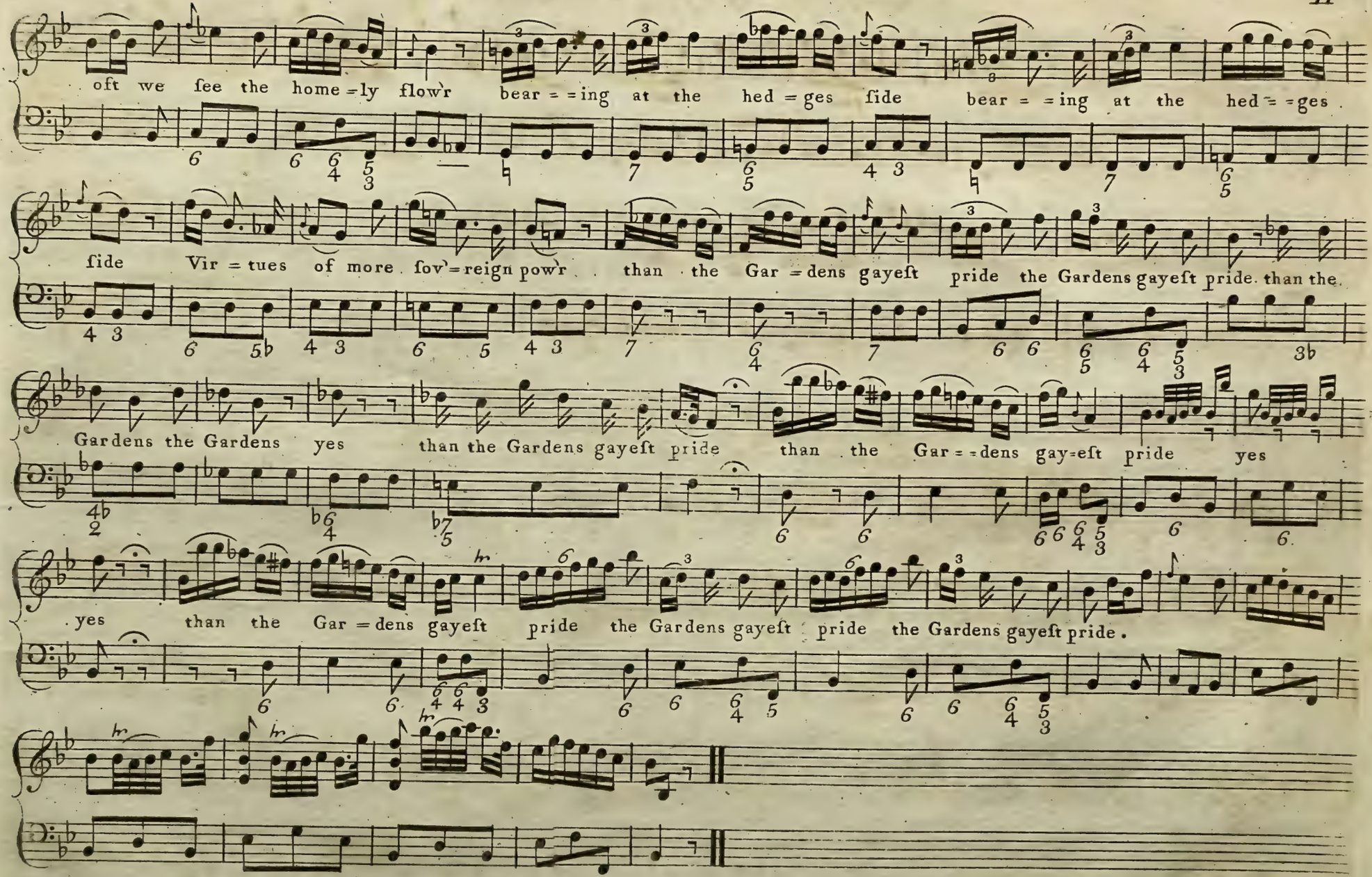
You think I'm afraid, but the diffrence to ſhew you,
Firſt yonders your Shovel, your Sacks too Throw you;
Hence forward, take care of your matters who will:
They're welcome to Slave, for your Wages that need 'em,
Tol lol derol lol, I have purchaſ'd my Freedom,
And never here after ſhall work at the MILL.

Sung by Miſs Brent



Sung by Miſs Brent




oft we ſee the home=ly flow'r bear = =ing at the hed = ges ſide bear = =ing at the hed = =ges
ſide Vir = tues of more ſov'=reign pow'r than the Gar = dens gayeſt pride the Gardens gayeſt pride. than the
Gardens the Gardens yes than the Gardens gayeſt pride than the Gar = =dens gay=eſt pride yes
yes than the Gar = dens gayeſt pride the Gardens gayeſt pride the Gardens gayeſt pride.

~~24~~ 56

Sung by M.r Beard

Andantino Amoroso è Staccato

Poco Pia

Hark'tis

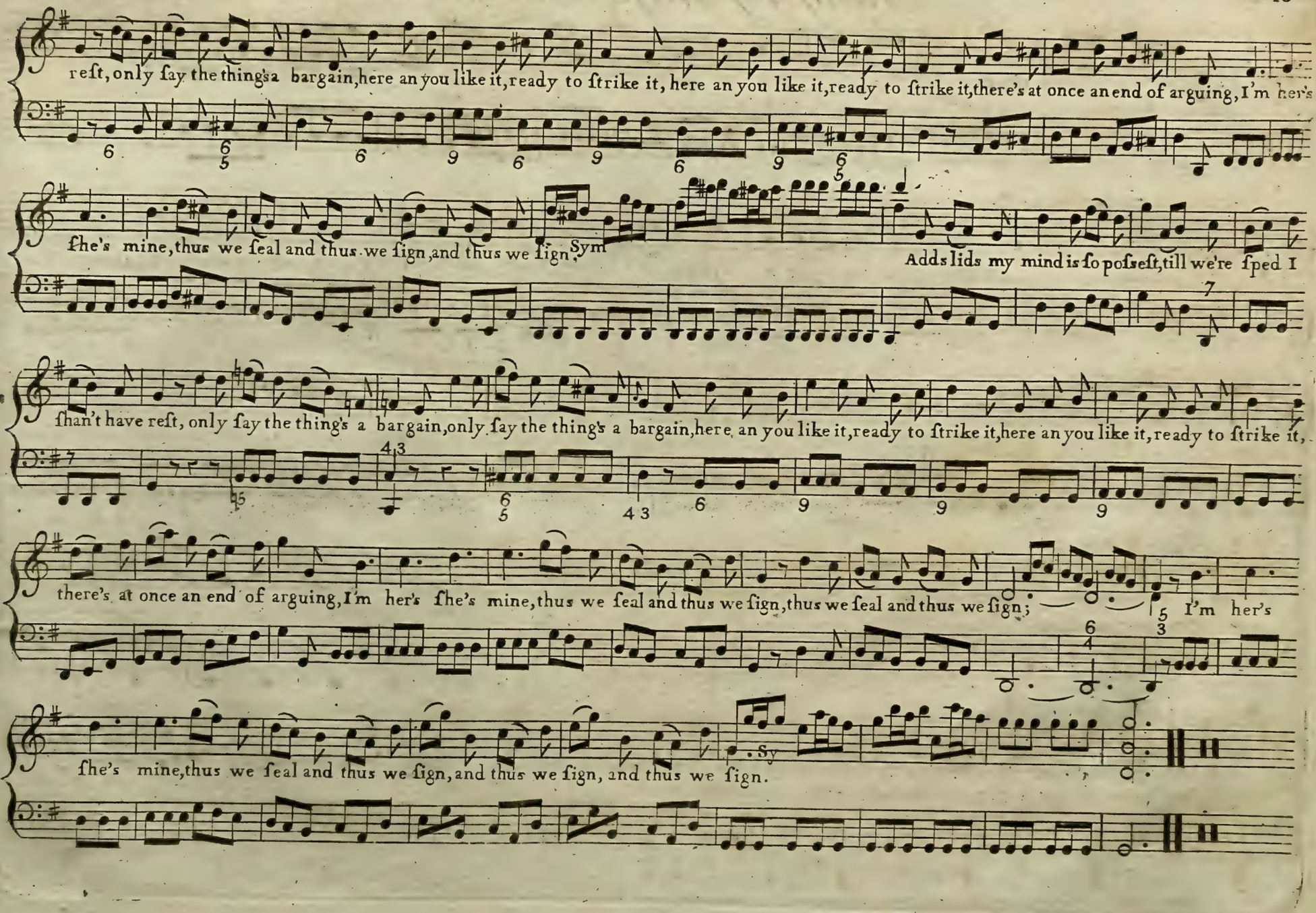
I your own true Lover, true Lover, after walking three long miles, after walking three long miles, one kind look at leaſt diſ-cover, diſ-

cover, come and ſpeak a word to GILLES, come and ſpeak a word to GILLES, you a-lone my heart I fix on, ah you little little cunning Vixen,

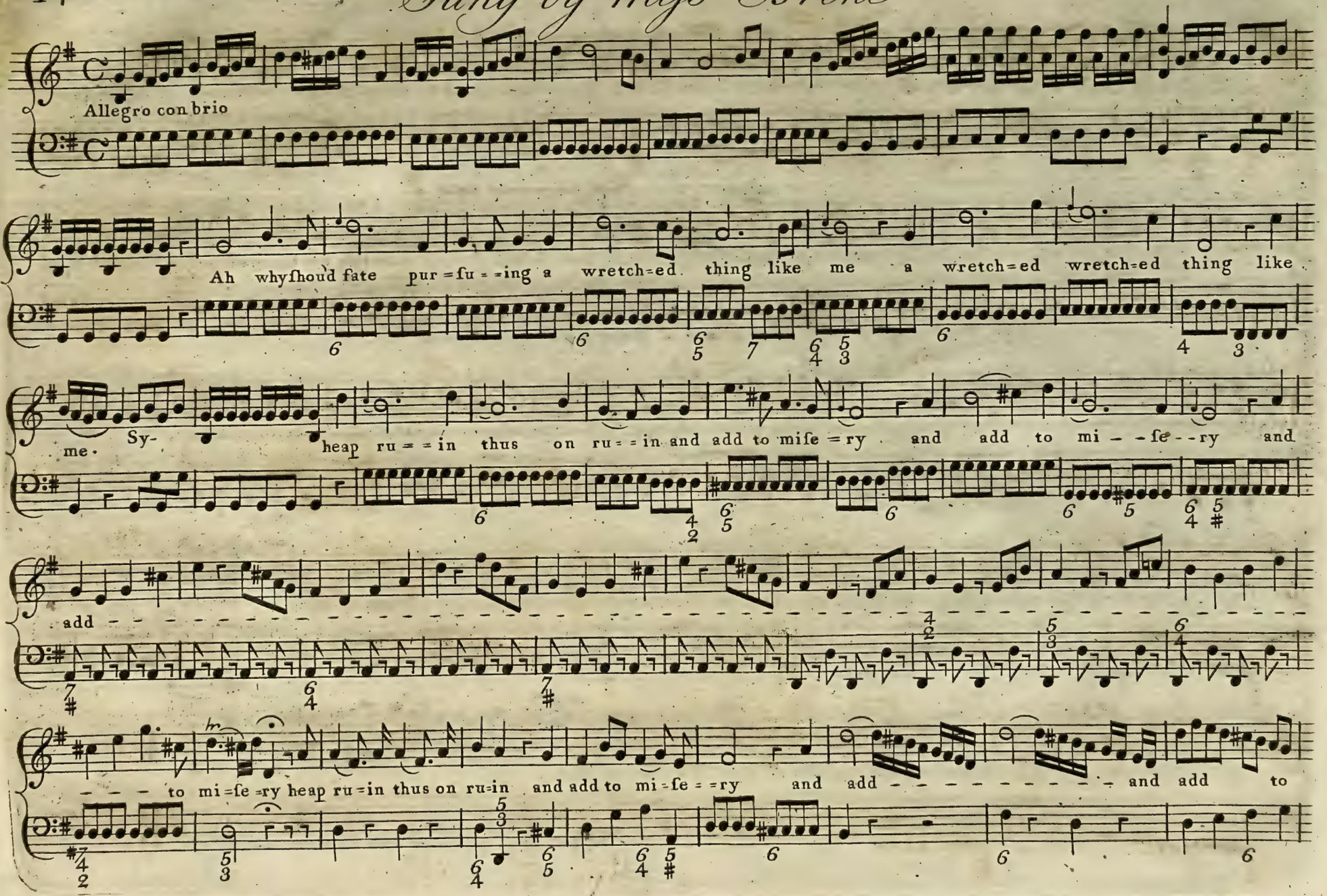
ah you little little cunning vixen, I can ſee your Roguiſh ſmiles, I can ſee your Roguiſh ſmiles, you little cunning vixen, cunning vixen,

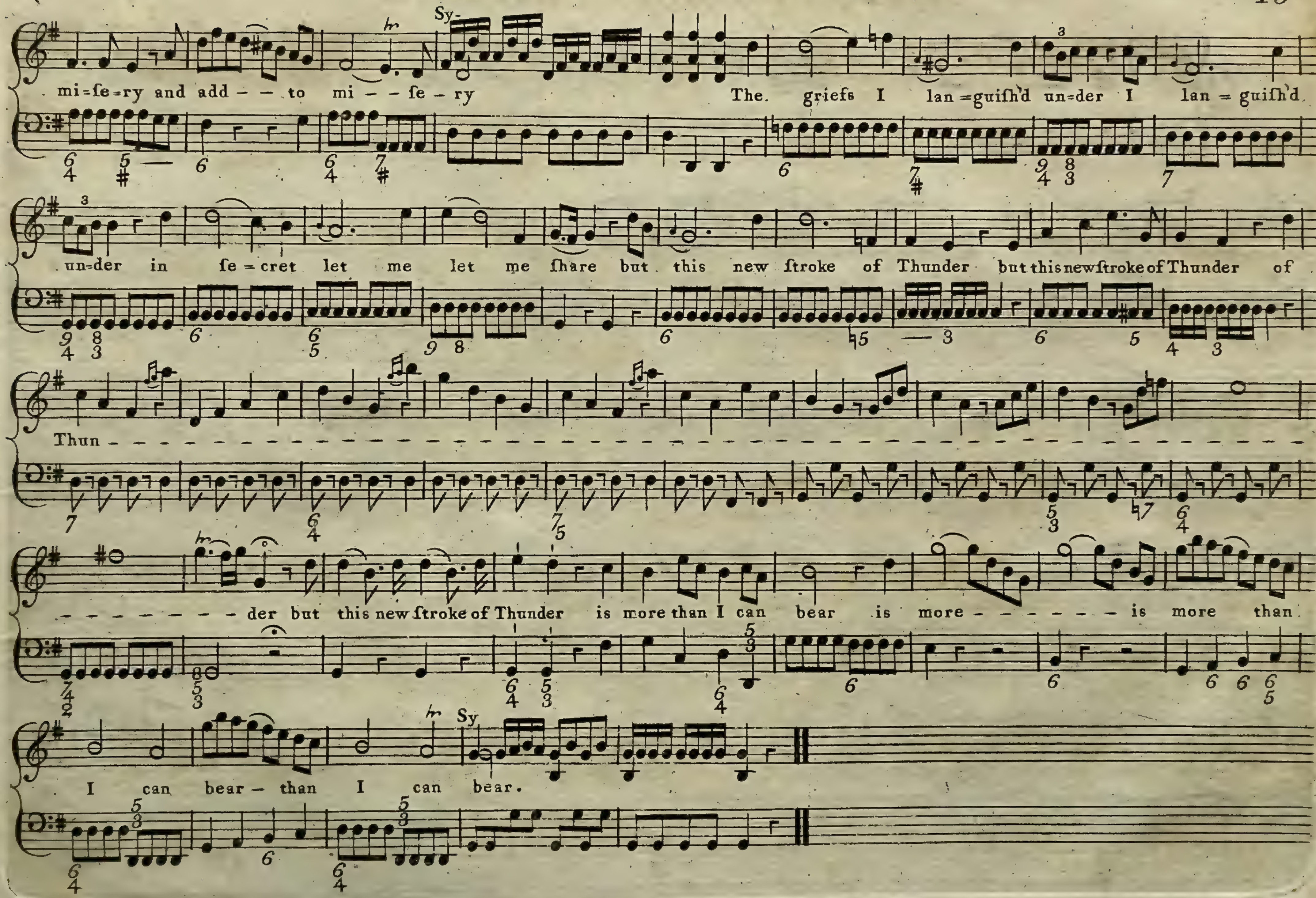
Presto

I can ſee your Roguiſh ſmiles, I can ſee your Roguiſh, ſmiles. Adds lids my mind is ſo poſſeſt, till we're ſped I ſhan't have


reſt, only ſay the things a bargain, here an you like it, ready to ſtrike it, here an you like it, ready to ſtrike it, there's at once an end of arguing, I'm her's
ſhe's mine, thus we ſeal and thus we ſign, and thus we ſign, Sym
Adds lids my mind is ſo poſſeſt, till we're ſped I
ſhan't have reſt, only ſay the thing's a bargain, only ſay the thing's a bargain, here an you like it, ready to ſtrike it, here an you like it, ready to ſtrike it,
there's at once an end of arguing, I'm her's ſhe's mine, thus we ſeal and thus we ſign, thus we ſeal and thus we ſign; I'm her's
ſhe's mine, thus we ſeal and thus we ſign, and thus we ſign, and thus we ſign.

Sung by Miſs Brent

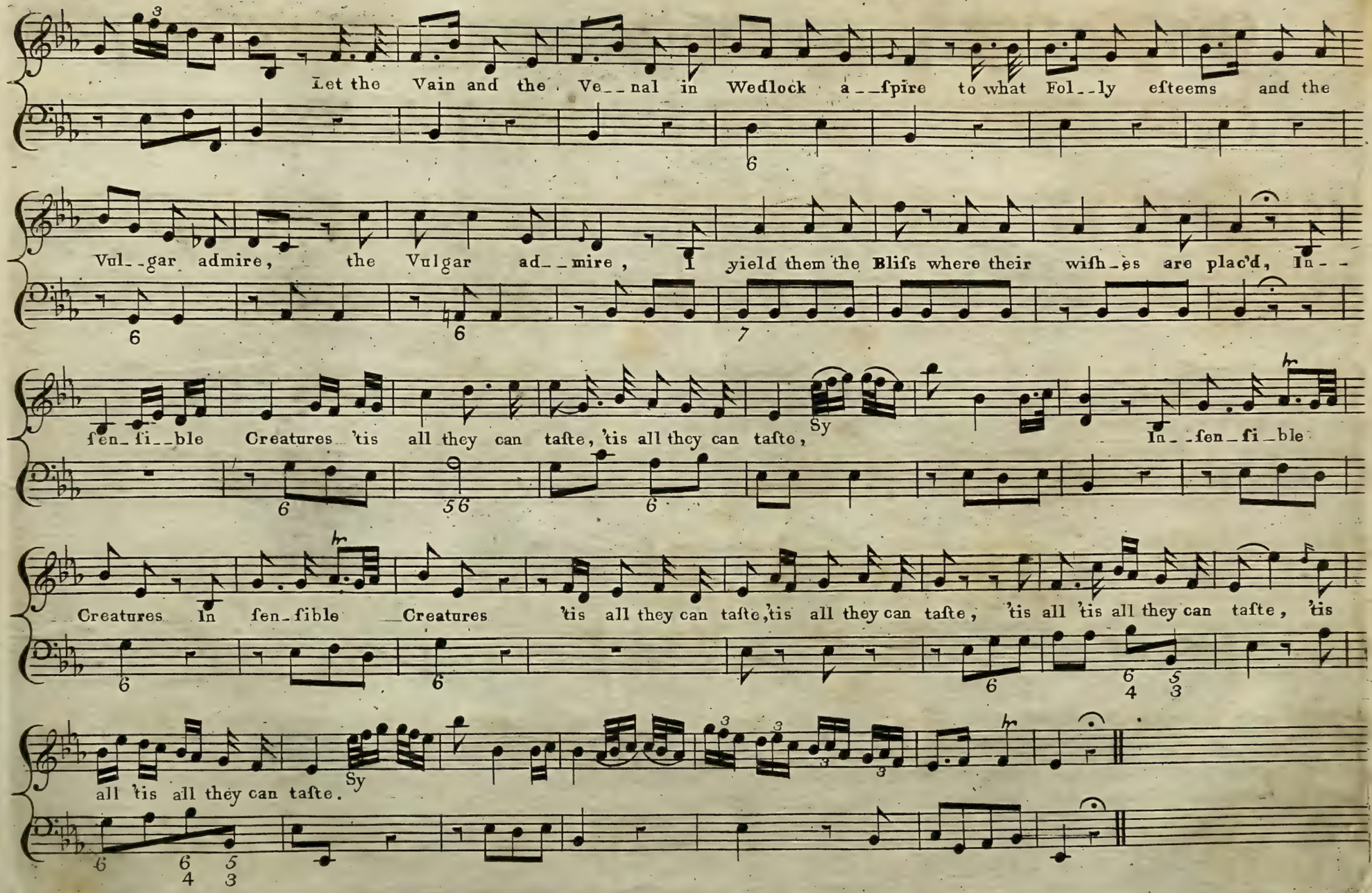



mi=fe=ry and add – – to mi – – fe – ry
Sy
The. griefs I lan =guifh'd un=der I lan = guifh'd.
un=der in fe = cret let me let me fhare but this new ftroke of Thunder but this new ftroke of Thunder of
Thun – – – – – – – – –
der but this new ftroke of Thunder is more than I can bear is more – – – – – – is more than
I can bear – than I can bear.
Sy

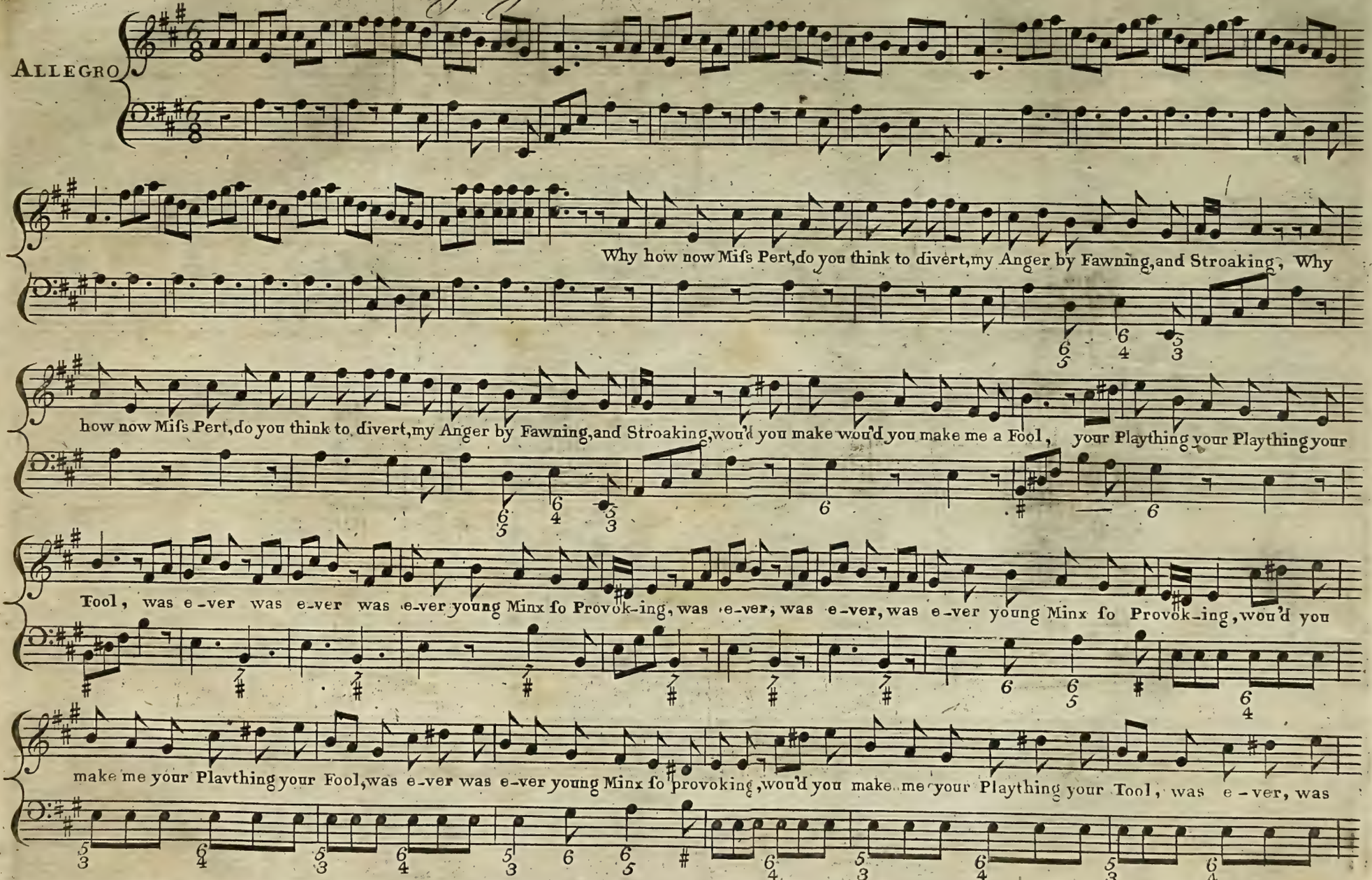
Sung by Miss Hallam

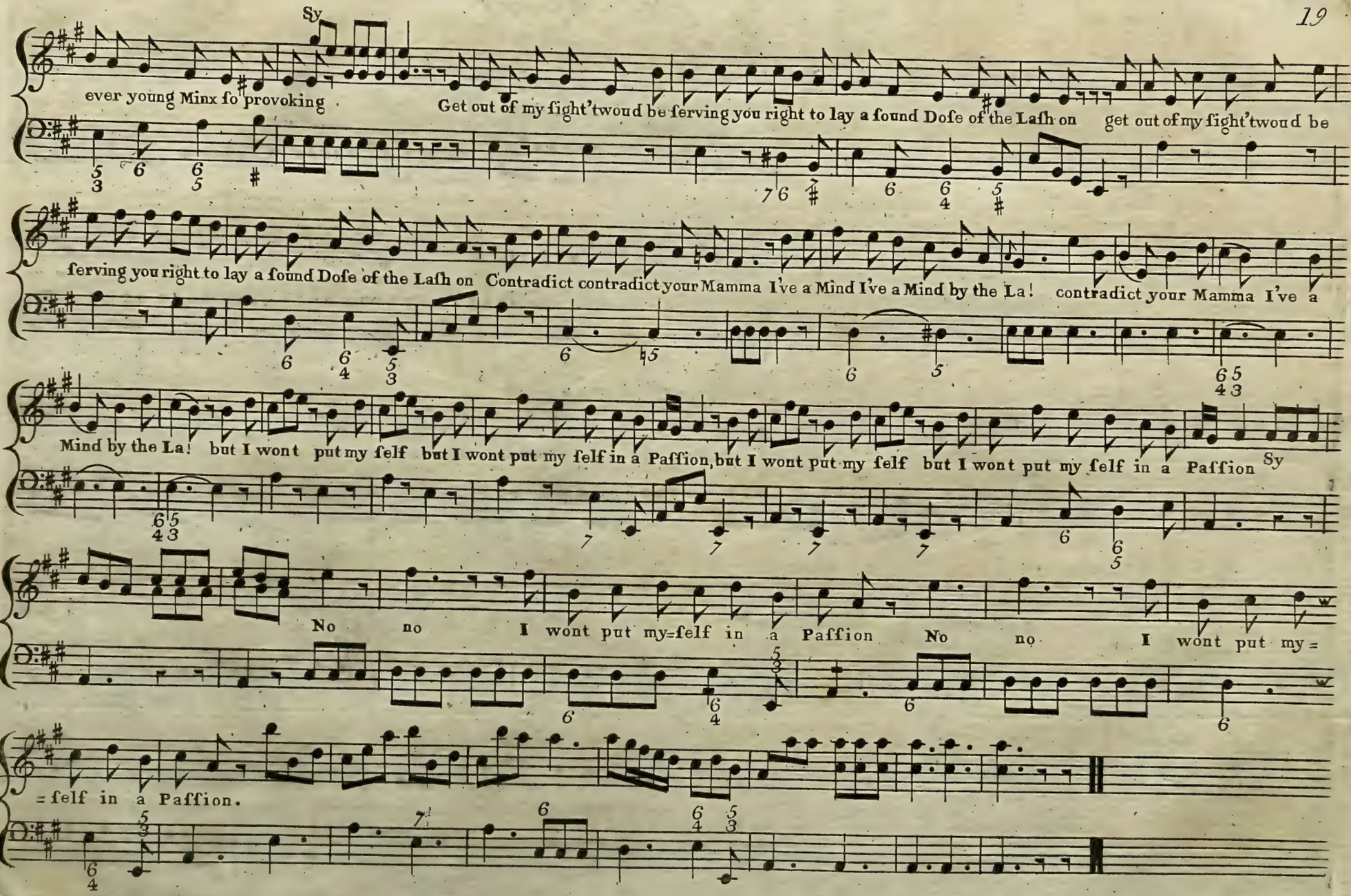
ANDANTE SPIRITOSO

With the Man that I love was I
destin'd to dwell, on a Mountain, a Moor, in a Cot, in a Cell, Retreats the most Bar ren, most
De_fert would be, most Barren, most Defert, most Defert would be, more pleasing than Courts, or a
Palace to me, more pleasing than Courts, or a Pa_lace to me, a Palace to me a Palace to me.


Let the Vain and the Ve__nal in Wedlock a__ſpire to what Fol__ly eſteems and the
Vul__gar admire, the Vulgar ad__mire, I yield them the Bliſs where their wiſh_es are plac'd, In__
ſen_ſi__ble Creatures 'tis all they can taſte, 'tis all they can taſte, Sy In__ſen_ſi_ble
Creatures In ſen_ſible Creatures 'tis all they can taſte, 'tis all they can taſte, 'tis all 'tis all they can taſte, 'tis
all 'tis all they can taſte. Sy

Sung by Mr. Shuter

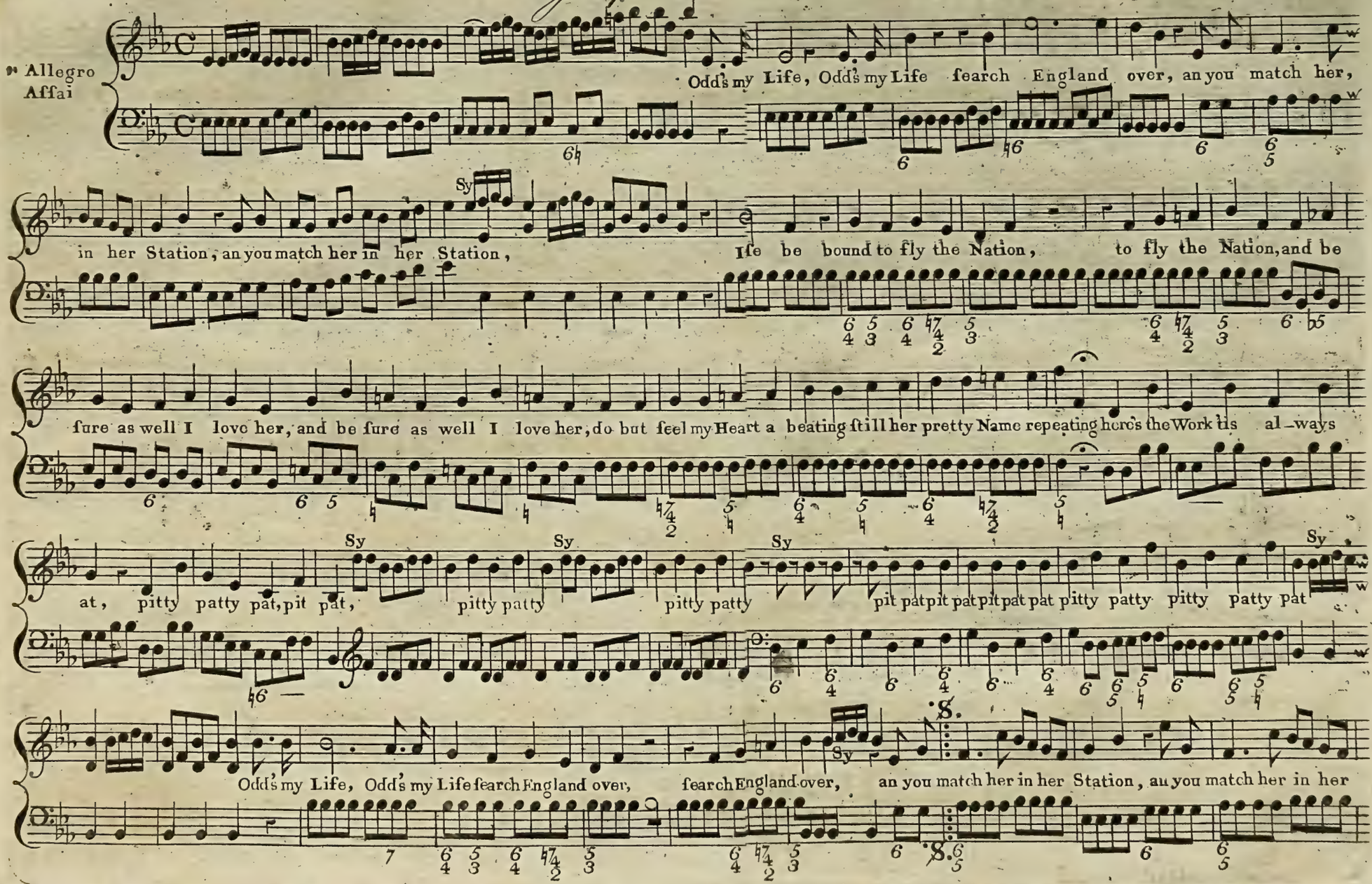


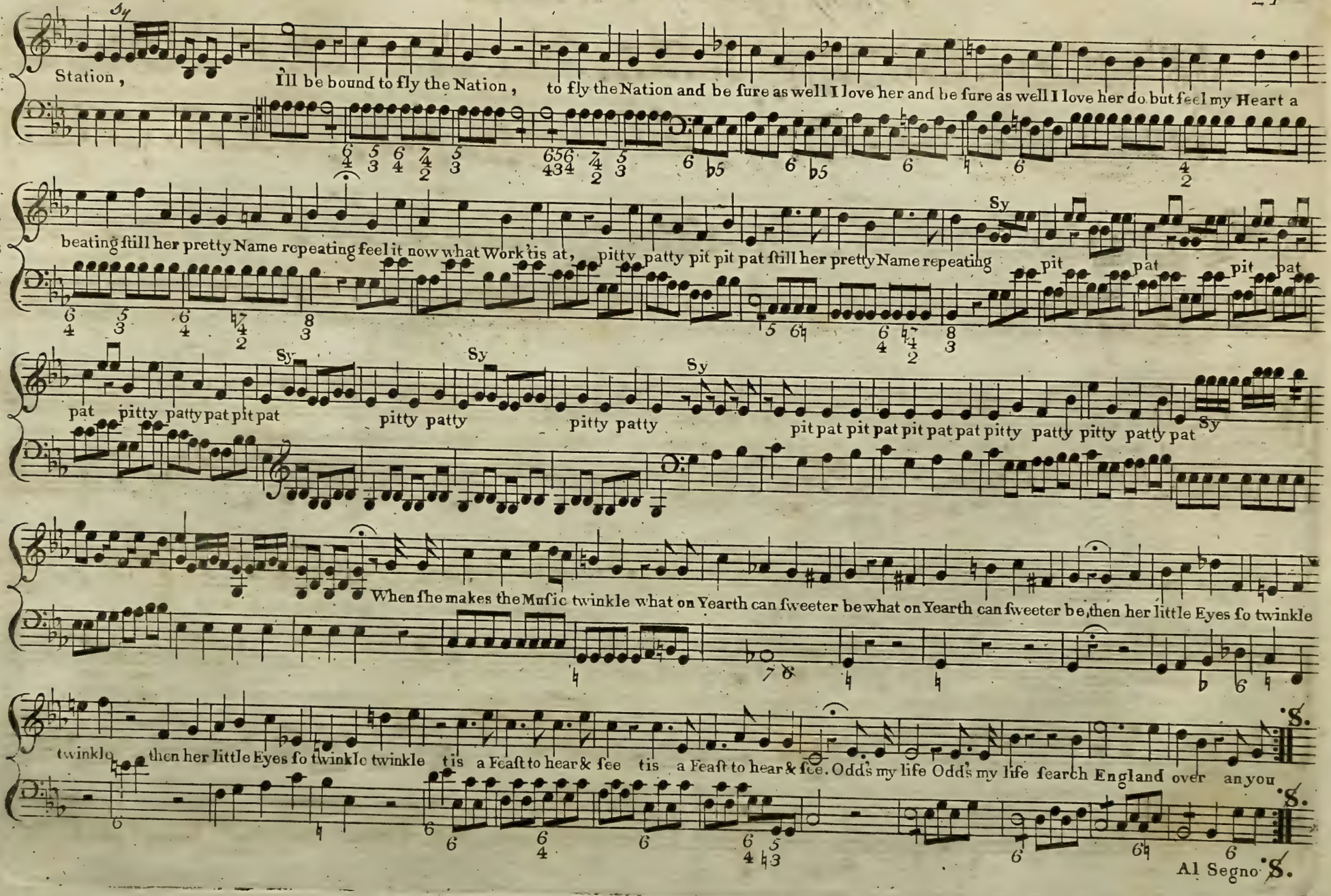

Sy
ever young Minx ſo provoking
Get out of my ſight'twoud be ſerving you right to lay a ſound Doſe of the Laſh on
get out of my ſight'twoud be
ſerving you right to lay a ſound Doſe of the Laſh on
Contradict contradict your Mamma I've a Mind I've a Mind by the La!
contradict your Mamma I've a
Mind by the La!
but I wont put my ſelf
but I wont put my ſelf in a Paſſion,
but I wont put my ſelf
but I wont put my ſelf in a Paſſion
Sy
No
no
I wont put my=ſelf in a Paſſion
No
no
I wont put my=
=ſelf in a Paſſion.

60

20

Sung by Mr Beard




Sy
Station,
I'll be bound to fly the Nation,
to fly the Nation and be ſure as well I love her and be ſure as well I love her do but feel my Heart a
beating ſtill her pretty Name repeating feel it now what Work 'tis at,
pitty patty pit pit pat ſtill her pretty Name repeating
pit pat pit pat
pat pitty patty pat pit pat
pitty patty
pitty patty
pit pat pit pat pit pat pat pitty patty pitty patty pat
When ſhe makes the Muſic twinkle what on Yearth can ſweeter be what on Yearth can ſweeter be, then her little Eyes ſo twinkle
twinkle then her little Eyes ſo twinkle twinkle 'tis a Feaſt to hear & ſee 'tis a Feaſt to hear & ſee. Odd's my life Odd's my life ſearch England over an you
S.
Al Segno S.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

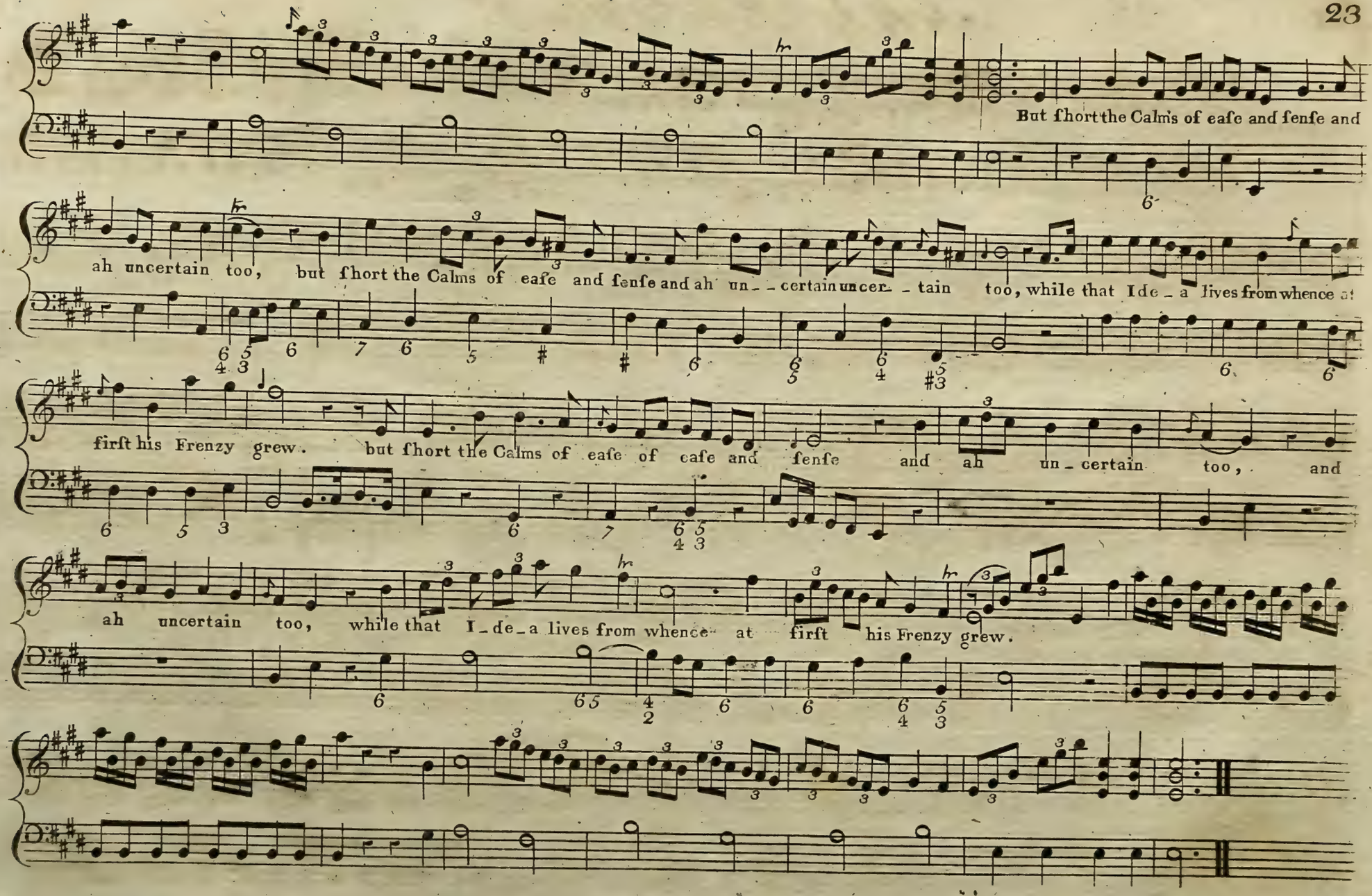
Cantabile

The Madman thus at

times at times we ſee, with ſeeming, ſeeming reaſon with ſeeming reaſon bleſt, his

Looks his Words his Thoughts, his Thoughts are free, and ſpeak a Mind at reſt, and ſpeak a Mind at reſt, his

Looks his Words his Thoughts are free and ſpeak a Mind at reſt


But ſhort the Calms of eaſe and ſenſe and
ah uncertain too, but ſhort the Calms of eaſe and ſenſe and ah un_ _certain uncer_ _tain too, while that Ide_a lives from whence at
firſt his Frenzy grew. but ſhort the Calms of eaſe of eaſe and ſenſe and ah un_certain too, and
ah uncertain too, while that I_de_a lives from whence at firſt his Frenzy grew.

Sung by Miss Poitier

Andante

Po for I am

Young and I am Friendless and Poor alass with all sure my sorrow's will be endless in vain for help I call in vain for help I call have some pity in your

Nature to releive a wretched Creature tho' the Gift be ne'er so small.

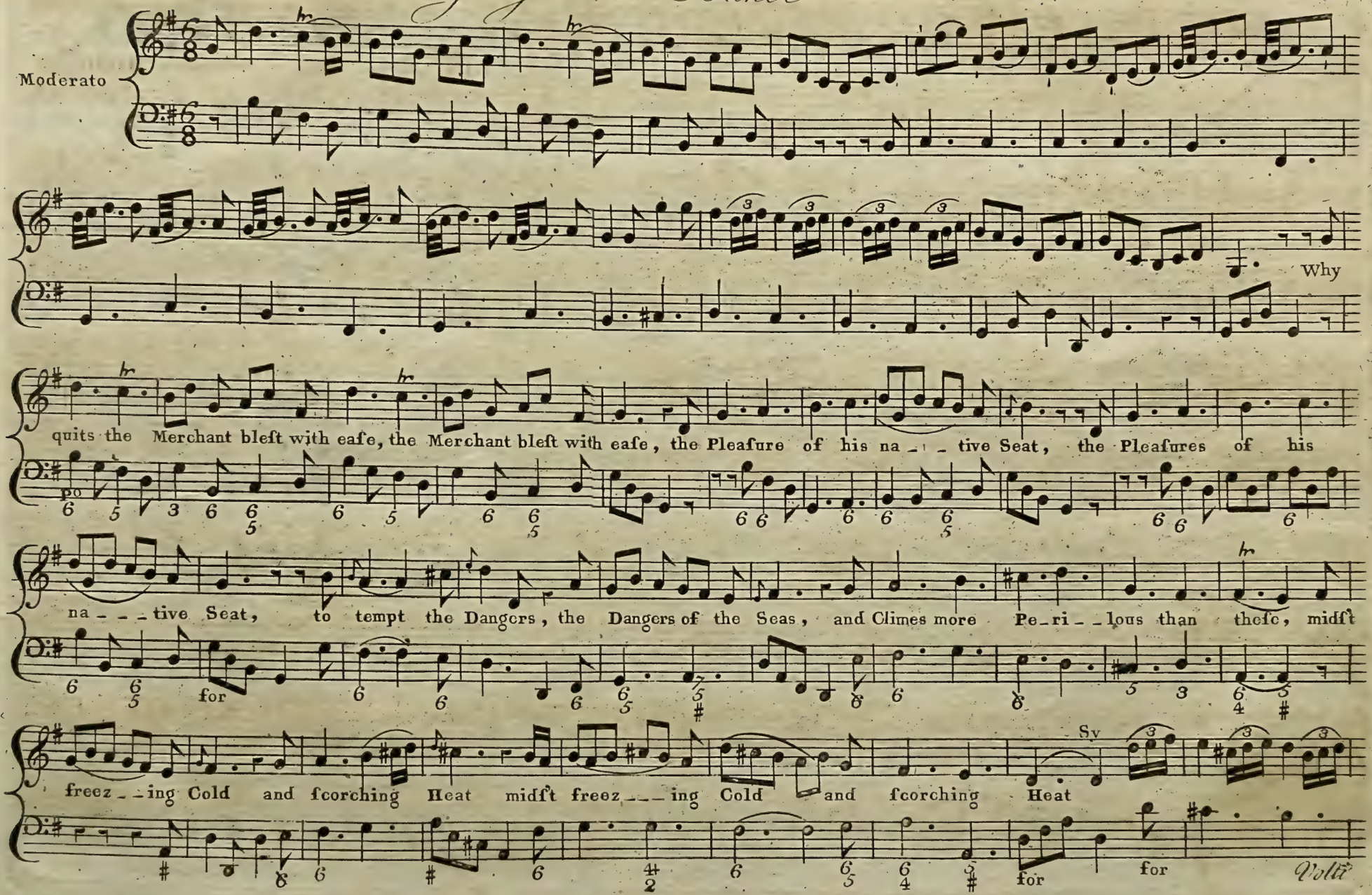
Allegro

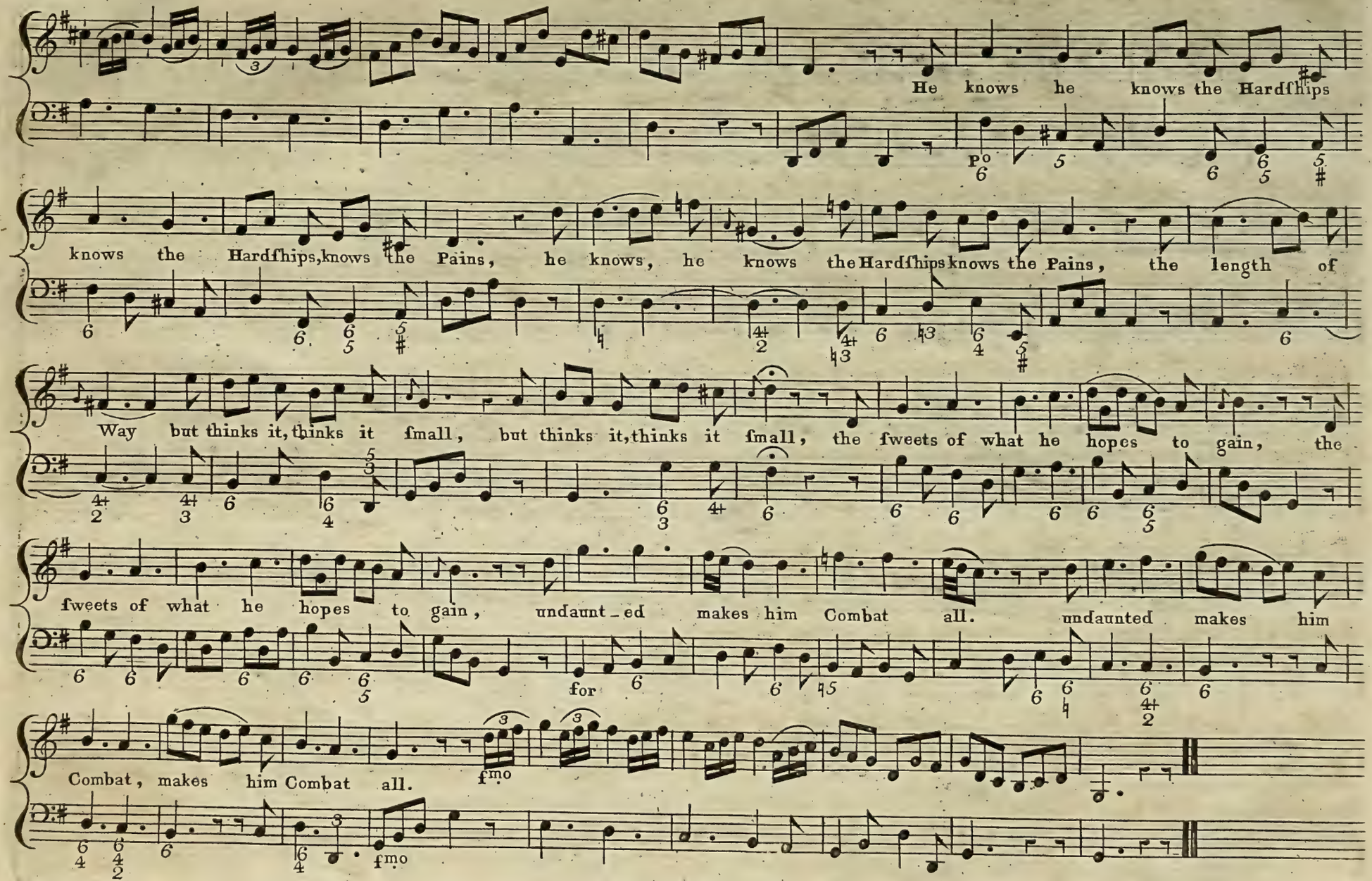
May you possessing ev'ry Blessing still Inherit Sir all you Merit Sir all you

Merit Sir and never know never know what it is to want never know what it is to want sweet Hea'vn your Worship all happiness grant sweet Hea'vn your

Worship all happiness grant.

Sung by Mr. Baker




He knows he knows the Hardſhips
knows the Hardſhips, knows the Pains, he knows, he knows the Hardſhips knows the Pains, the length of
Way but thinks it, thinks it ſmall, but thinks it, thinks it ſmall, the ſweets of what he hopes to gain, the
ſweets of what he hopes to gain, undaunt-ed makes him Combat all. undaunted makes him
Combat, makes him Combat all.
fmo
fmo

QUARTETTO *Sung by Miss Brent. Miss Poitier. Mr. Beard and Mr. Dibdin*

27

Largo

Andte

Patty

Lye still my Heart, oh fatal fatal stroke, that kills at once my hopes and me, lye still my heart, oh fatal fatal stroke that

for. Po

kills at once my hopes and me. Miss Pat. what nay I only spoke. Take Courage Mon. she does she does but joak. take courage

Giles Pat. Giles Ral.

Mon. she does she does but joake come sis=ter some what kin=der be. come sis=ter some what kin=der be.

Fanny (aside)

this is a thing the most oddest some folks are so plaguely modest, this is a thing the most oddest. some folks are so plaguely modest. this is a thing the most oddest some folks are so plaguely modest.

Fan.

Were we in this caſe to be in their place wee'd carry it off with a different face wee'd carry it off with a different face a different face a different face.

Sy

Ral.

Were we in this caſe to be in their place wee'd carry it off with a different face wee'd carry it off with a different face a different face a different face.

Moderato

Giles

Thus I take her by the lilly hand ſo ſoft and white why now that's right. and kiſs her.

Ralph

kiſs her O mon never never

Andante

Vivace

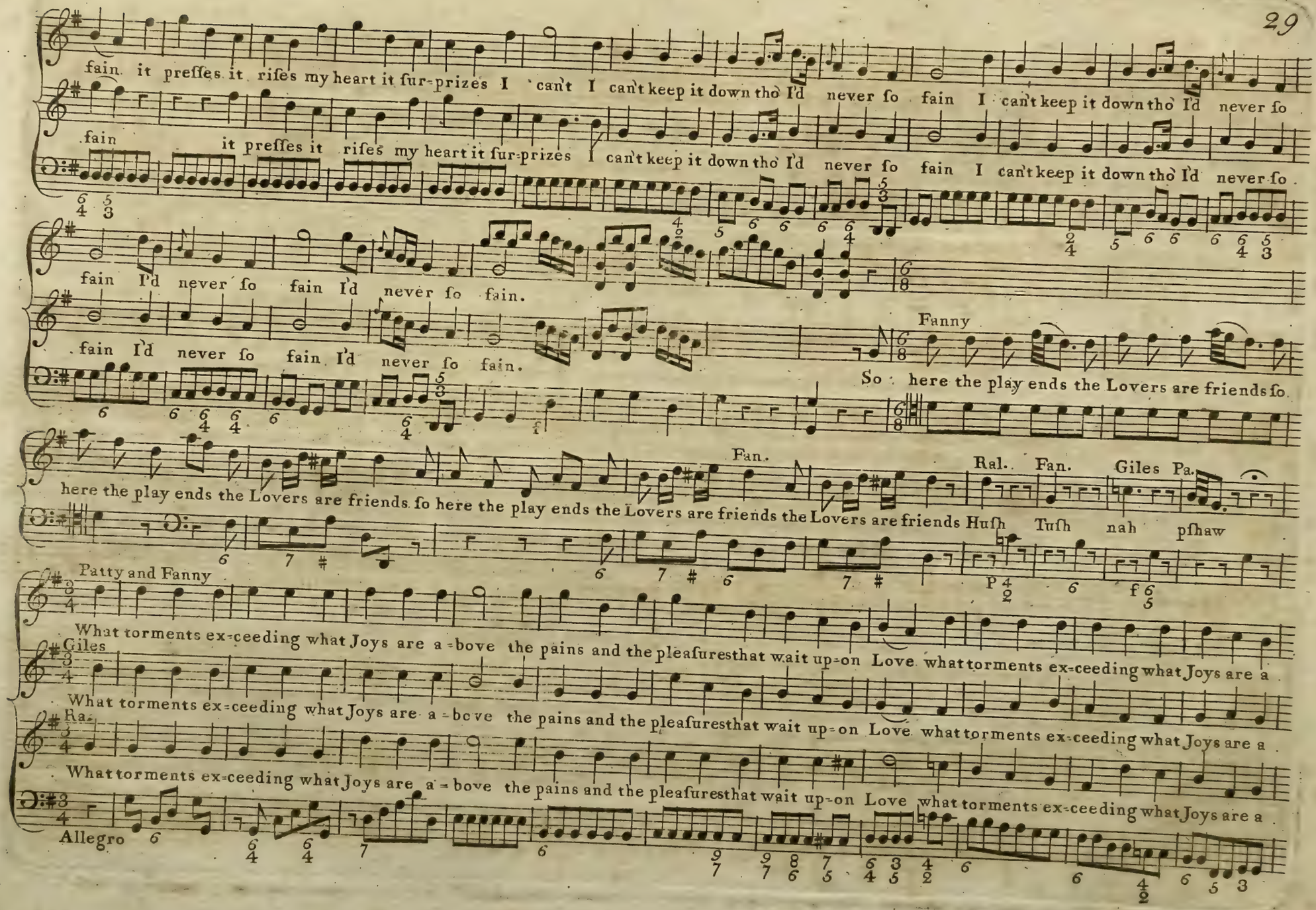
ſtand kiſs her kiſs her never never ſtand kiſs her kiſs her never never ſtand never ſtand never ſtand.

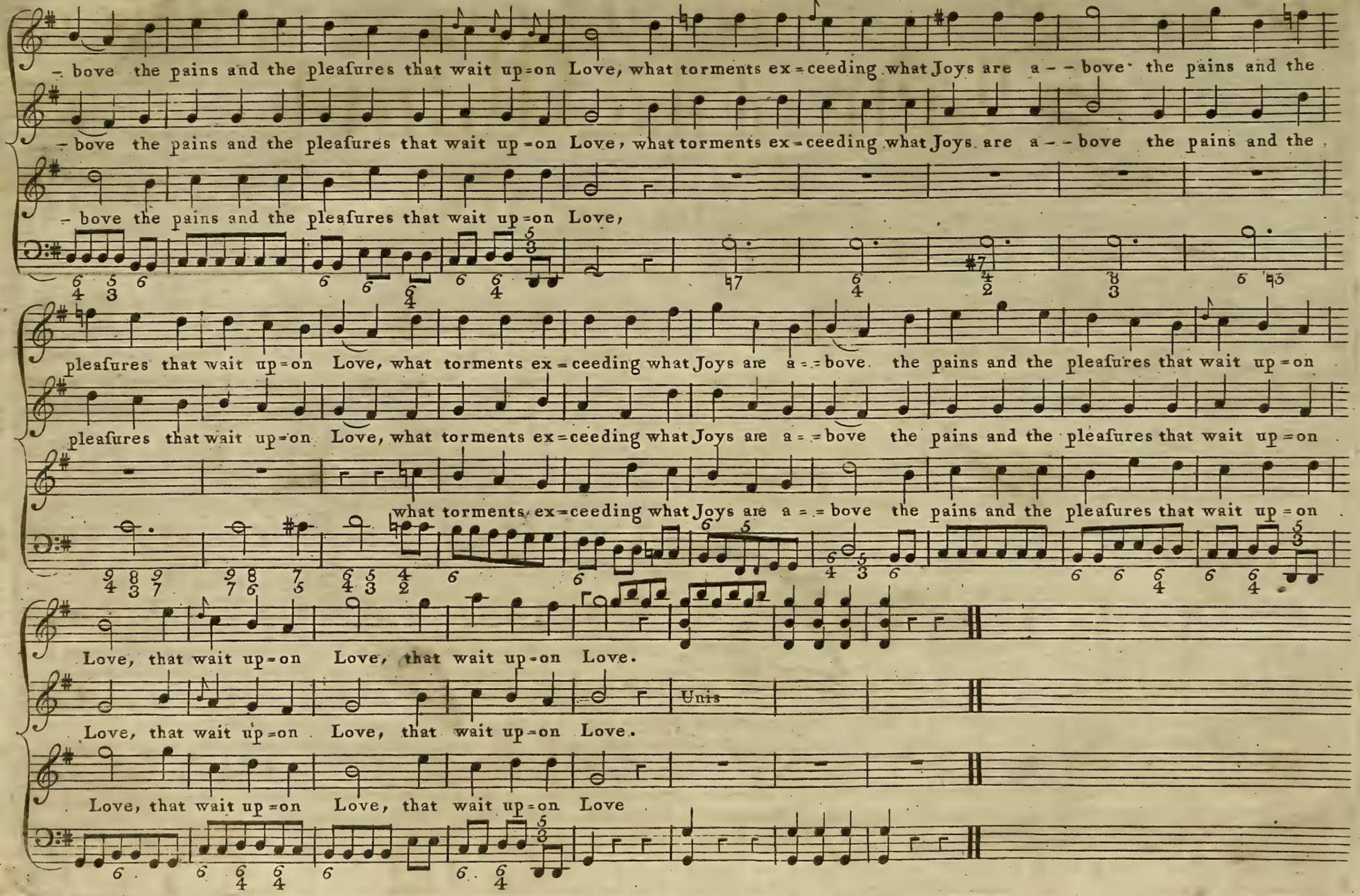
Pat.

What words can ex=plain my Pain it preſſes it riſes my heart it ſur=prizes. I can't keep it down tho I'd ne=ver ſo

Giles

What words can ex=plain my pleaſure it preſſes it riſes my heart it ſur=prizes. I can't keep it down tho I'd ne=ver ſo


fain it preſſes it riſes my heart it ſur=prizes I can't I can't keep it down tho I'd never ſo fain I can't keep it down tho I'd never ſo
fain it preſſes it riſes my heart it ſur=prizes I can't keep it down tho I'd never ſo fain I can't keep it down tho I'd never ſo
fain I'd never ſo fain I'd never ſo fain.
fain I'd never ſo fain I'd never ſo fain.
Fanny
So here the play ends the Lovers are friends ſo
Fan.
Ral. Fan. Giles Pa.
here the play ends the Lovers are friends ſo here the play ends the Lovers are friends the Lovers are friends Huſh Tuſh nah pſhaw
Patty and Fanny
What torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a=bove the pains and the pleaſuresthat wait up=on Love what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a
Giles
What torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a=bove the pains and the pleaſuresthat wait up=on Love what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a
Ra.
What torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a=bove the pains and the pleaſuresthat wait up=on Love what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a
Allegro


– bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on Love, what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a – – bove the pains and the
– bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on Love, what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a – – bove the pains and the
– bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on Love,
pleaſures that wait up=on Love, what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a = = bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on
pleaſures that wait up=on Love, what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a = = bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on
what torments ex=ceeding what Joys are a = = bove the pains and the pleaſures that wait up=on
Love, that wait up=on Love, that wait up=on Love.
Unis
Love, that wait up=on Love, that wait up=on Love.
Love, that wait up=on Love, that wait up=on Love

H22.1/3
3
RCM London

THE

Lady of the Manor,

a Comic Opera

as Performed at the

Theatre Royal in Covent Garden,

Composed by

JAMES HOOK, Op. XX.

for the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD or VIOLIN.

The Words written by Dr. Kenrick.

LONDON

Printed for S. & A. Thompson No. 75 St. Paul's Church Yard Pr. 10 6.

A List of the Songs in the Comic-Opera of the Lady of the Manor.

Act 1st.

	Page
OVERTURE	2
Happy britons while we ſhear	8
A wond'rous tale my friends were told	11
Simplicity daughter of truth	12
Delightful is a rural life	14
The dog in a wheel	16
Luxurious lords on beds of down	17
Give me the girl that's ripe for joy	18
* Not ſatan when a wily ſnake	21
When you were a youngſter 'tis known	22
The heart of a woman's the fort	23
Love by reaſon uncontroul'd	26
In the gentle laura's ſtead	28
Such cruel protectors ye men	30

Act 2d.

With friendly ſmile and ſocial glee	33
I never could bear in the train	37
* Think what your companions ſo gay	38
Then give me dear charmer your hand	39
* The cunning country wench in this	43
Sure nature form'd man for a rover	44
* At romps with Robin Tom or Dick	47
What hopes can there be for poor cicely	48
Love my blindfold heart to wound	50
You terribly flatter I'm ſorely afraid	52
Let me then to yonder bower	54
* Gentle fairy	56
Alack muſt poor Ciſs	58
* The ſky ſo clear the night ſo fine	60
The paſſion doubts when faintly gleams	61
Give me then life's largeſt cup	64
Good or bad true or falſe	68

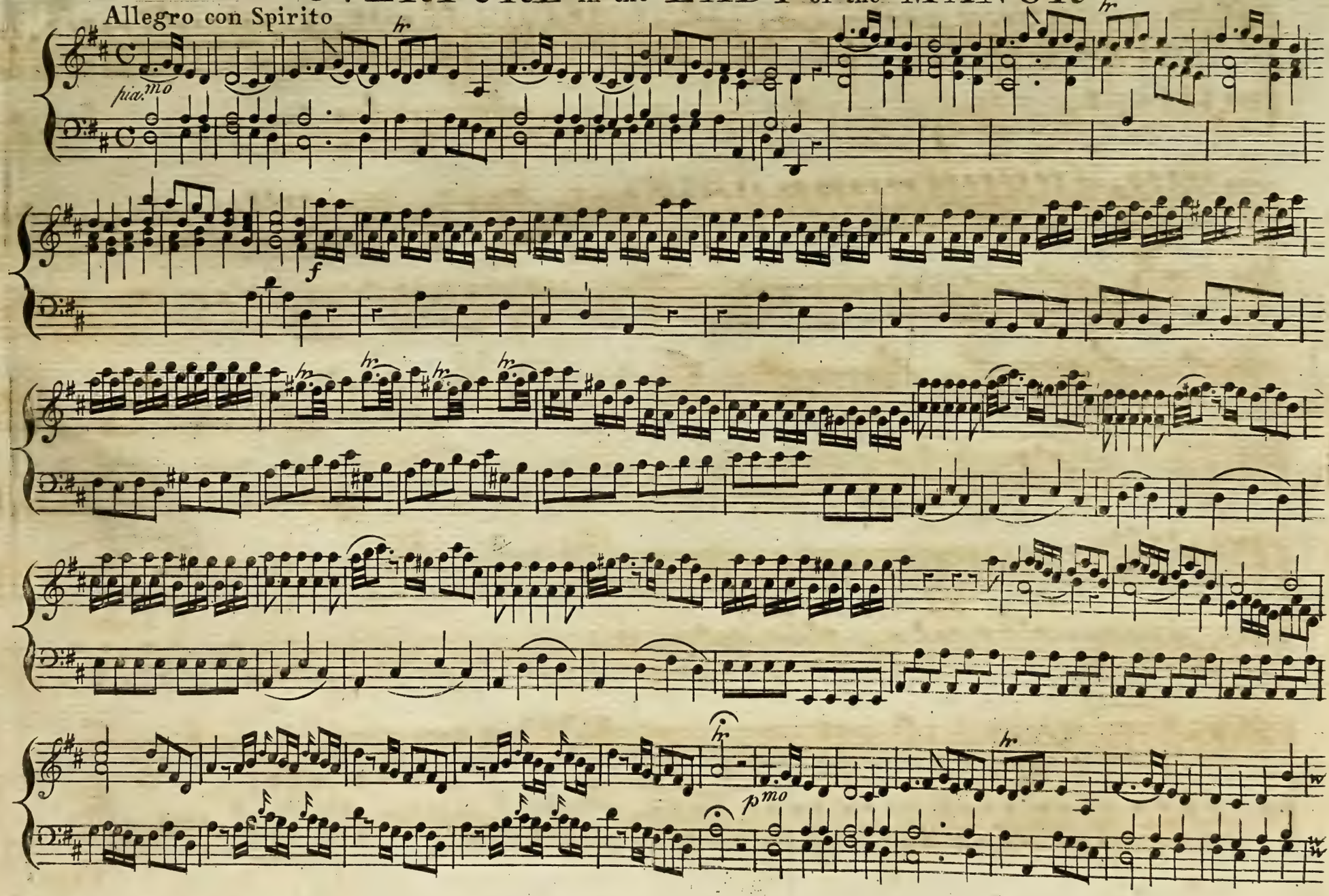
Act 3d.

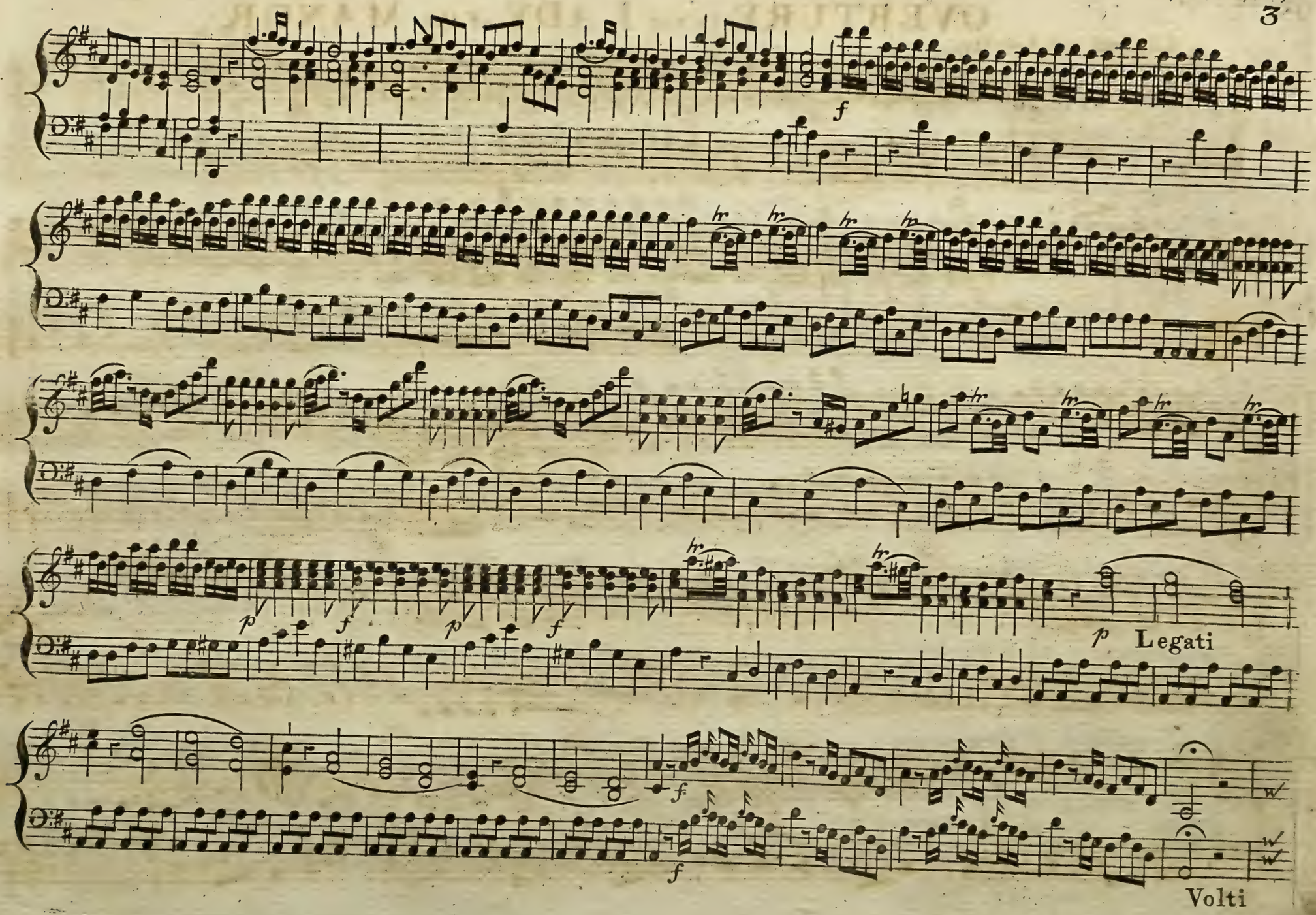
Tho' meaner far my flora's lot	72
* The whining girl or whimpering boy	74
I freely confeſs ſir	76
Come come draw your ſword ſir	78
The youth of the age are ſo prodigal grown	80
* Can ſhreds of ſattin ſilk or lace	82
* Let lord and huſband have his due	83
The man is ſtark mad without doubt	85
Oh ſtay ah turn my only dear	86
Does the fooliſh fellow faulter	86
Falſe and flattering is the kiſs	88

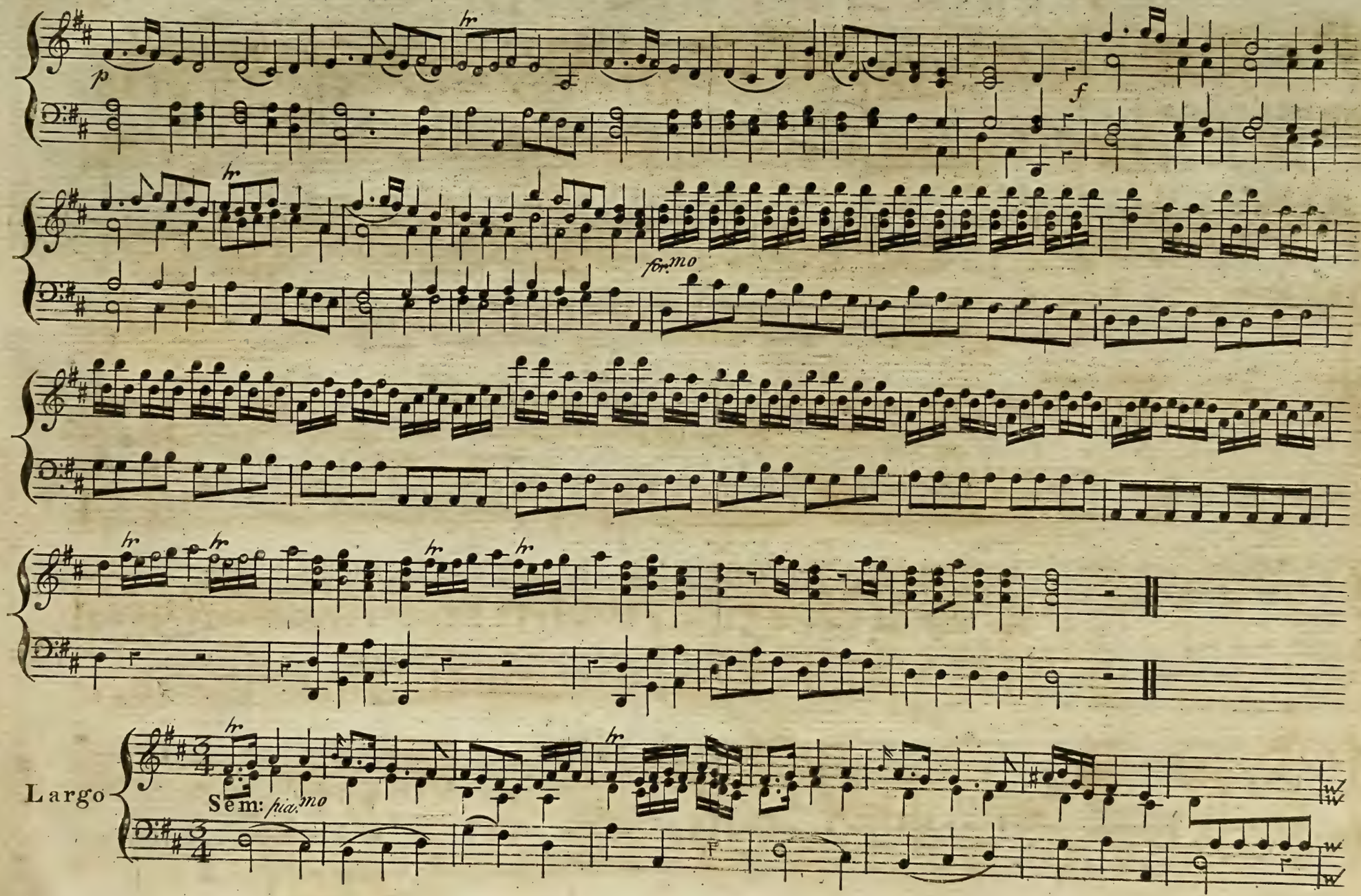
NB. The muſic of the ſongs mark'd with a ſtar, are not new, but taken from former collections by the ſame Compoſer.

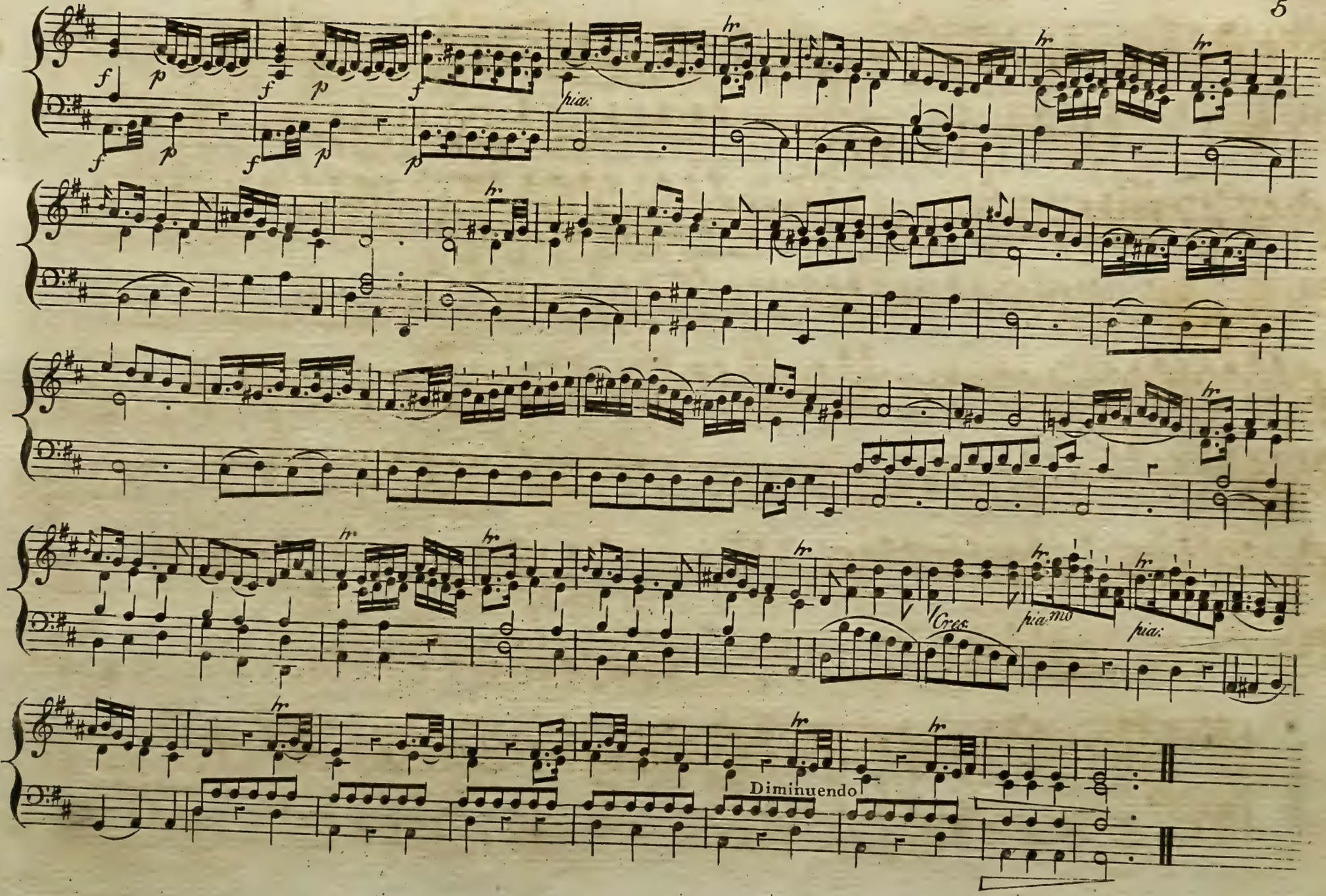
OVERTURE in the LADY of the MANOR

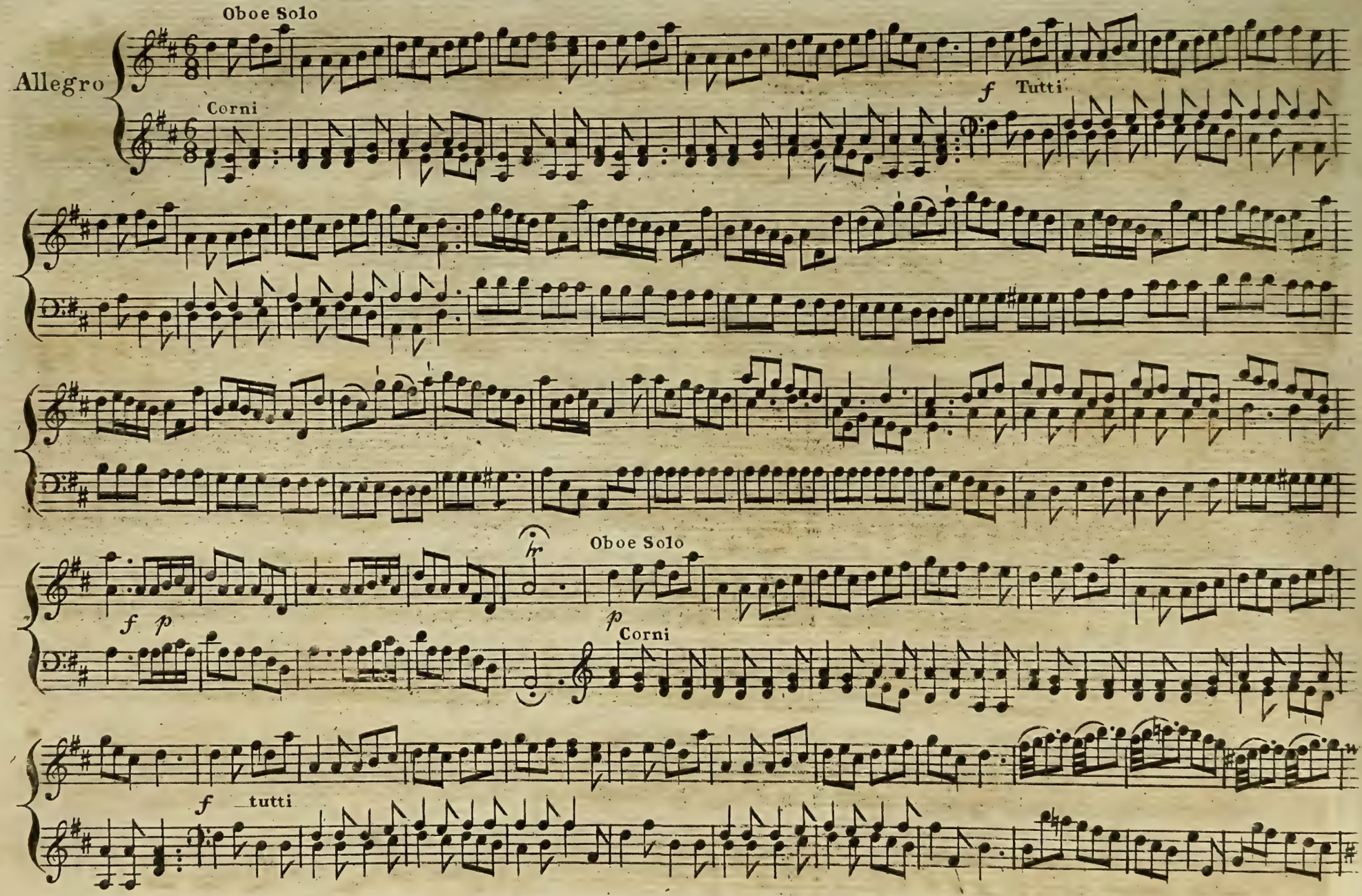
Allegro con Spirito

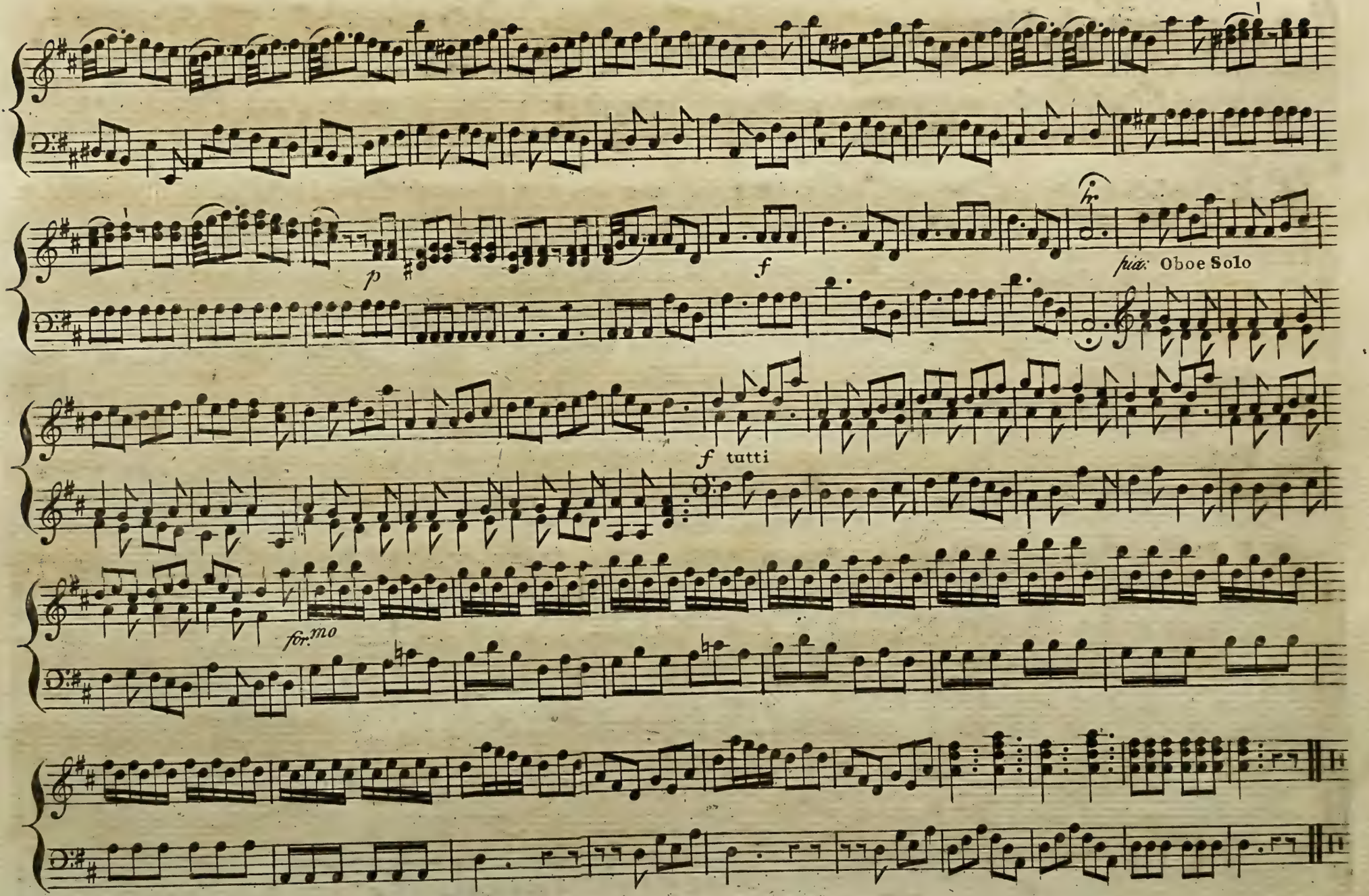



f
hr
p
f
p
f
hr
p Legati
f
f
Volti

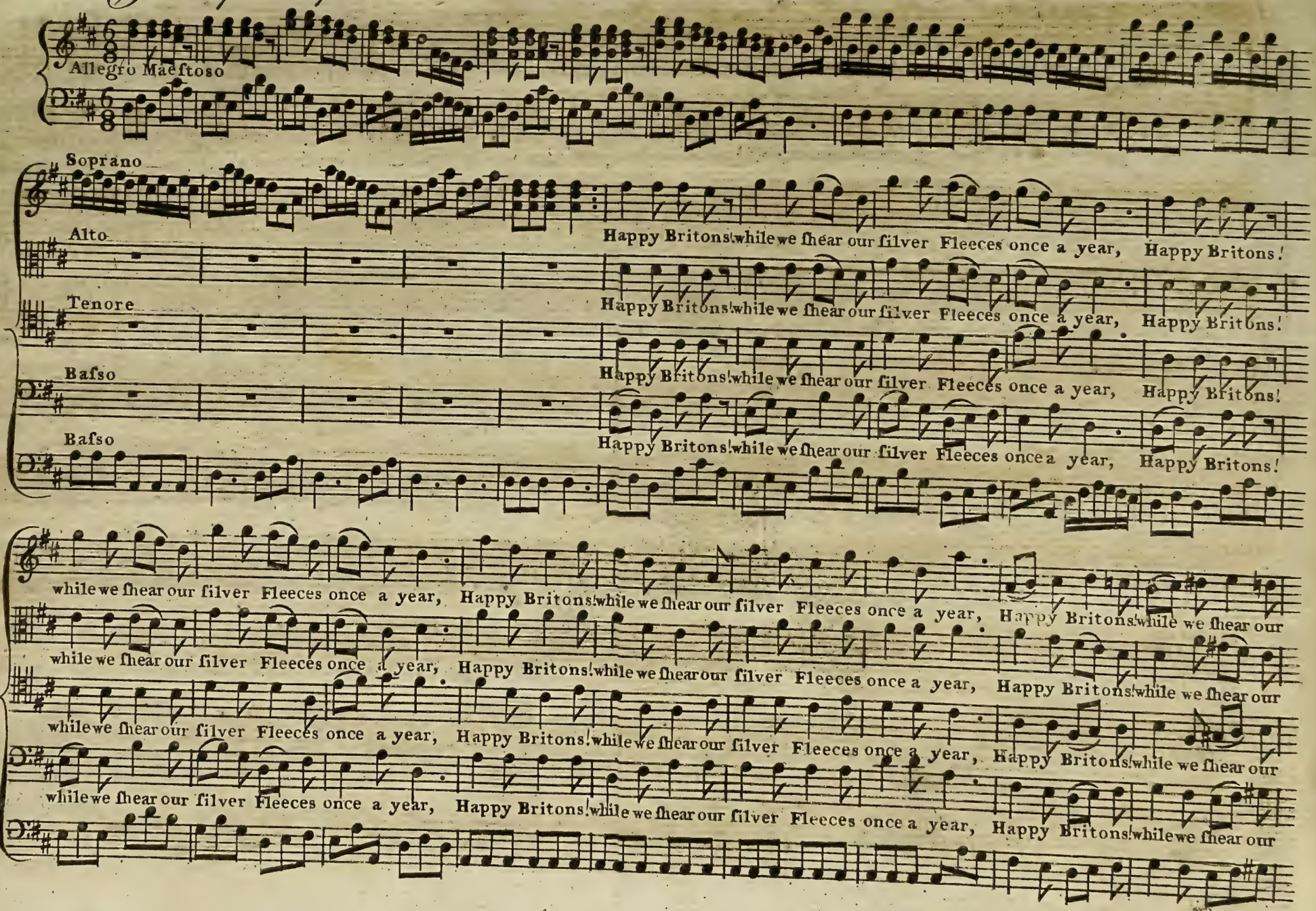

p
f
for.mo
Largo
Sem: pia.mo

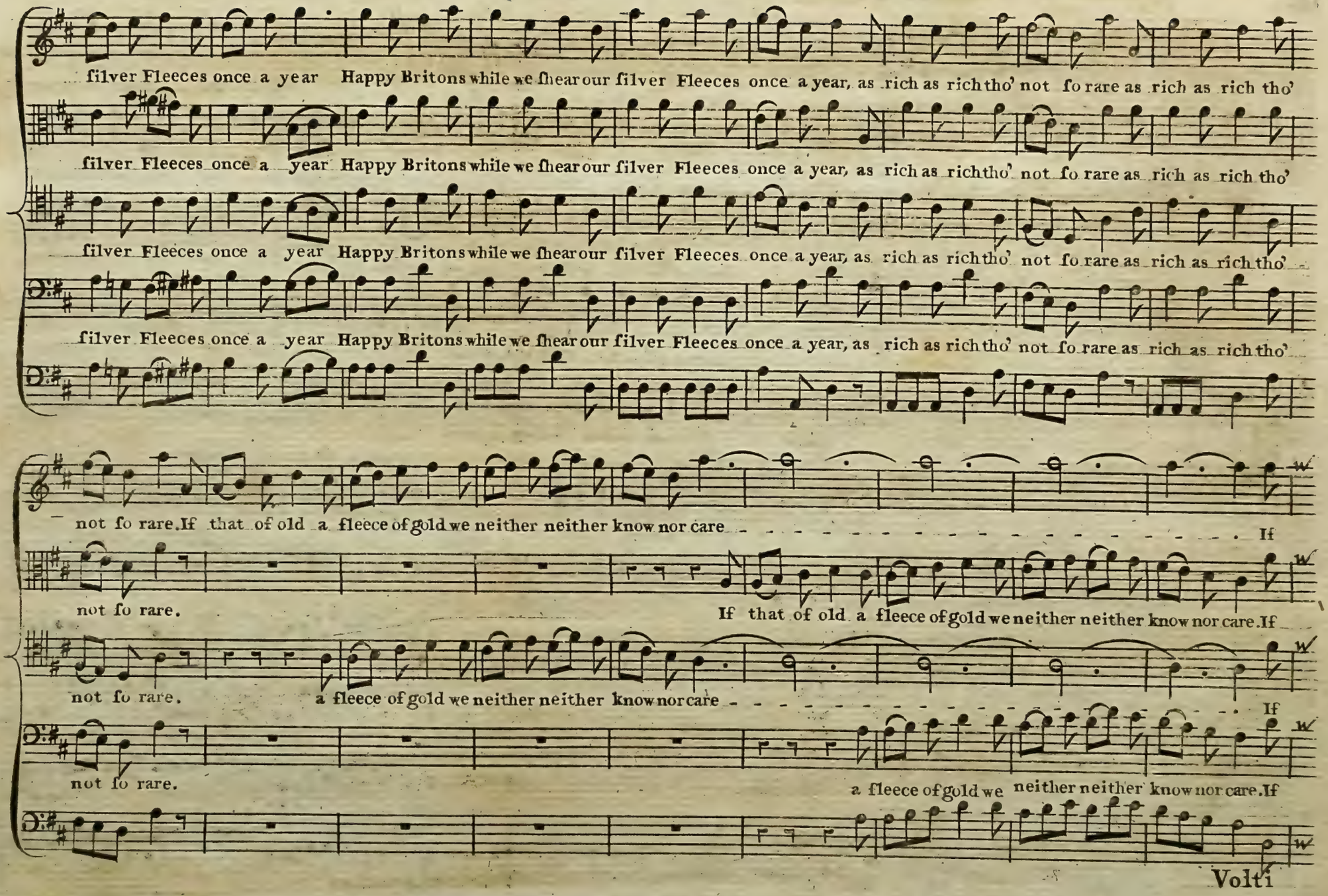

f
p
pia:
Cres:
pia:mo
pia:
Diminuendo


Oboe Solo
Allegro
Corni
f Tutti
f p
Oboe Solo
p Corni
f tutti


p
f
pia: Oboe Solo
f tutti
for.mo

Chorus of Sheep Shearers




ſilver Fleeces once a year Happy Britons while we ſhear our ſilver Fleeces once a year, as rich as rich tho' not ſo rare as rich as rich tho'
ſilver Fleeces once a year Happy Britons while we ſhear our ſilver Fleeces once a year, as rich as rich tho' not ſo rare as rich as rich tho'
ſilver Fleeces once a year Happy Britons while we ſhear our ſilver Fleeces once a year, as rich as rich tho' not ſo rare as rich as rich tho'
ſilver Fleeces once a year Happy Britons while we ſhear our ſilver Fleeces once a year, as rich as rich tho' not ſo rare as rich as rich tho'
not ſo rare. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither neither know nor care If
not ſo rare. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither neither know nor care. If
not ſo rare. a fleece of gold we neither neither know nor care If
not ſo rare. a fleece of gold we neither neither know nor care. If
Volti

that of old a Fleece of gold, we neither know nor care. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither know nor care. we neither know nor

that of old a Fleece of gold, we neither know nor care. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither know nor care. we neither know nor

that of old a Fleece of gold, we neither know nor care. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither know nor care. we neither know nor

that of old a Fleece of gold, we neither know nor care. If that of old a fleece of gold we neither know nor care. we neither know nor

care. we neither know nor care.

care. we neither know nor care.

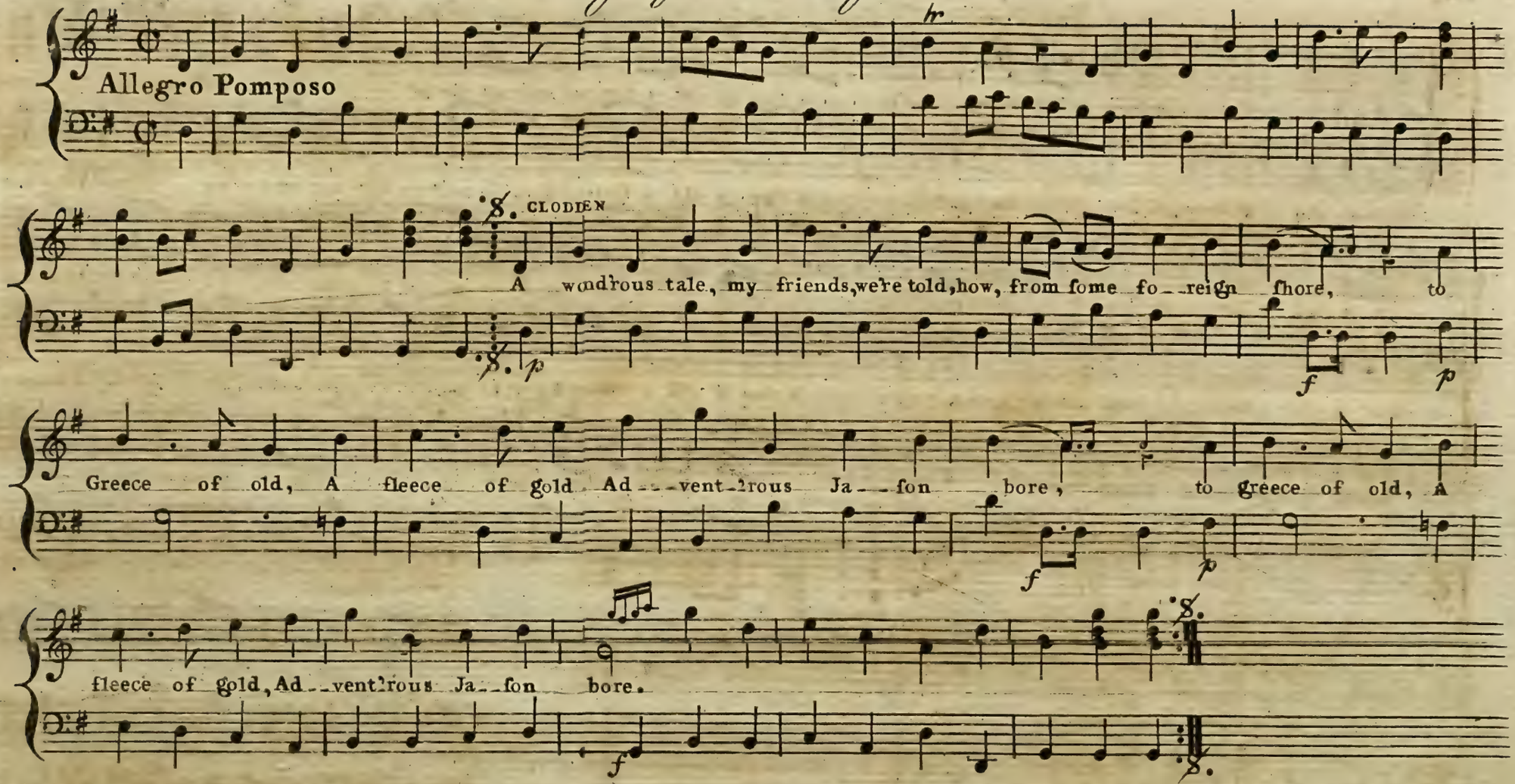
care. we neither know nor care.

care. we neither know nor care.

Dance of Sheep Shearers

Presto

Sheep Shearer's Ballad — *Sung by Mr Doyle*



2

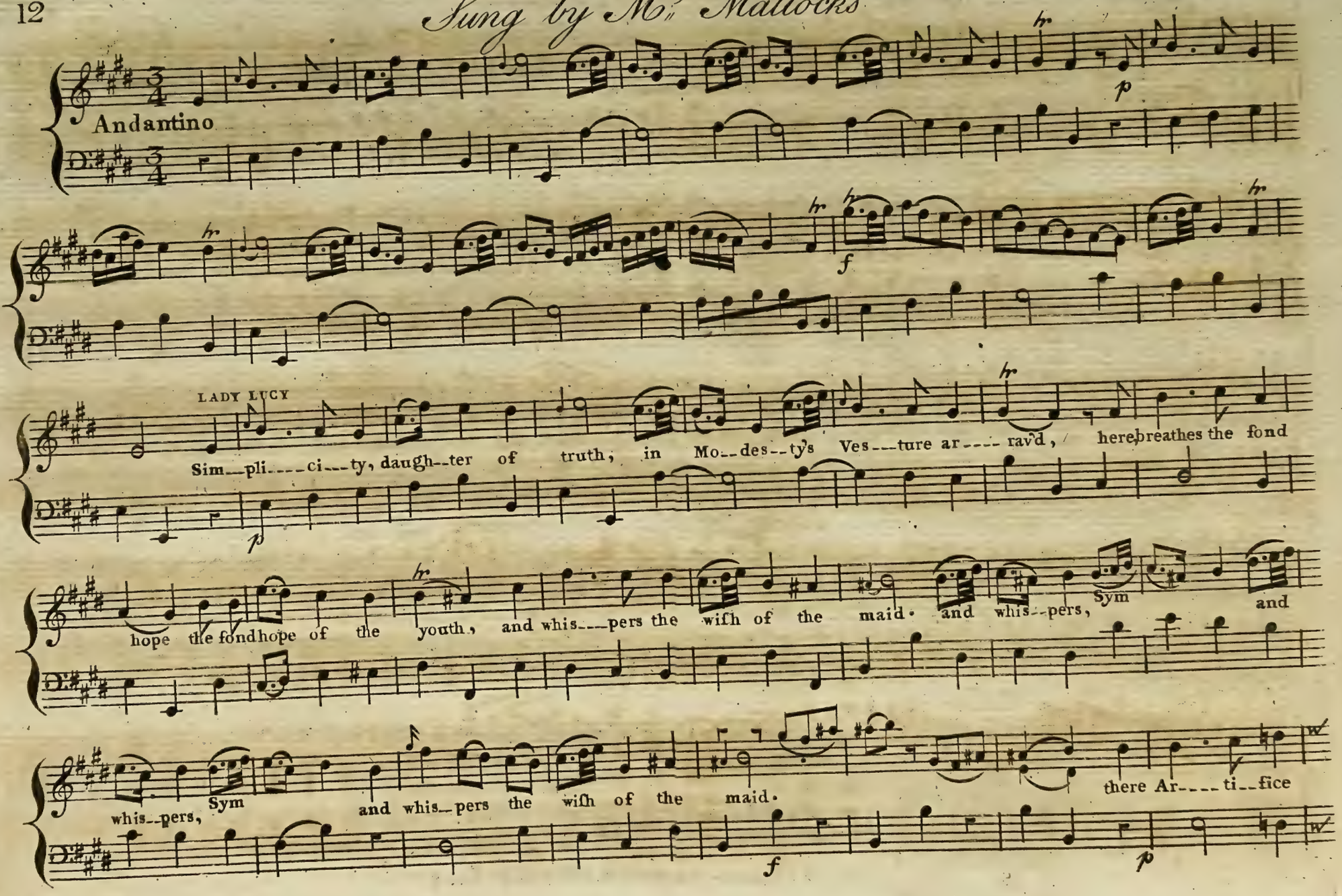
Yet murmur not, my honeſt ſwains;
Your native flocks to keep;
Not leſs our gains,
Whoſe peaceful plains,
Are ſilver'd o'er with ſheep,

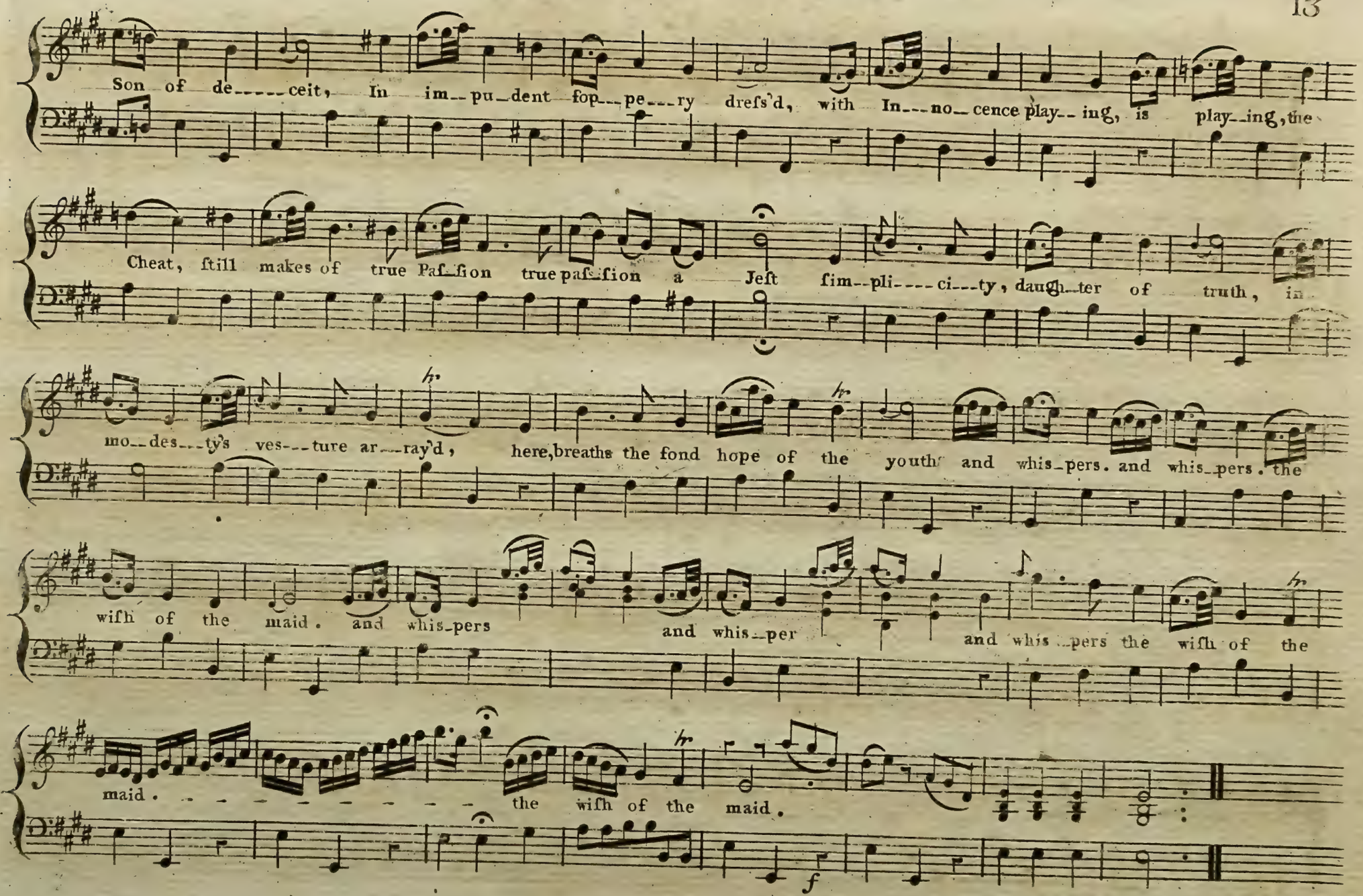
3

More richly doth our pains requite
The harveſt of the fold,
Whoſe fleeces, white
Are chang'd, at ſight,
By Commerce, into gold.

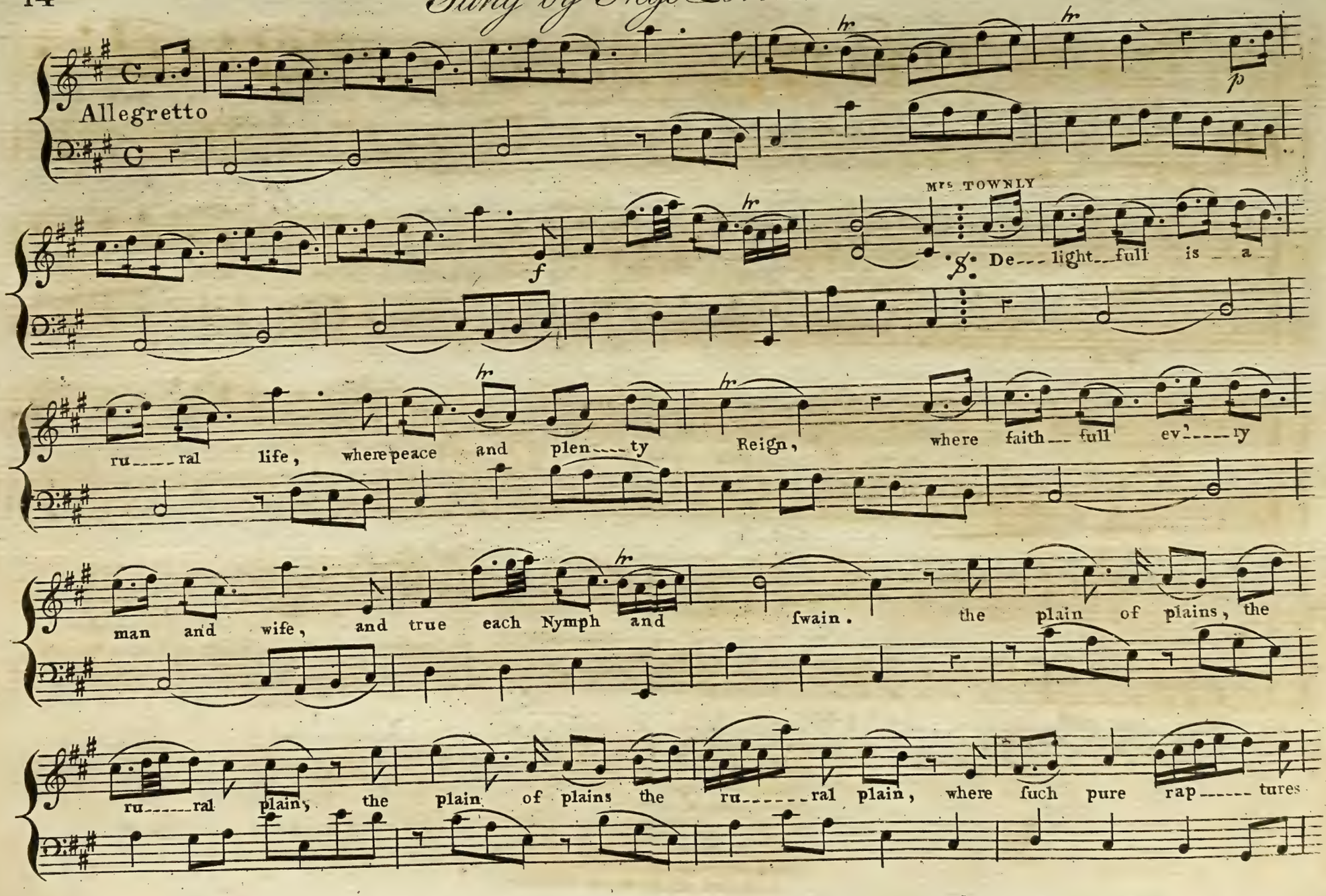
First Chorus repeated after this ſong

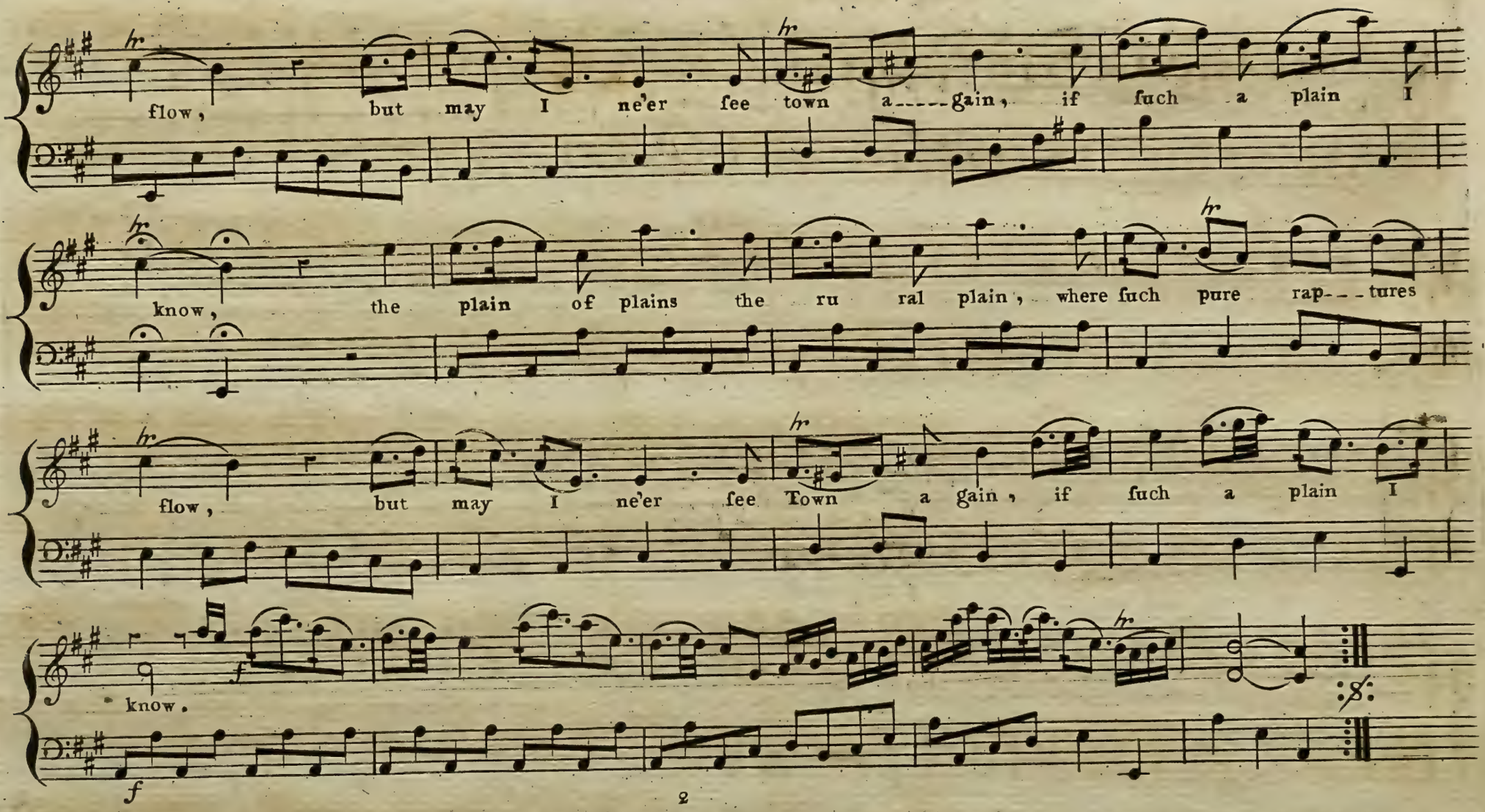
Sung by Mr. Mattocks




Son of de_____ceit, In im_pu_dent fop__pe___ry dreſs'd, with In___no_cence play__ing, is play__ing, the
Cheat, ſtill makes of true Paſ_ſion true paſ_ſion a Jeſt ſim__pli____ci___ty, daugh_ter of truth, in
mo__des___ty's ves___ture ar__ray'd, here, breaths the fond hope of the youth and whis_pers. and whis_pers. the
wiſh of the maid. and whis_pers and whis_per and whis_pers the wiſh of the
maid. the wiſh of the maid.
f

Sung by Miss Brown

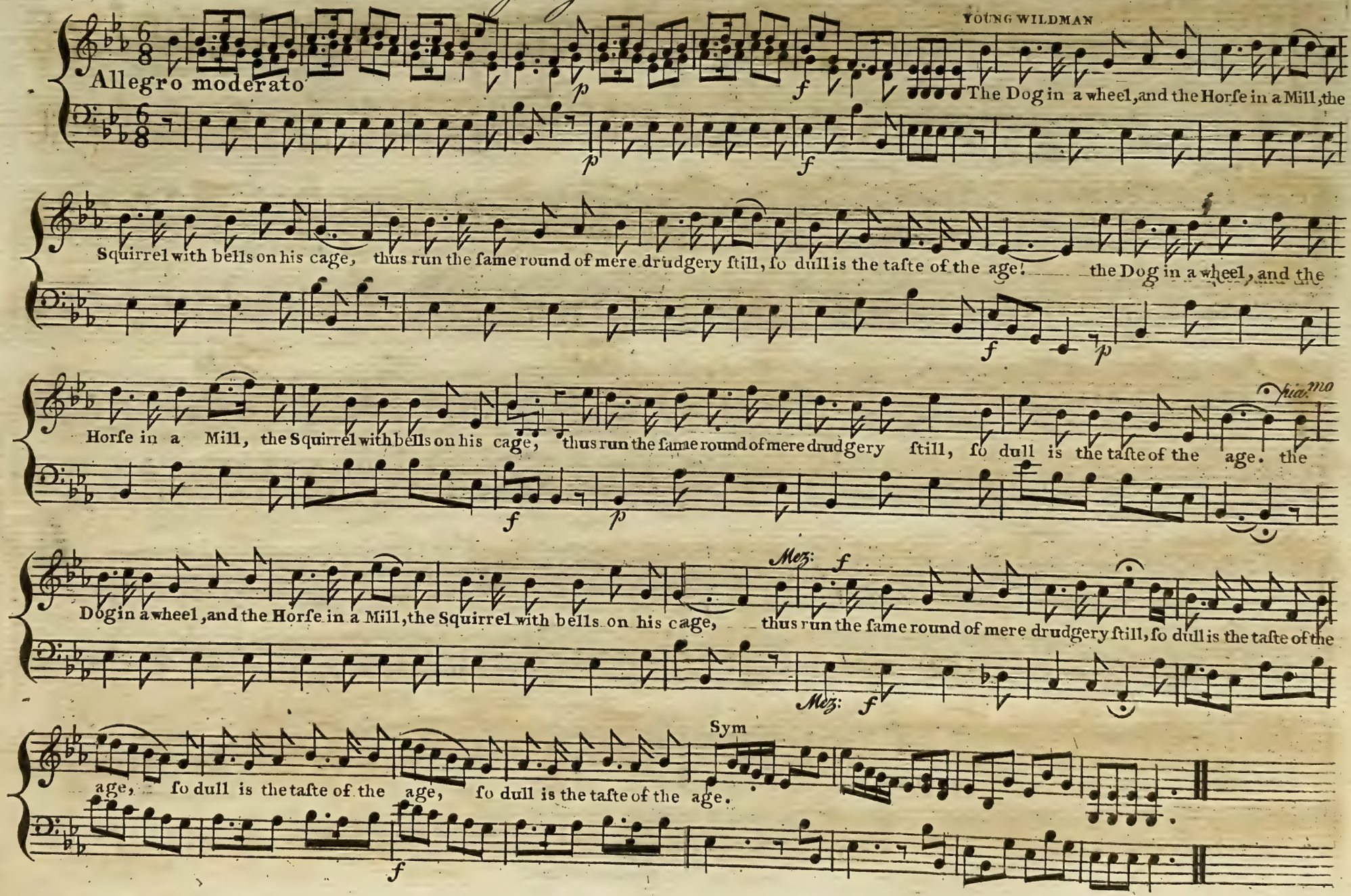




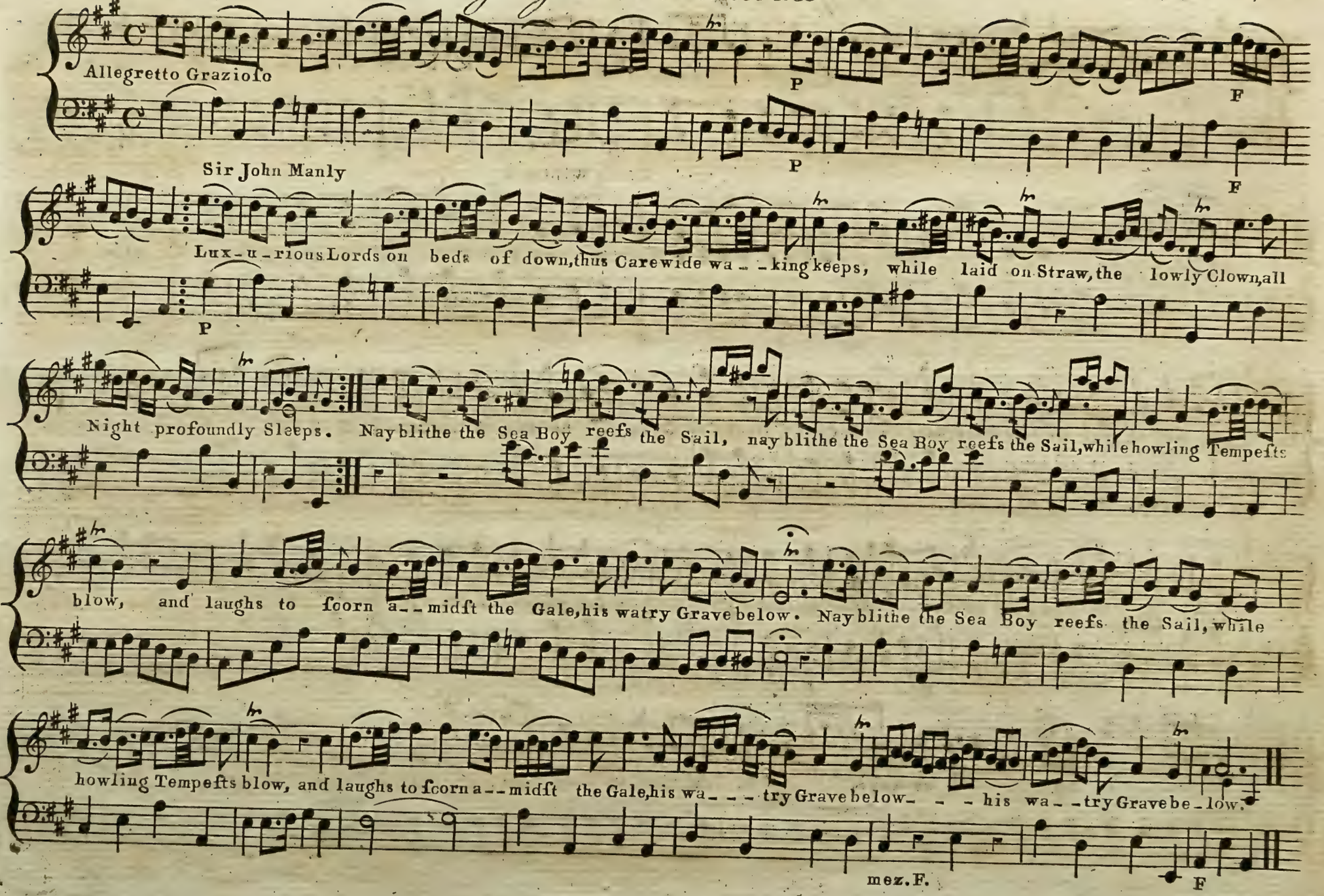
2

Beleive me, falſe the Country clown
As any London beau;
The ruſtic laſs like Miſs in town,
Can favours too beſtow.
The town of towns, dear London town,
Thy pleaſures, then, be mine
Deceit may dreſs in linen Gown,
And truth in diamonds ſhine.

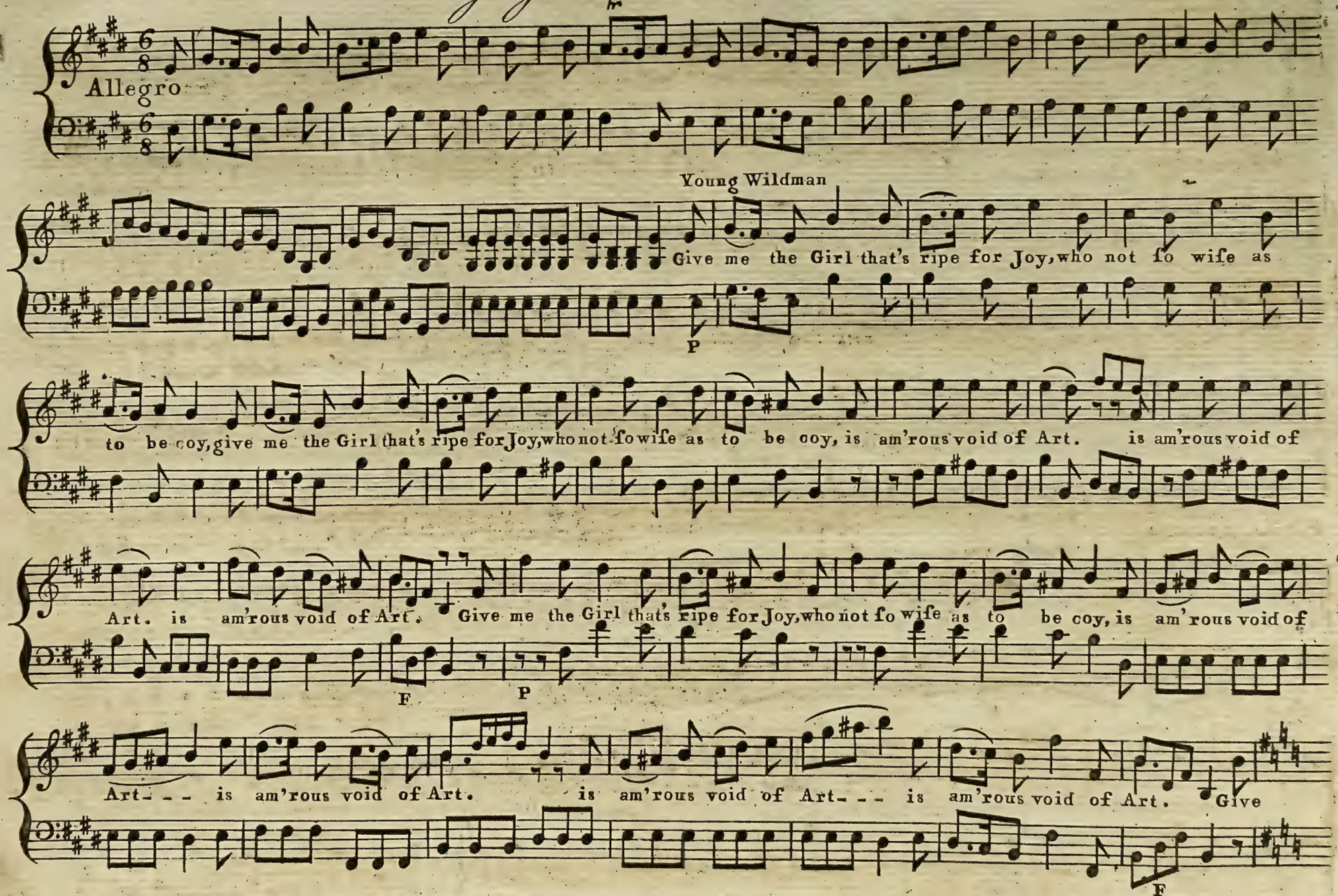
Sung by Mr Vernon



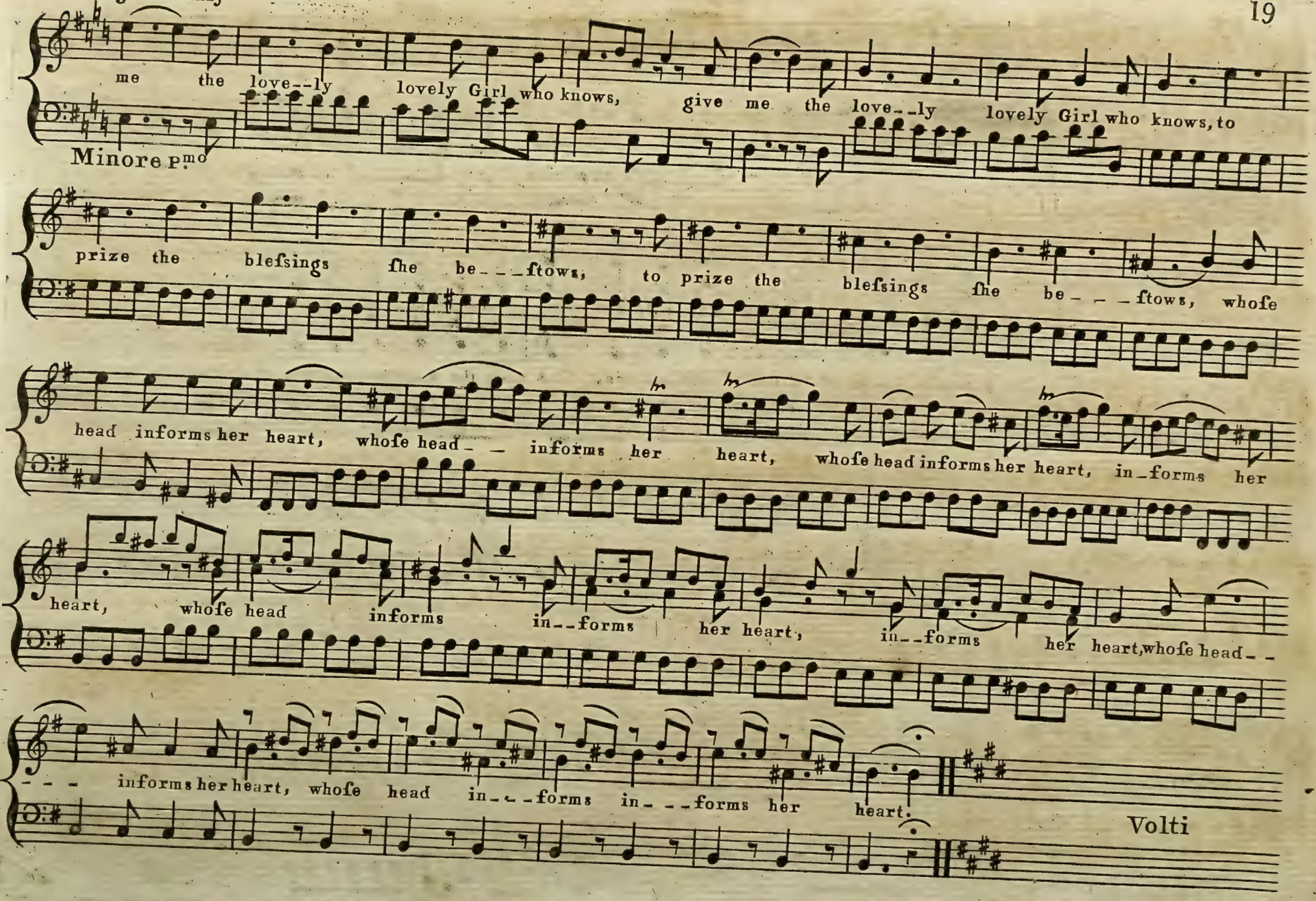
Sung by Mr Mattocks



Duett *Sung by Mr. Vernon & Mr. Mattocks*



Sir John Manly



Sir John Manly

Young Wildman

Though mine be the Joy wit and ſenſe may in--ſpire, be mine too the Rapture that flows from de-

Be thine then the Joy wit and ſenſe may in--ſpire, and mine the fond Rapture that flows that flows from de-

-ſire, though mine be the Joy wit and ſenſe may inſpire, be mine too the Rapture that flows from deſire, be

--ſire, be thine then the Joy wit and ſenſe may inſpire, and mine the fond Rapture that flows from deſire, and

mine too the Rapture that flows from de--ſire, be mine too the Rapture that flows from de-ſire, that

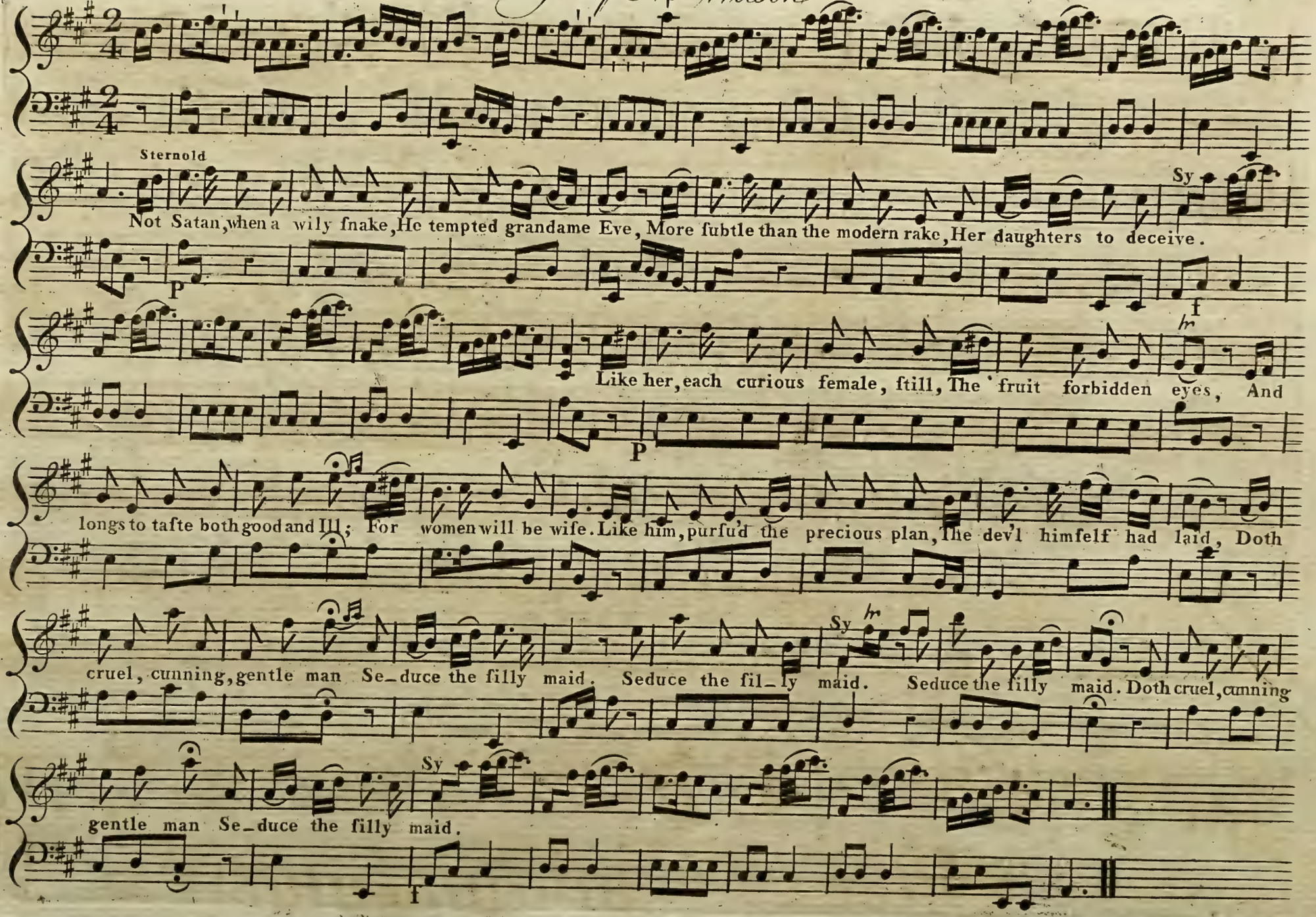
mine the fond Rapture that flows from de--ſire, and mine the fond Rapture that flows from de-ſire, that

flows from de--ſire, that flows from deſire. F

flows from de--ſire, that flows from deſire. F

Vivace

Sung by Mr. Wilson



Vivace

Sung by Mr. Vernon

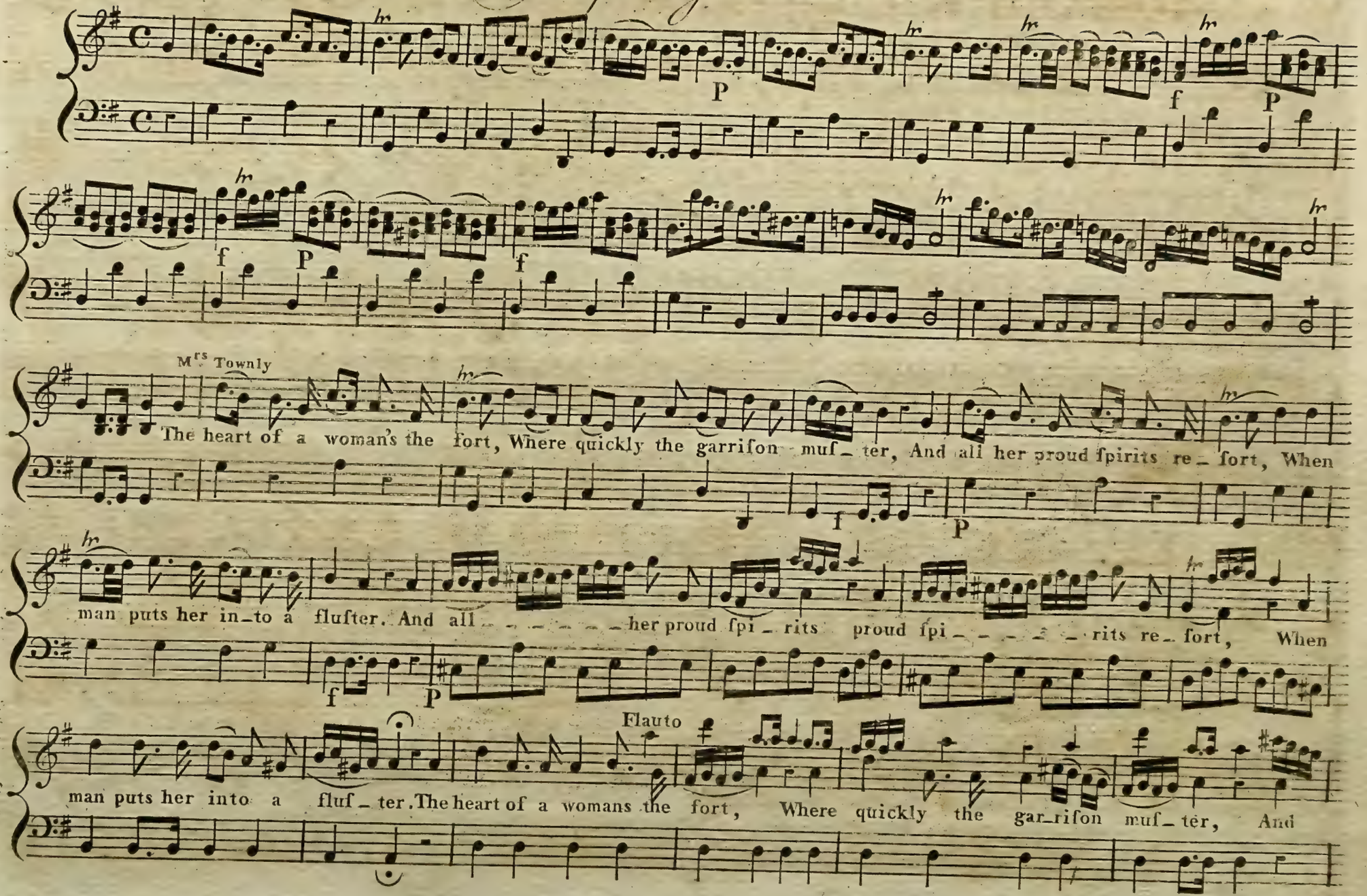
Young Wildman

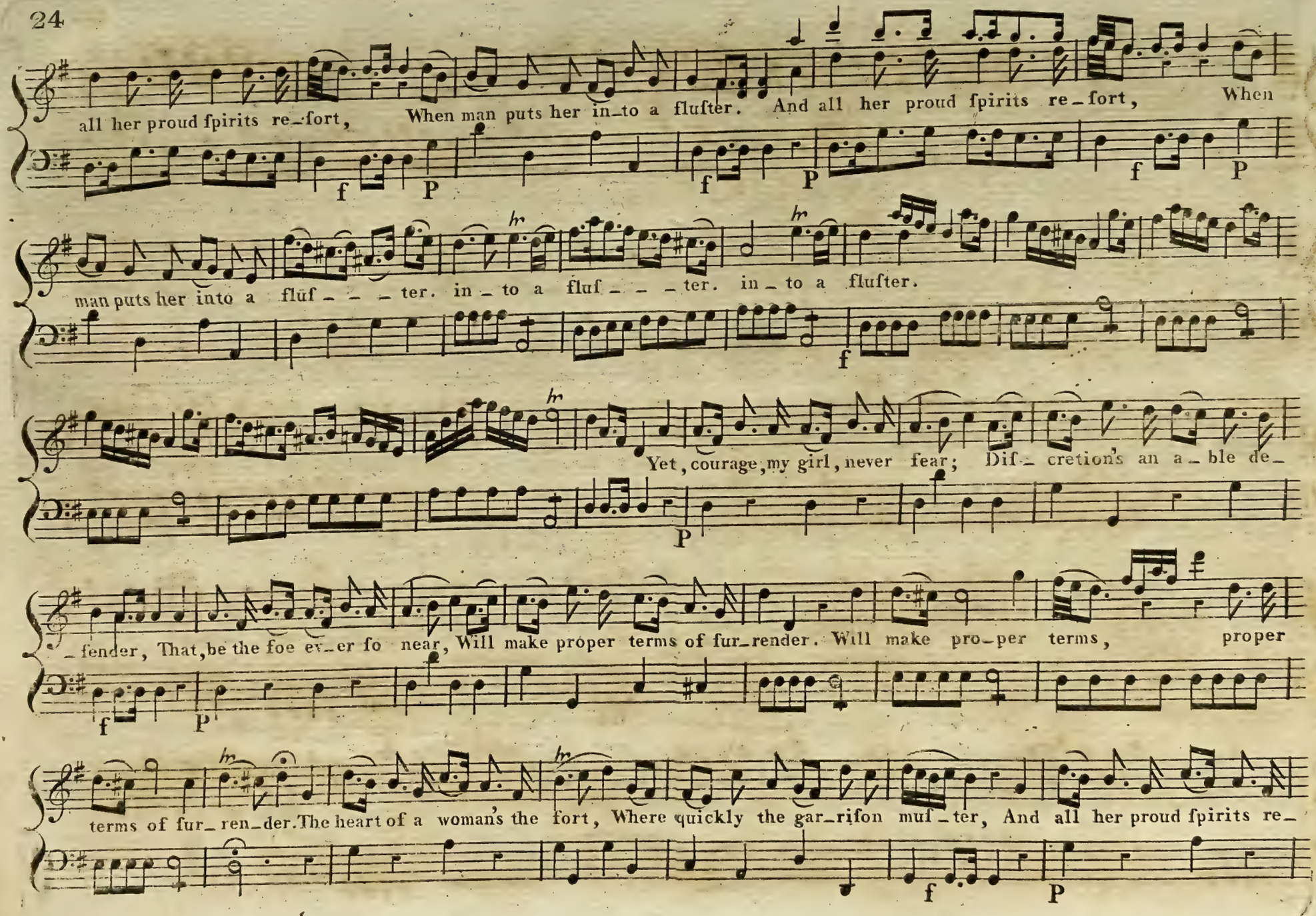
When you were a youngſter, 'tis known, The town was as wicked as witty; The laugh was at court all their own, The old ſtanding jeſt, ſtill, the city. But now, ſir, believe me, 'tis true, At both ends the prac-ti-ces tally: But now, ſir, believe me, 'tis true, At both ends the practices tally: A lord thus ſtock-jobs, thus ſtock-jobs, like a jew, And baits bulls and bears in the Alley. In morals and manners the ſame, For money or love when the trade is, The peer plays the citizen's game, And the peereſs the gay city-lady's.

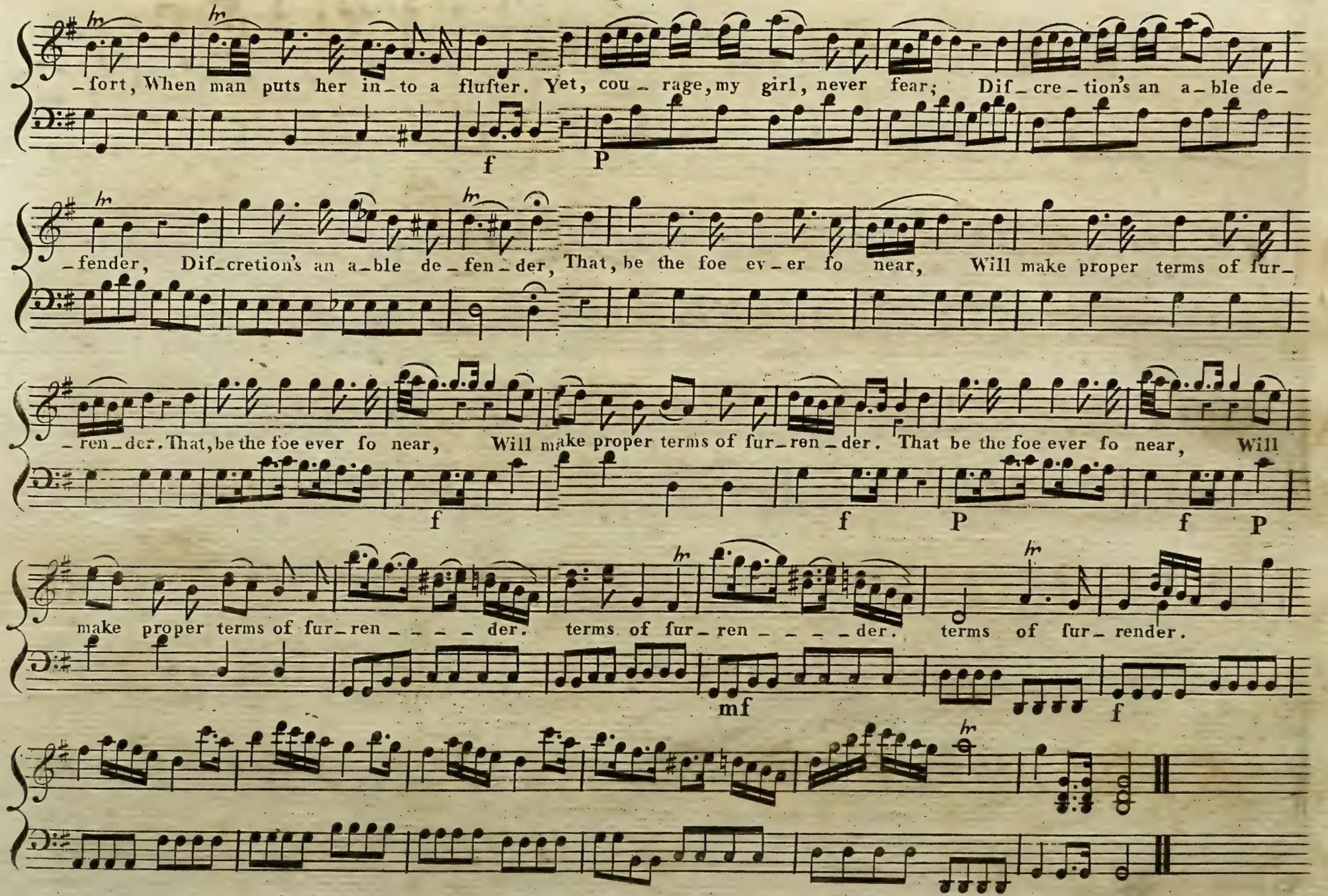
Sy

Spiritoſo

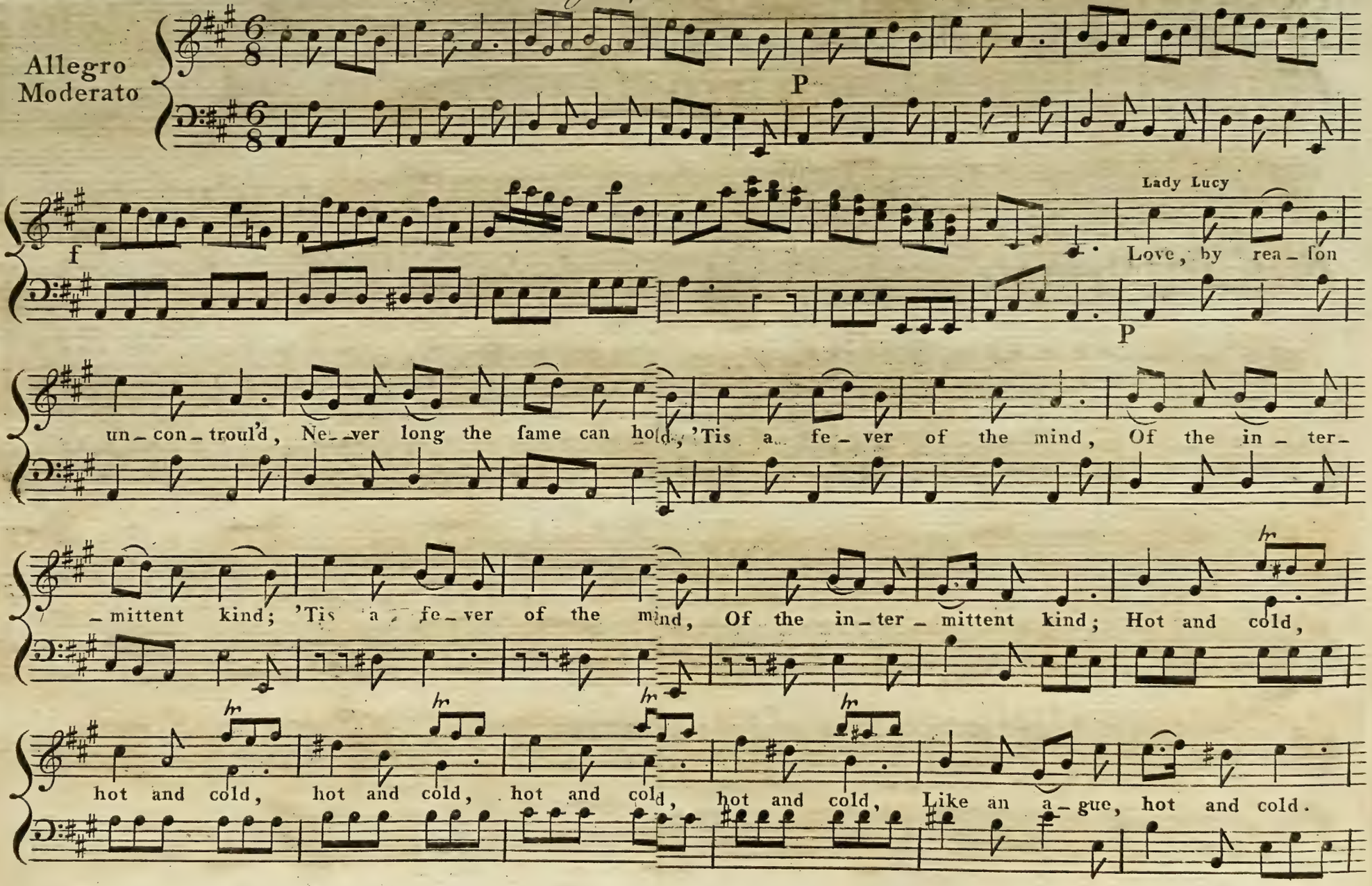
Sung by Miſs Brown

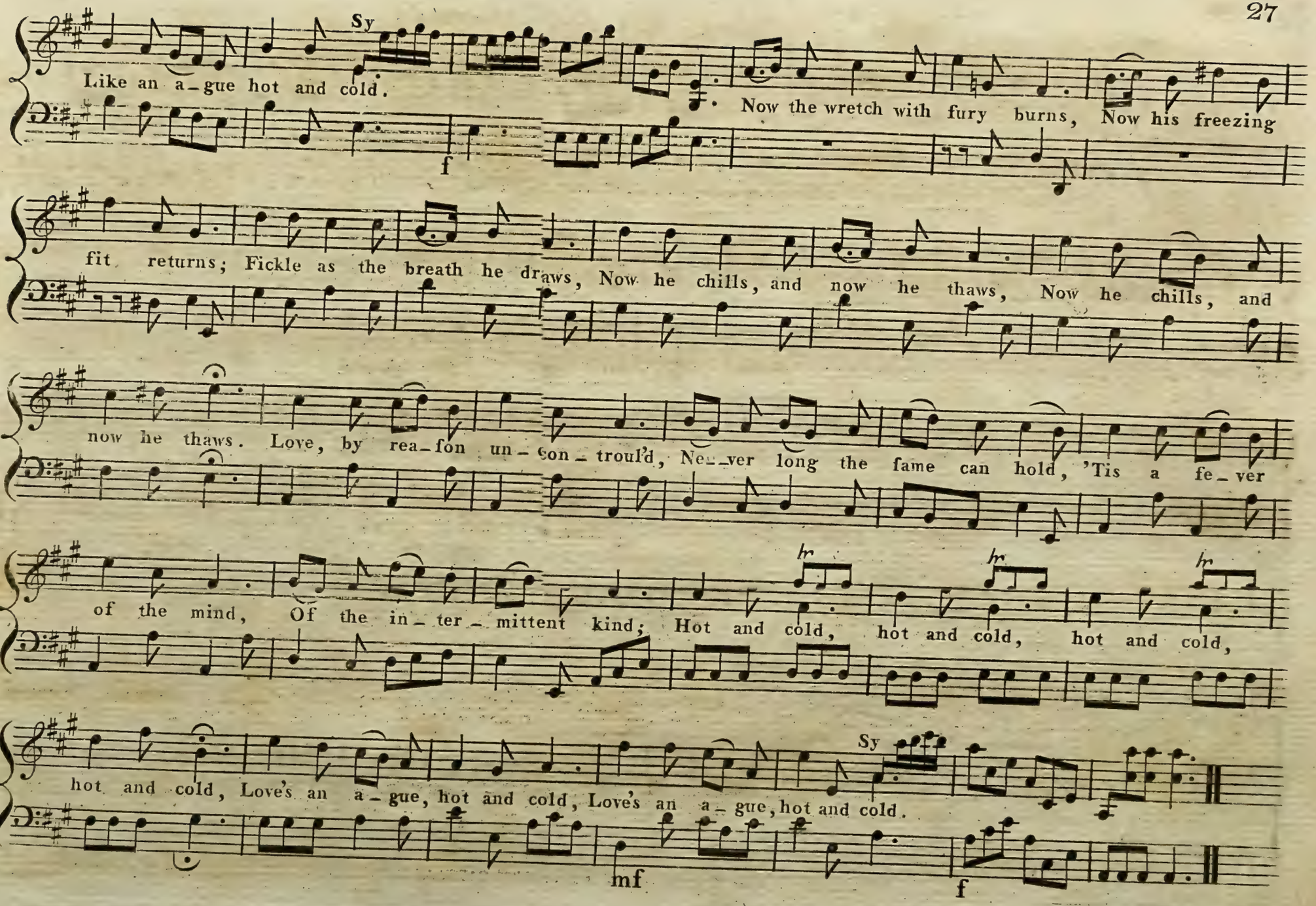



all her proud ſpirits re_fort, When man puts her in_to a fluſter. And all her proud ſpirits re_fort, When
man puts her into a fluſ_ _ _ter. in_to a fluſ_ _ _ter. in_to a fluſter.
Yet, courage, my girl, never fear; Dif_cretion's an a_ble de_
_fender, That, be the foe ev_er ſo near, Will make proper terms of fur_render. Will make pro_per terms, proper
terms of fur_ren_der. The heart of a woman's the fort, Where quickly the gar_riſon muſ_ter, And all her proud ſpirits re_

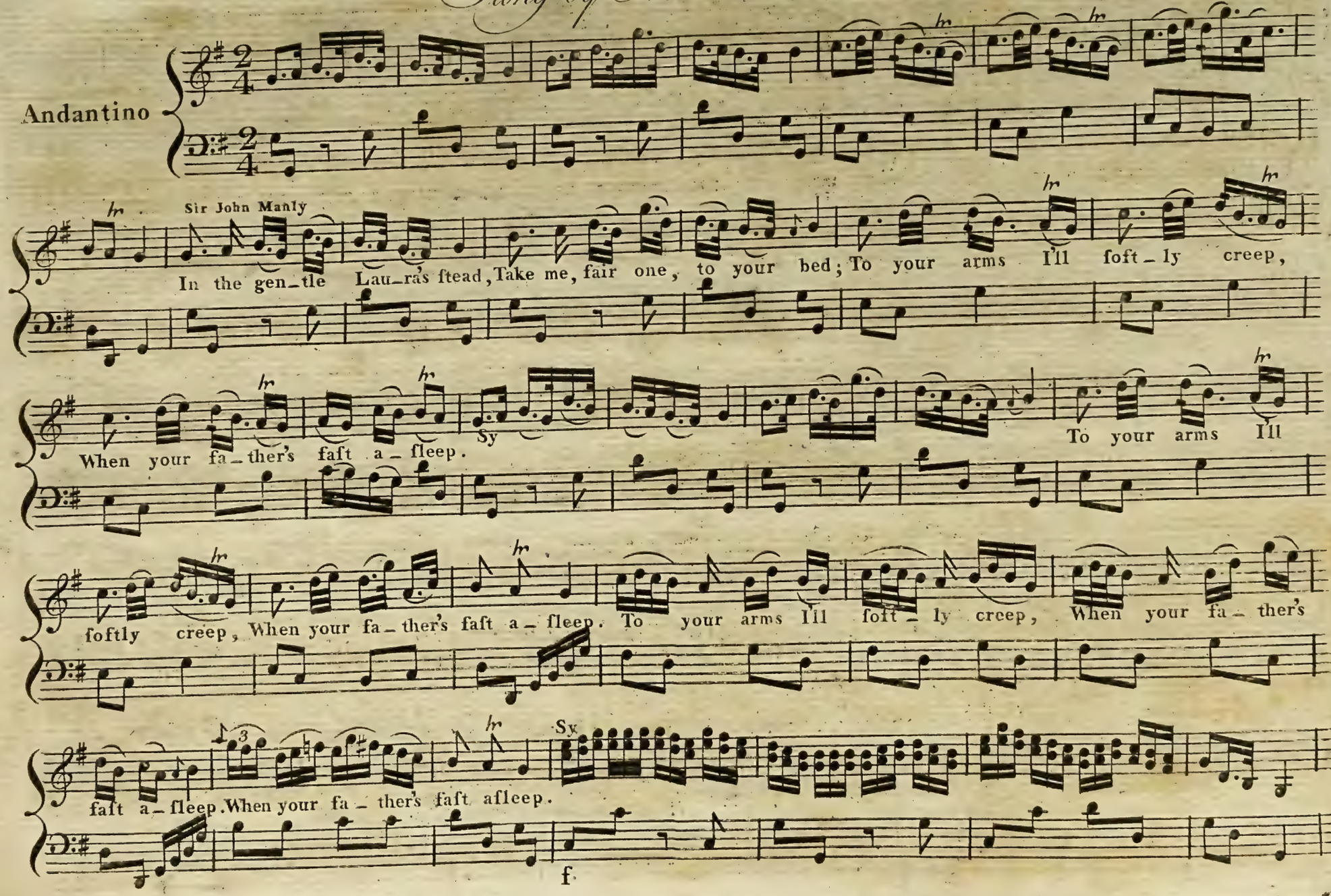

-fort, When man puts her in-to a flufter. Yet, cou-rage, my girl, never fear; Dif-cre-tion's an a-ble de-
f P
-fender, Dif-cretion's an a-ble de-fen-der, That, be the foe ev-er fo near, Will make proper terms of fur-
-ren-der. That, be the foe ever fo near, Will make proper terms of fur-ren-der. That be the foe ever fo near, Will
f f P f P
make proper terms of fur-ren - - - - der. terms of fur-ren - - - - der. terms of fur-render.
mf f

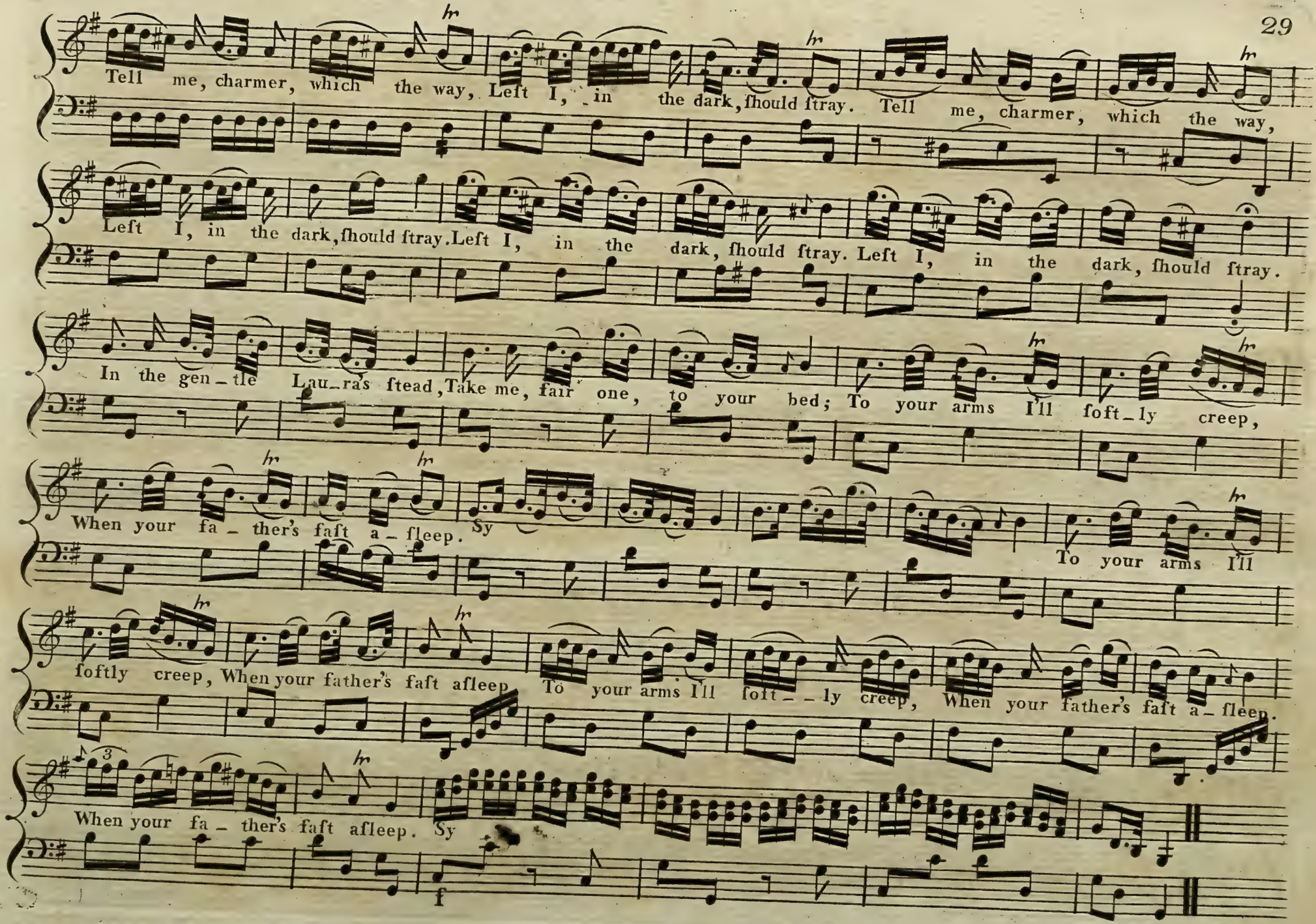
Sung by Mrs. Mattocks




Sy
Like an a-gue hot and cold.
f
Now the wretch with fury burns, Now his freezing
fit returns; Fickle as the breath he draws, Now he chills, and now he thaws, Now he chills, and
now he thaws. Love, by rea-fon un-con-troul'd, Ne-ver long the fame can hold, 'Tis a fe-ver
of the mind, Of the in-ter-mittent kind; Hot and cold, hot and cold, hot and cold,
hot and cold, Love's an a-gue, hot and cold, Love's an a-gue, hot and cold.
Sy
mf
f

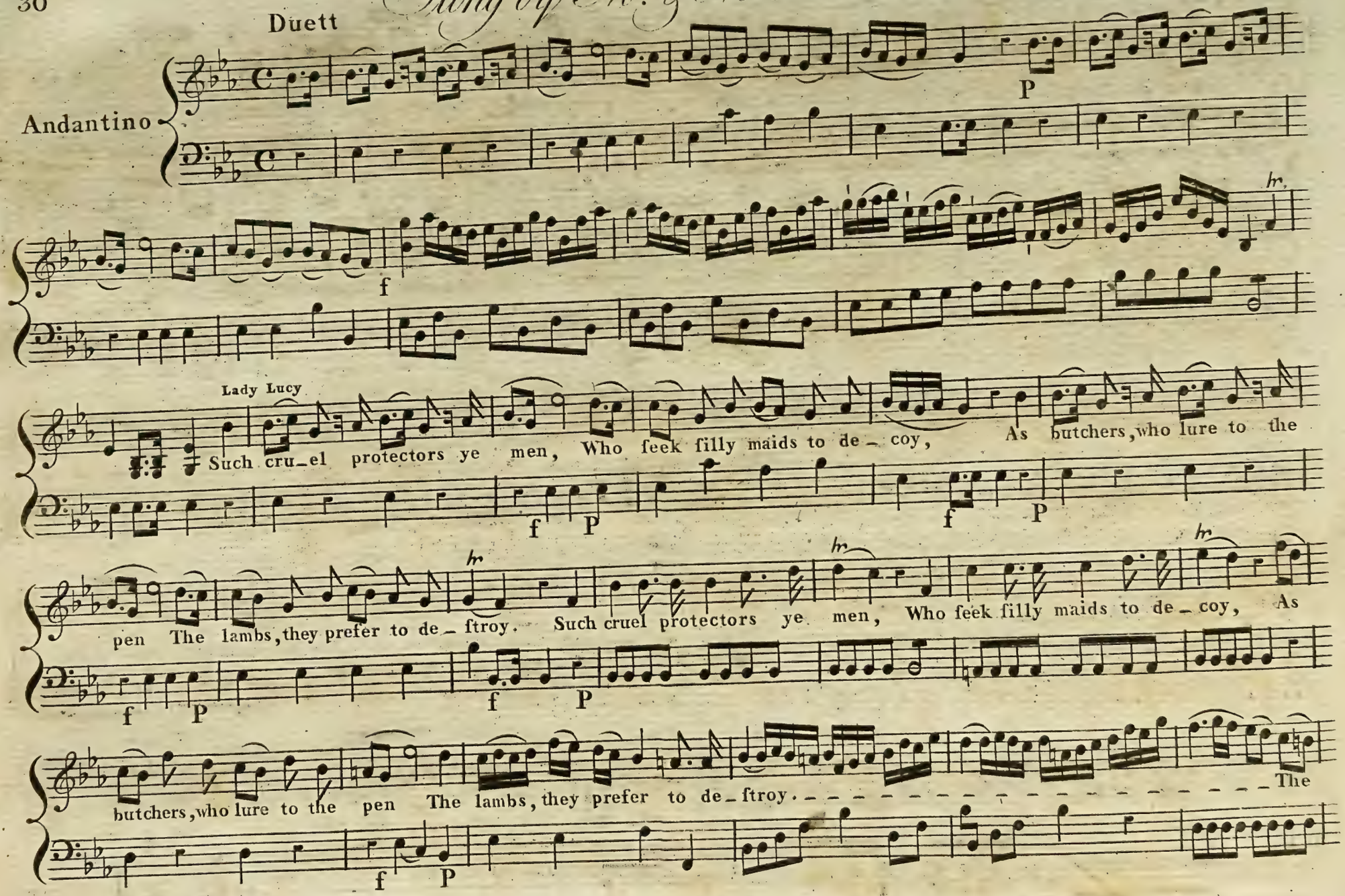
Sung by Mr. Mattocks

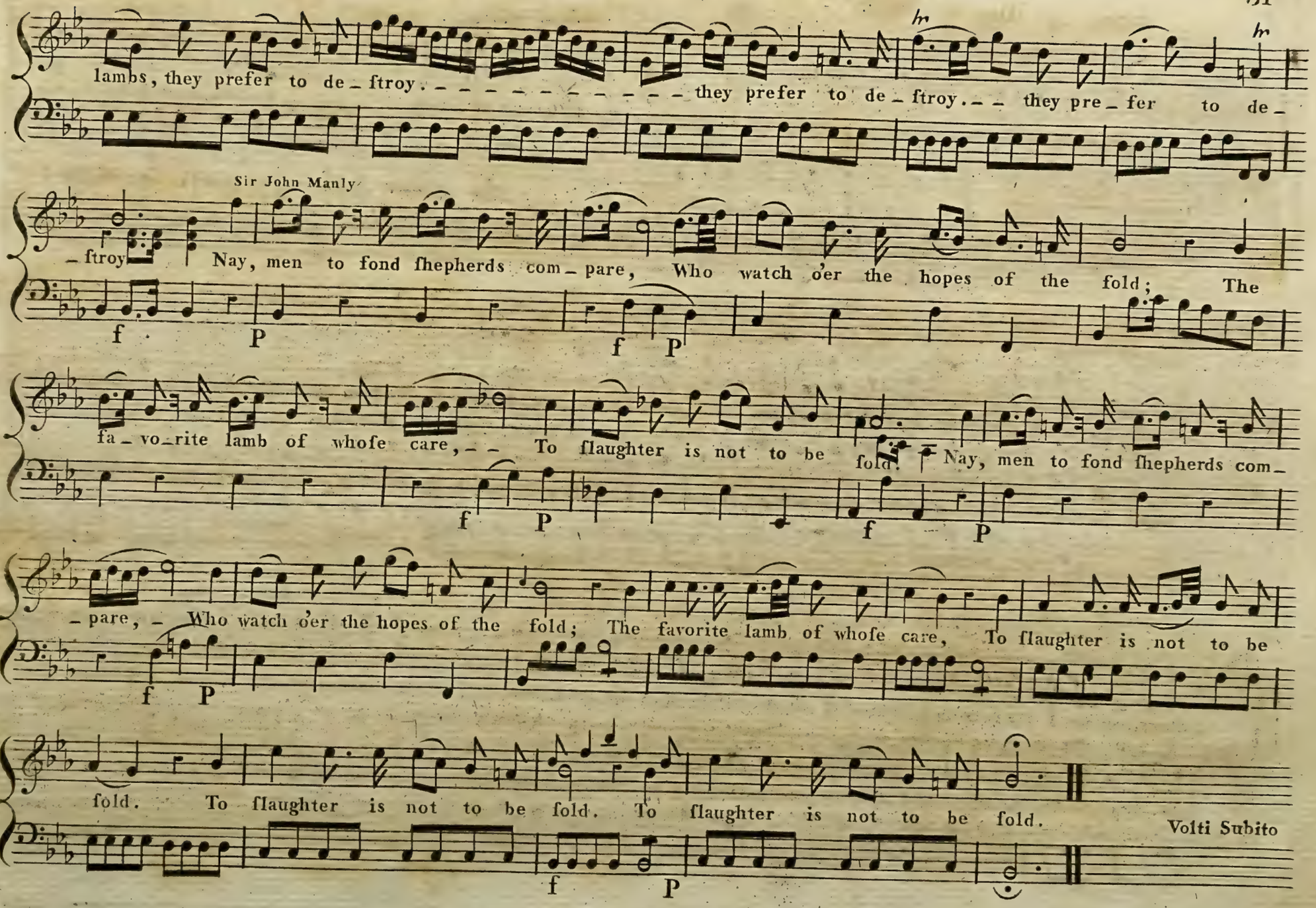



Tell me, charmer, which the way, Left I, in the dark, ſhould ſtray. Tell me, charmer, which the way,
Left I, in the dark, ſhould ſtray. Left I, in the dark, ſhould ſtray. Left I, in the dark, ſhould ſtray.
In the gen_tle Lau_ra's ſtead, Take me, fair one, to your bed; To your arms I'll ſoft_ly creep,
When your fa_ther's faſt a_ſleep. Sy
To your arms I'll
ſoftly creep, When your father's faſt aſleep. To your arms I'll ſoft__ly creep, When your father's faſt a_ſleep.
When your fa_ther's faſt aſleep. Sy
f

Duett

Sung by Mr. & Mrs. Mattocks.




lambs, they prefer to de_ftroy. they prefer to de_ftroy. they pre_fer to de_
Sir John Manly
_ftroy Nay, men to fond fhepherds com_pare, Who watch o'er the hopes of the fold; The
fa_vo_rite lamb of whofe care, To flaughter is not to be fold. Nay, men to fond fhepherds com_
_pare, Who watch o'er the hopes of the fold; The favorite lamb of whofe care, To flaughter is not to be
fold. To flaughter is not to be fold. To flaughter is not to be fold.
Volti Subito

Lady Lucy

Adieu, mean ſeducer, a_dieu! I fly from the falſehood of art. A_dieu, mean ſeducer, a_

Sir John Manly

In vain; for I ſtill will purſue The charmer poſſeſſing my heart. In vain; for I

_dieu! _ _ _ I fly from the falſehood of art. Adieu, mean ſe_du_cer, adieu! I fly from the falſehood of art. Adieu, mean ſe_

ſtill will purſue The charmer poſſeſſing my heart. In vain; for I ſtill will purſue The charmer poſſeſſing my heart. In vain; for I

Sy

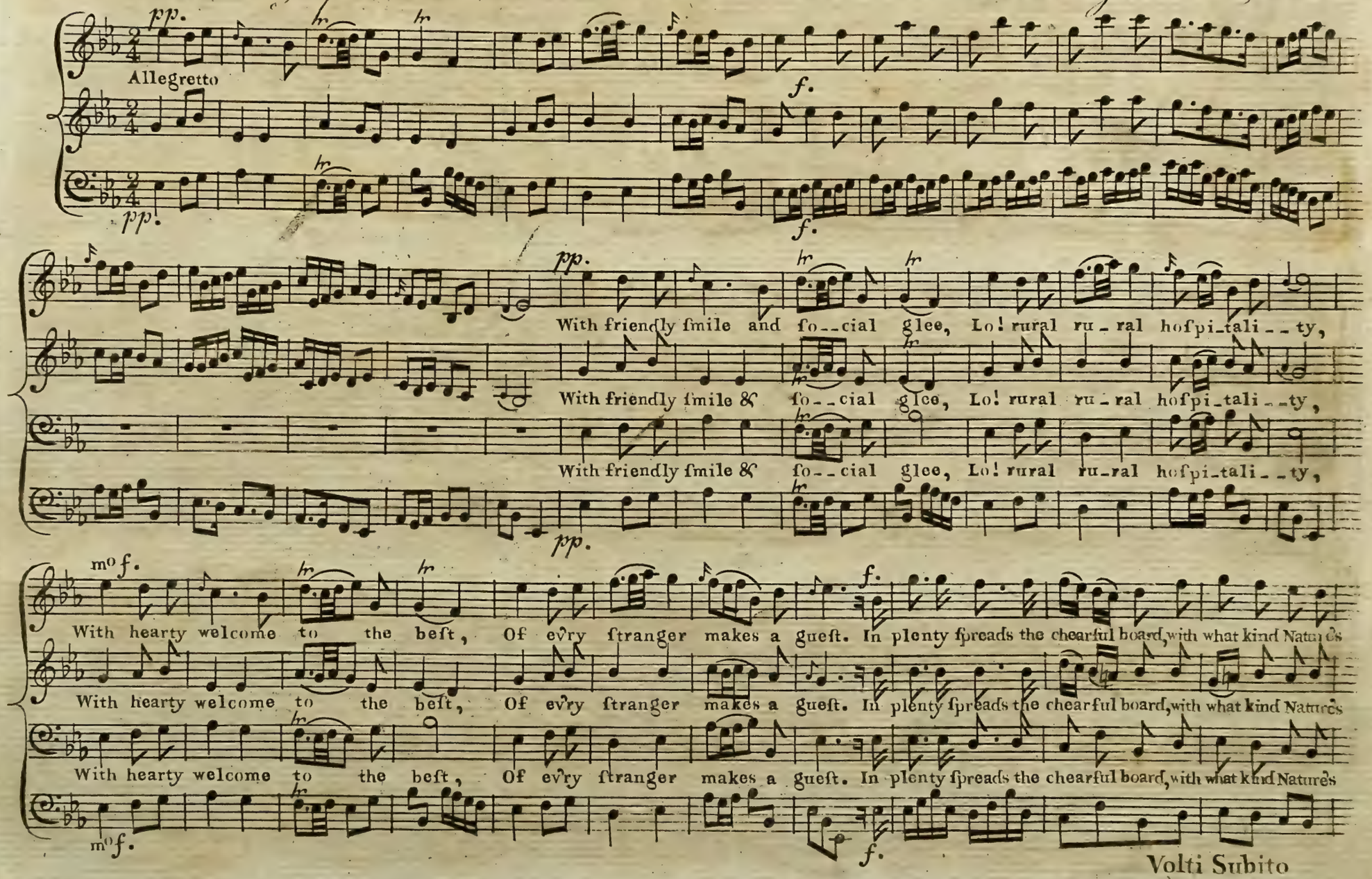
_ducer, adieu! I fly from the falſehood of art. the falſehood of art. the falſehood of art. the falſehood of art.

ſtill will purſue The charmer poſſeſſing my heart. poſſeſſing my heart. poſſeſſing my heart. poſſeſſing my heart.

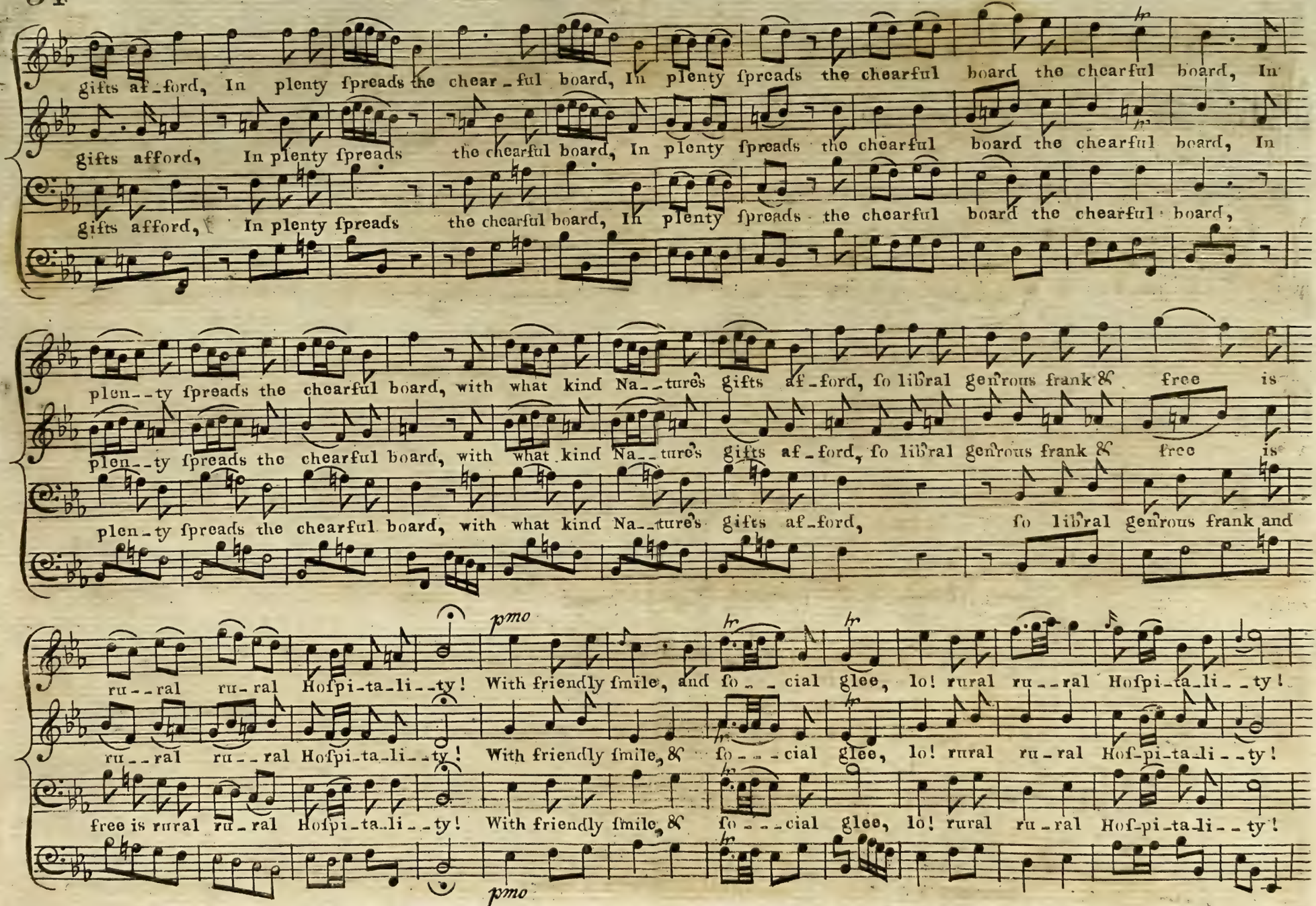
mf f

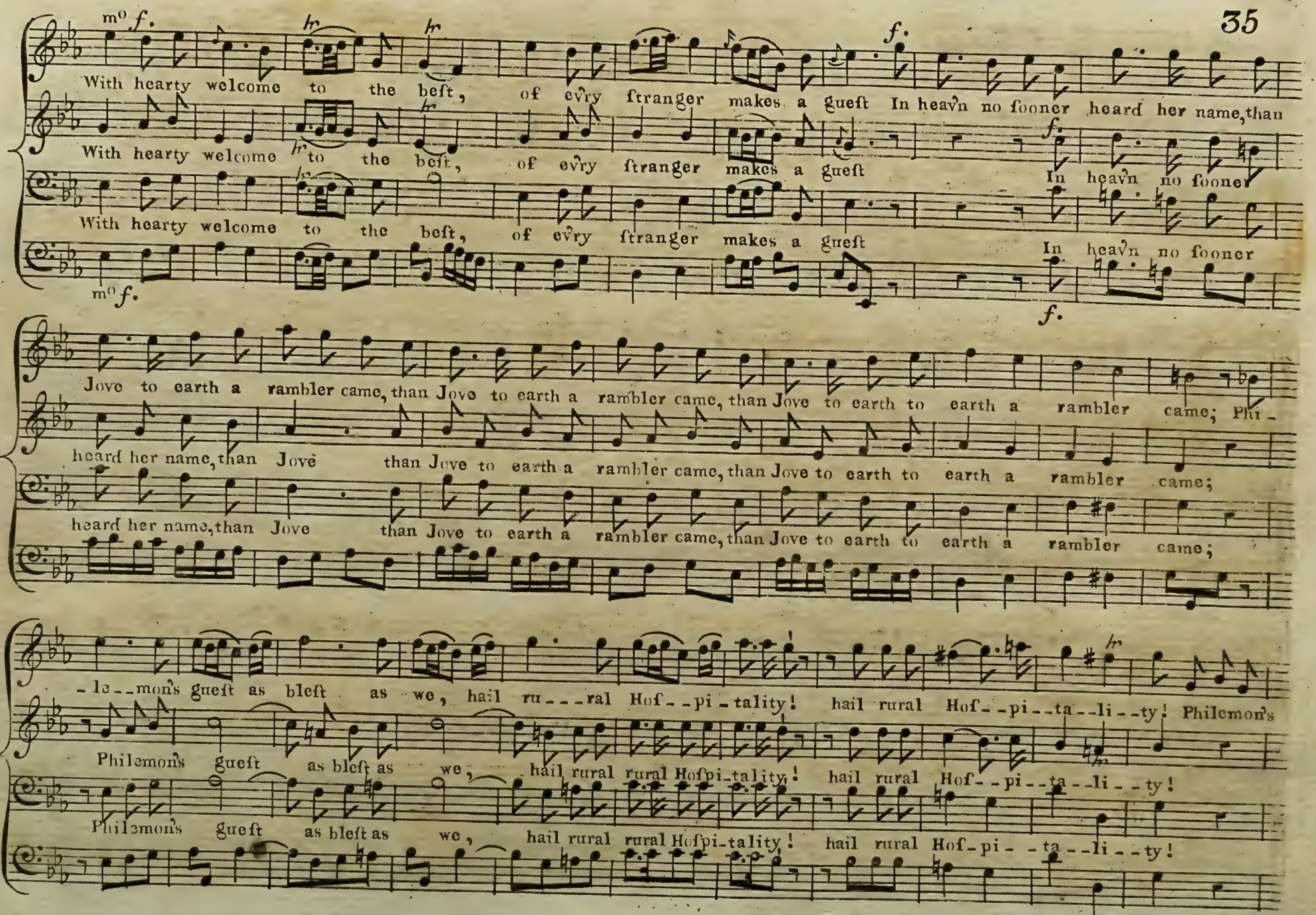
End of the Firſt Act.

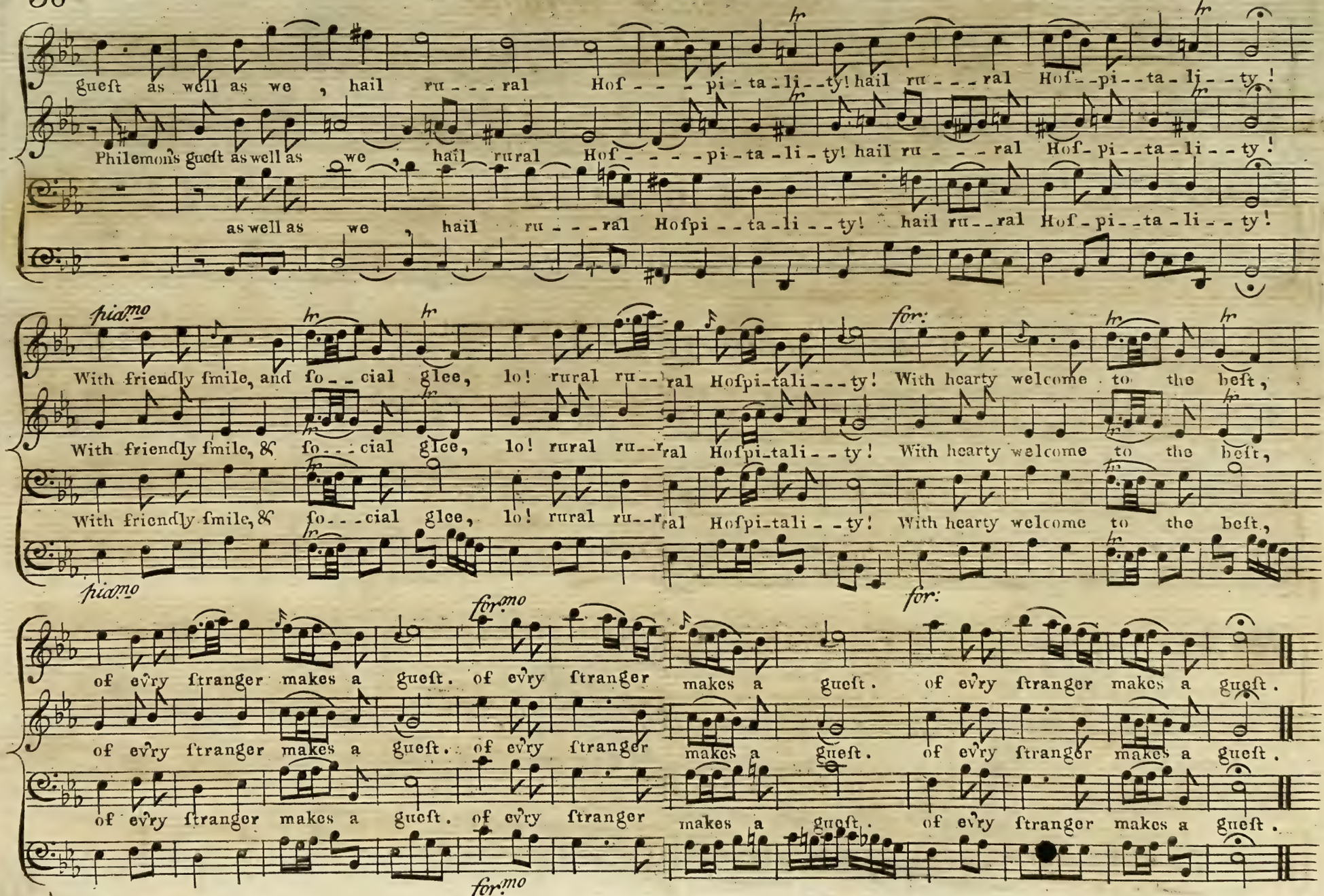
GLEE. *Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Bromm & others.*



Volti Subito


gifts af_ford, In plenty ſpreads the chear_ful board, In plenty ſpreads the chearful board the chearful board, In
gifts afford, In plenty ſpreads the chearful board, In plenty ſpreads the chearful board the chearful board, In
gifts afford, In plenty ſpreads the chearful board, In plenty ſpreads the chearful board the chearful board,
plen__ty ſpreads the chearful board, with what kind Na__tures gifts af_ford, ſo libral genrous frank & free is
plen__ty ſpreads the chearful board, with what kind Na__tures gifts af_ford, ſo libral genrous frank & free is
plen_ty ſpreads the chearful board, with what kind Na__tures gifts af_ford, ſo libral genrous frank and
pmo
ru__ral ru_ral Hoſpi_ta_li__ty! With friendly ſmile, and ſo___cial glee, lo! rural ru__ral Hoſpi_ta_li__ty!
ru__ral ru__ral Hoſpi_ta_li__ty! With friendly ſmile, & ſo___cial glee, lo! rural ru_ral Hof_pi_ta_li__ty!
free is rural ru_ral Hoſpi_ta_li__ty! With friendly ſmile, & ſo___cial glee, lo! rural ru_ral Hof_pi_ta_li__ty!
pmo


With hearty welcome to the beft, of evry ftranger makes a gueft In heavn no fooner heard her name, than
With hearty welcome to the beft, of evry ftranger makes a gueft In heavn no fooner
With hearty welcome to the beft, of evry ftranger makes a gueft In heavn no fooner
Jove to earth a rambler came, than Jove to earth a rambler came, than Jove to earth to earth a rambler came; Phi-
heard her name, than Jove than Jove to earth a rambler came, than Jove to earth to earth a rambler came;
heard her name, than Jove than Jove to earth a rambler came, than Jove to earth to earth a rambler came;
-le--mon's gueft as bleft as we, hail ru---ral Hof--pi-tality! hail rural Hof--pi--ta--li--ty! Philemon's
Philemon's gueft as bleft as we, hail rural rural Hofpi-tality! hail rural Hof--pi--ta--li--ty!
Philemon's gueft as bleft as we, hail rural rural Hofpi-tality! hail rural Hof-pi--ta--li--ty!
Volti Subito


gueſt as well as we , hail ru - - - ral Hof - - - pi - ta - li - - ty! hail ru - - - ral Hof - pi - - ta - li - - ty!
Philemon's gueſt as well as we , hail rural Hof - - - - pi - ta - li - ty! hail ru - - - ral Hof - pi - - ta - li - - ty!
as well as we , hail ru - - - ral Hofpi - - ta - li - - ty! hail ru - - ral Hof - pi - - ta - li - - ty!
piano
With friendly ſmile, and ſo - - cial glee, lo! rural ru - - ral Hofpi - tali - - - ty! With hearty welcome to the beſt,
With friendly ſmile, & ſo - - cial glee, lo! rural ru - - ral Hofpi - tali - - ty! With hearty welcome to the beſt,
With friendly ſmile, & ſo - - cial glee, lo! rural ru - - ral Hofpi - tali - - ty! With hearty welcome to the beſt,
piano
for:
for:
for:mo
of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt.
of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt.
of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt. of evry ſtranger makes a gueſt.
for:mo

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegro
Moderato

Sternold

I never could bear in the train of fycophants fervile to wait, Or meanly dependant, in vain to

pia:

dance at the heels of the great. The Spaniel indeed that will creep, and kifs while they beat him their hands, In time on a Woolfack may leap, and

fit with the Lords of the land. But he that by merit would rife, will find to his coft when too late, That meaneſs, not merit they prize, fo

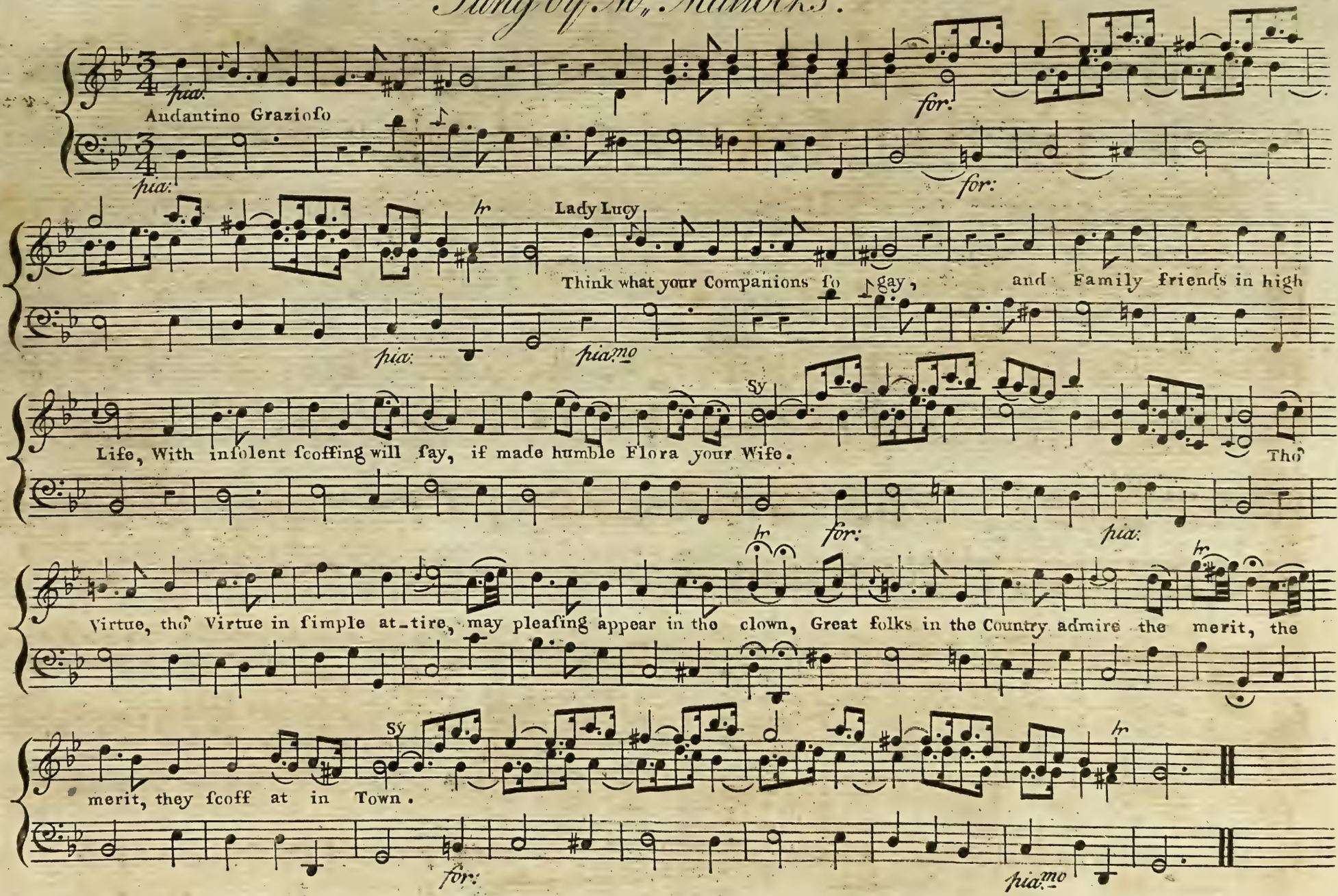
low and fo little the great. But he that by merit would rife, will find to his coft when too late, That meaneſs, not merit they prize, fo

low and fo little the great. fo low and fo little the great.

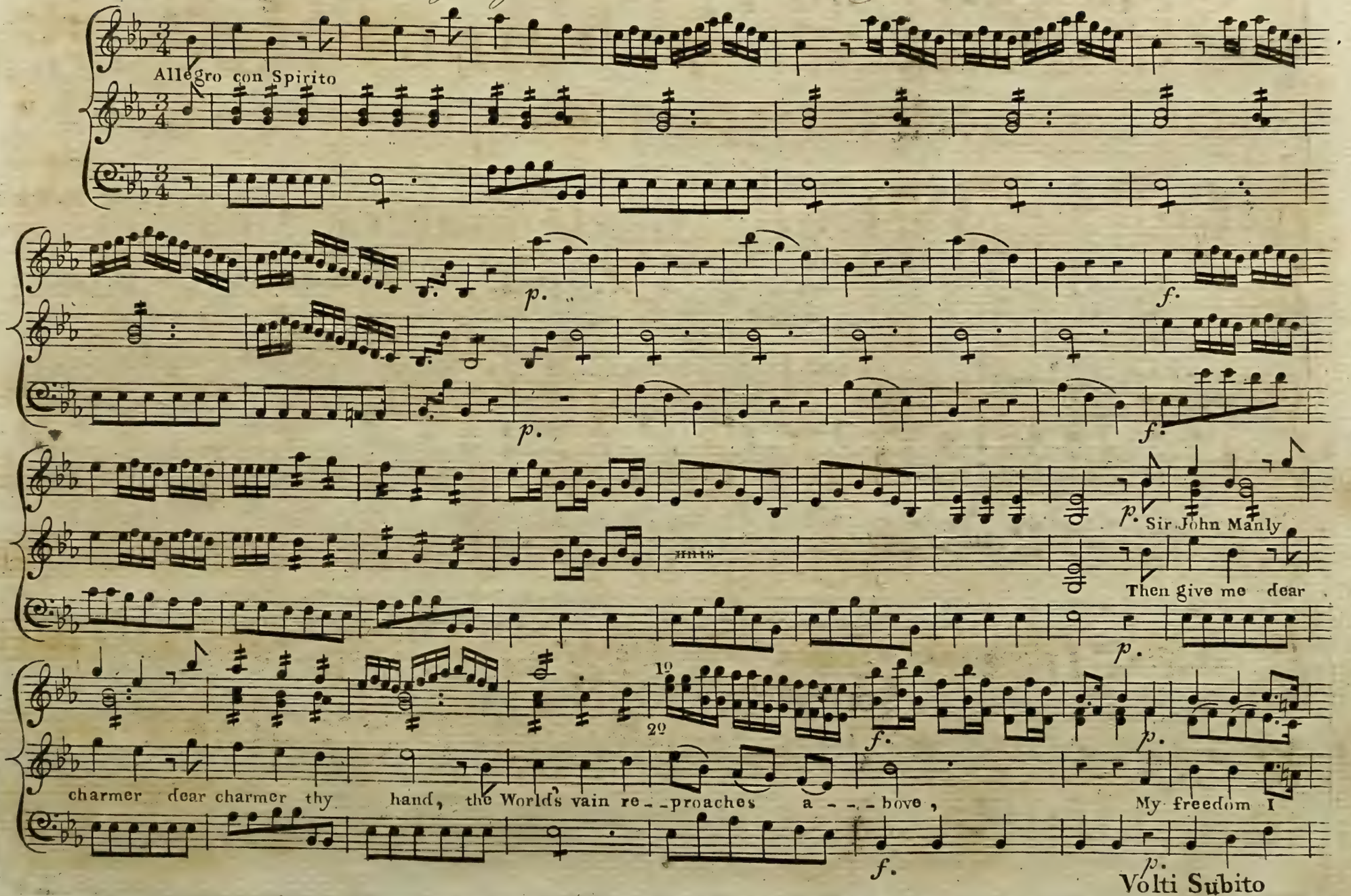
Sy

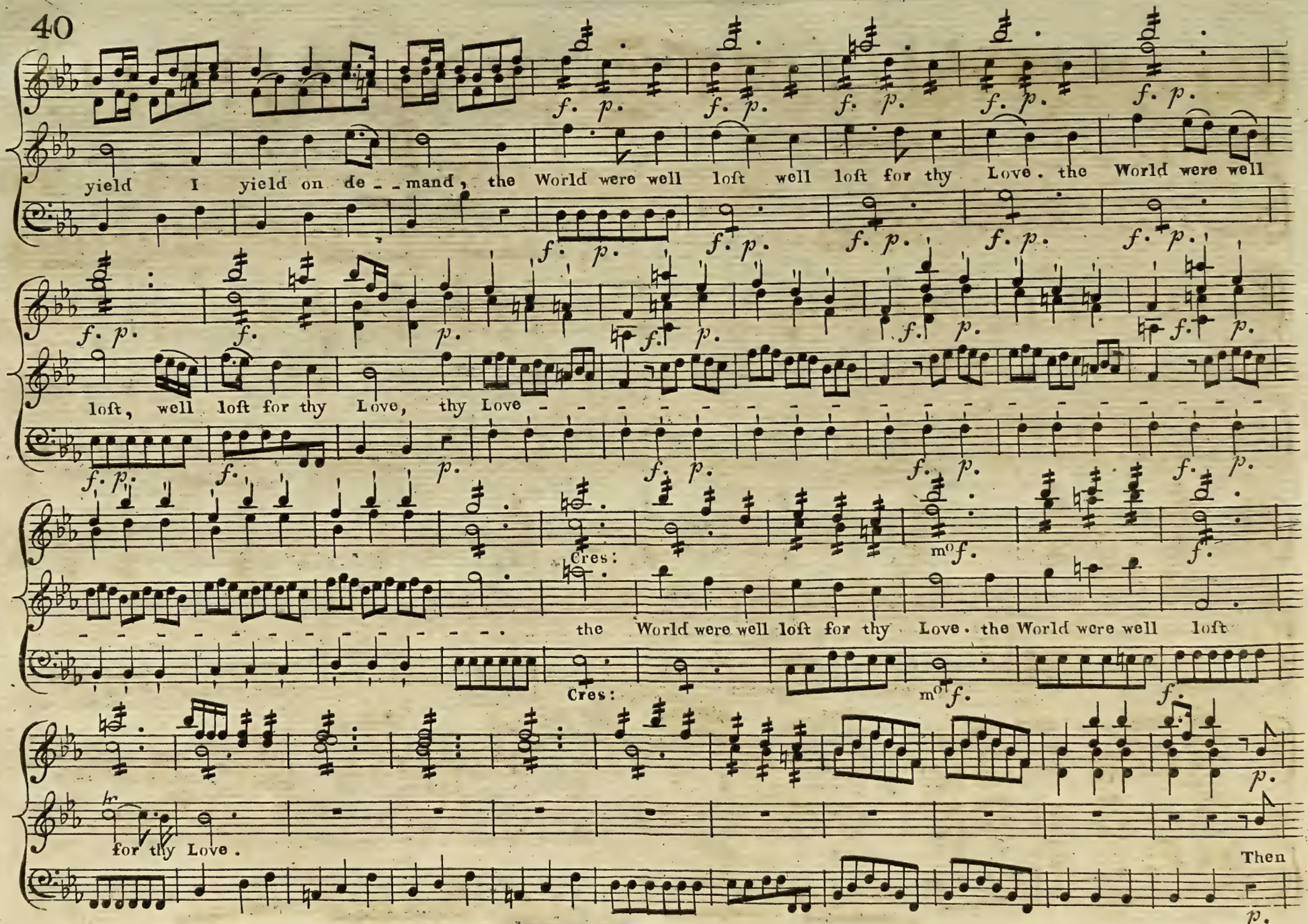
for:

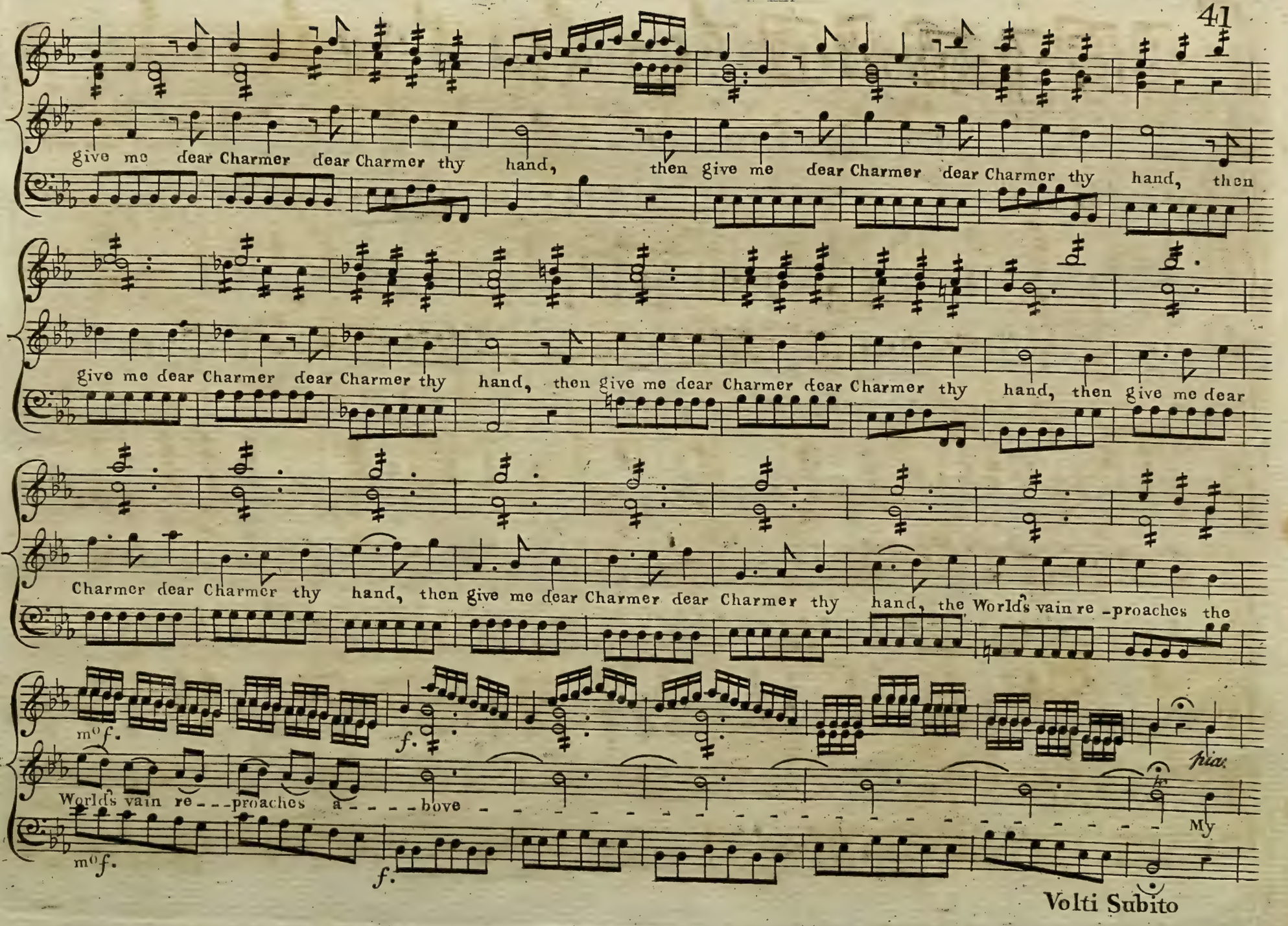
Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

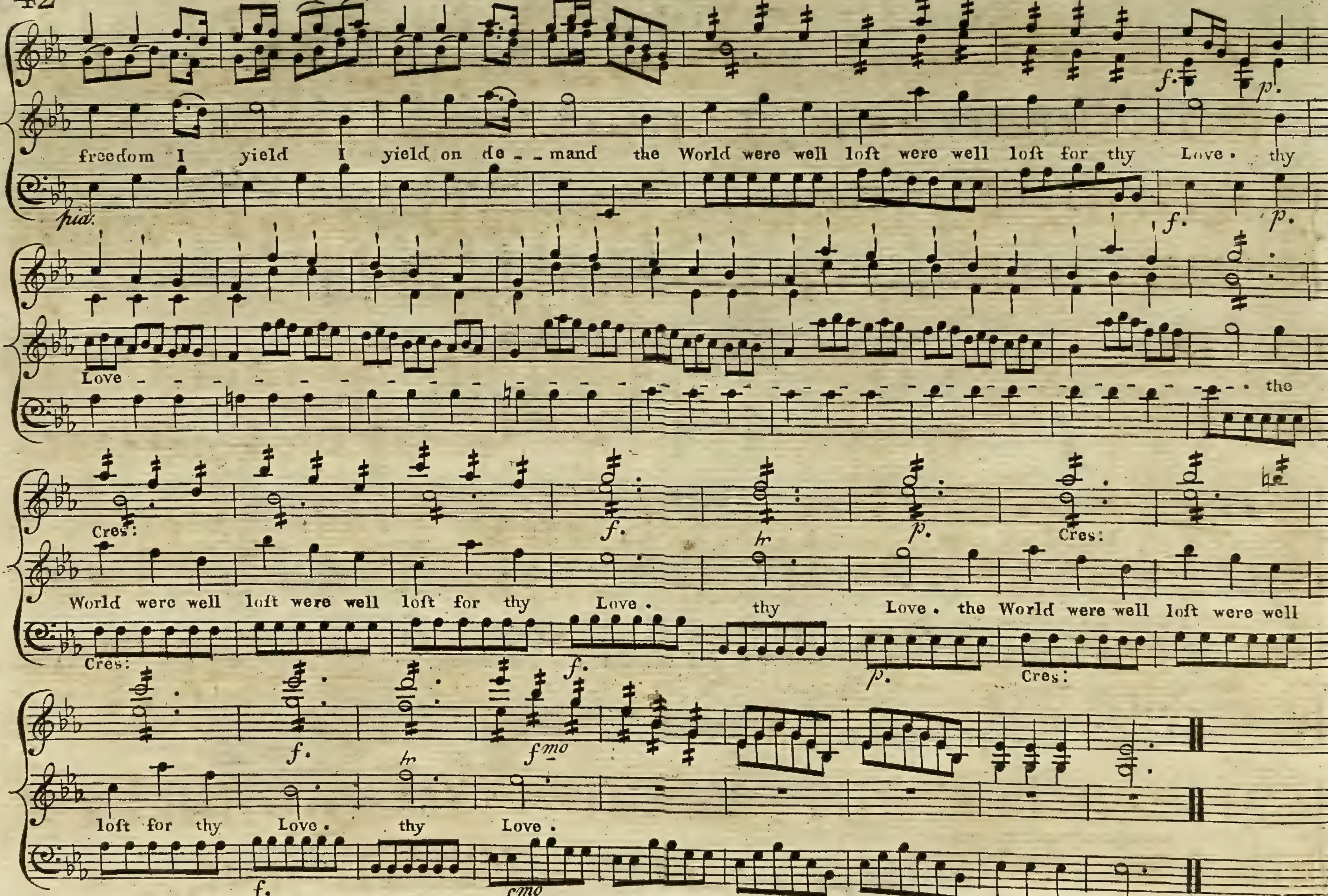


Sung by Mr. Mattocks

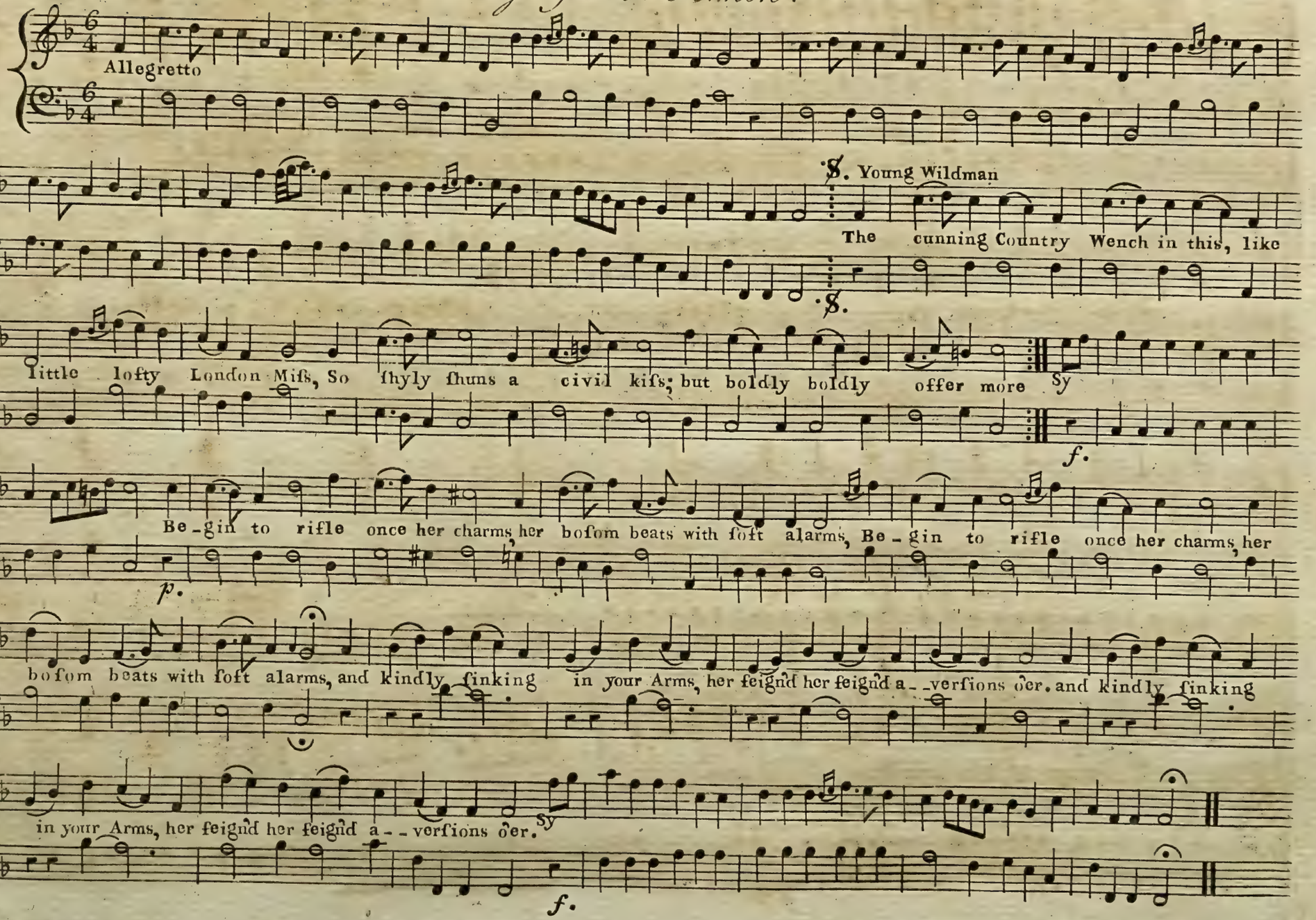



yield I yield on de - - mand, the World were well loft well loft for thy Love. the World were well
loft, well loft for thy Love, thy Love
Cres:
mo f.
the World were well loft for thy Love. the World were well loft
Cres:
mo f.
for thy Love.
Then

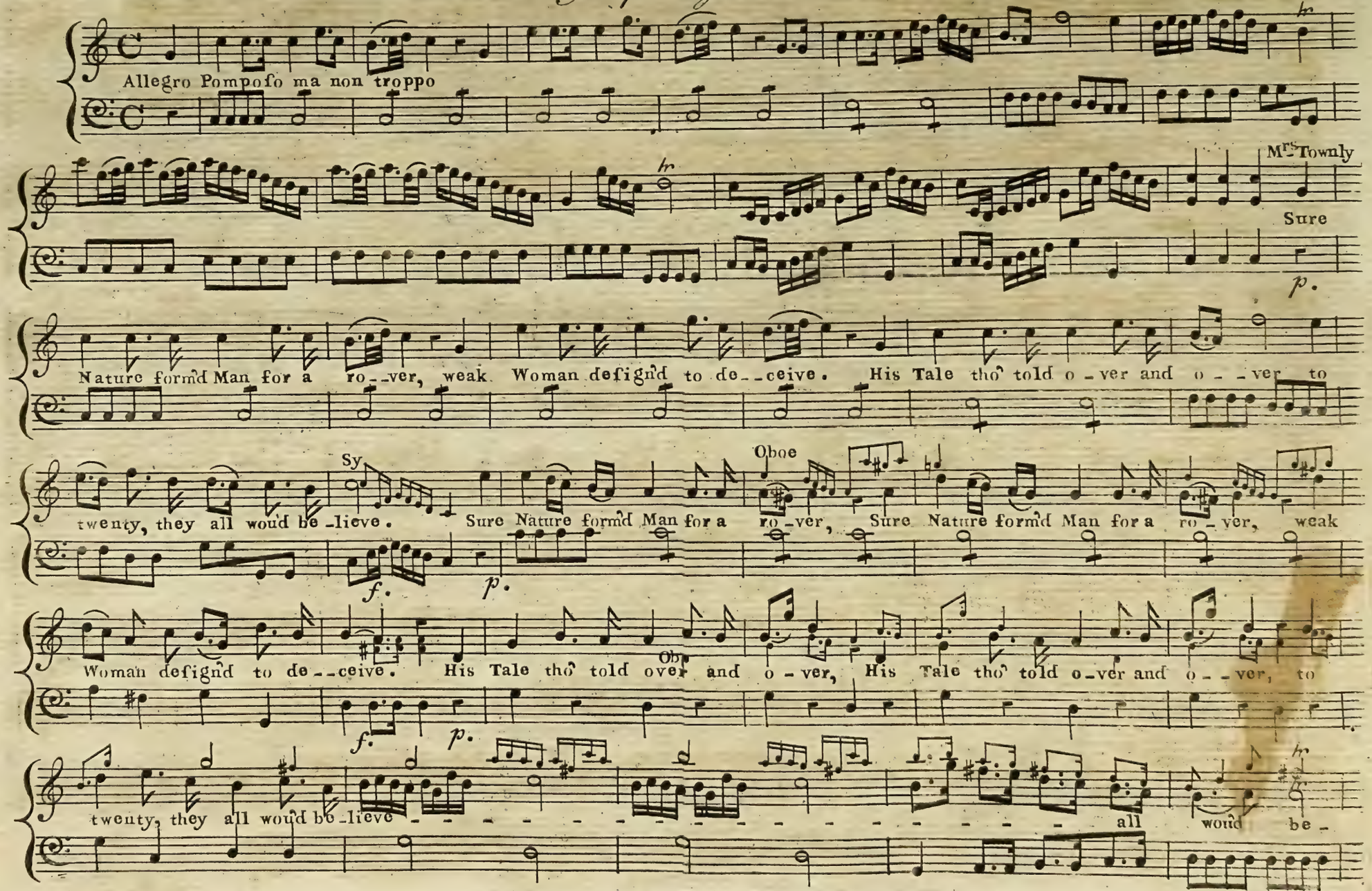

give me dear Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, then give me dear Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, then
give me dear Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, then give me dear Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, then give me dear
Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, then give me dear Charmer dear Charmer thy hand, the World's vain re-proaches the
m^o f.
f.
World's vain re---proaches a-----bove
My
m^o f.
f.
Volti Subito

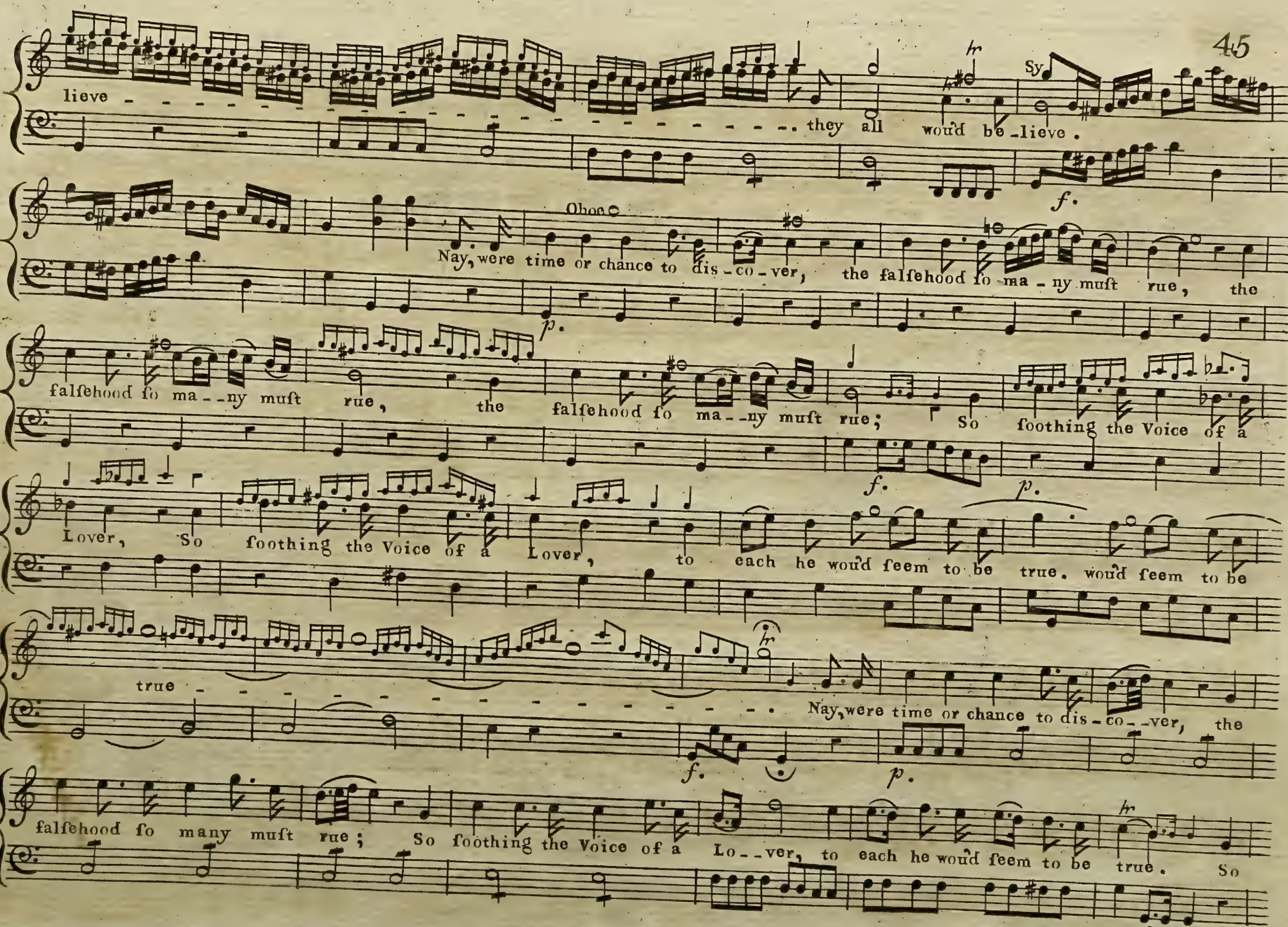

freedom I yield I yield on de _ _ mand the World were well loft were well loft for thy Love . thy
Love
the
World were well loft were well loft for thy Love . thy Love . the World were well loft were well
loft for thy Love . thy Love .
Cres:
Cres:

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

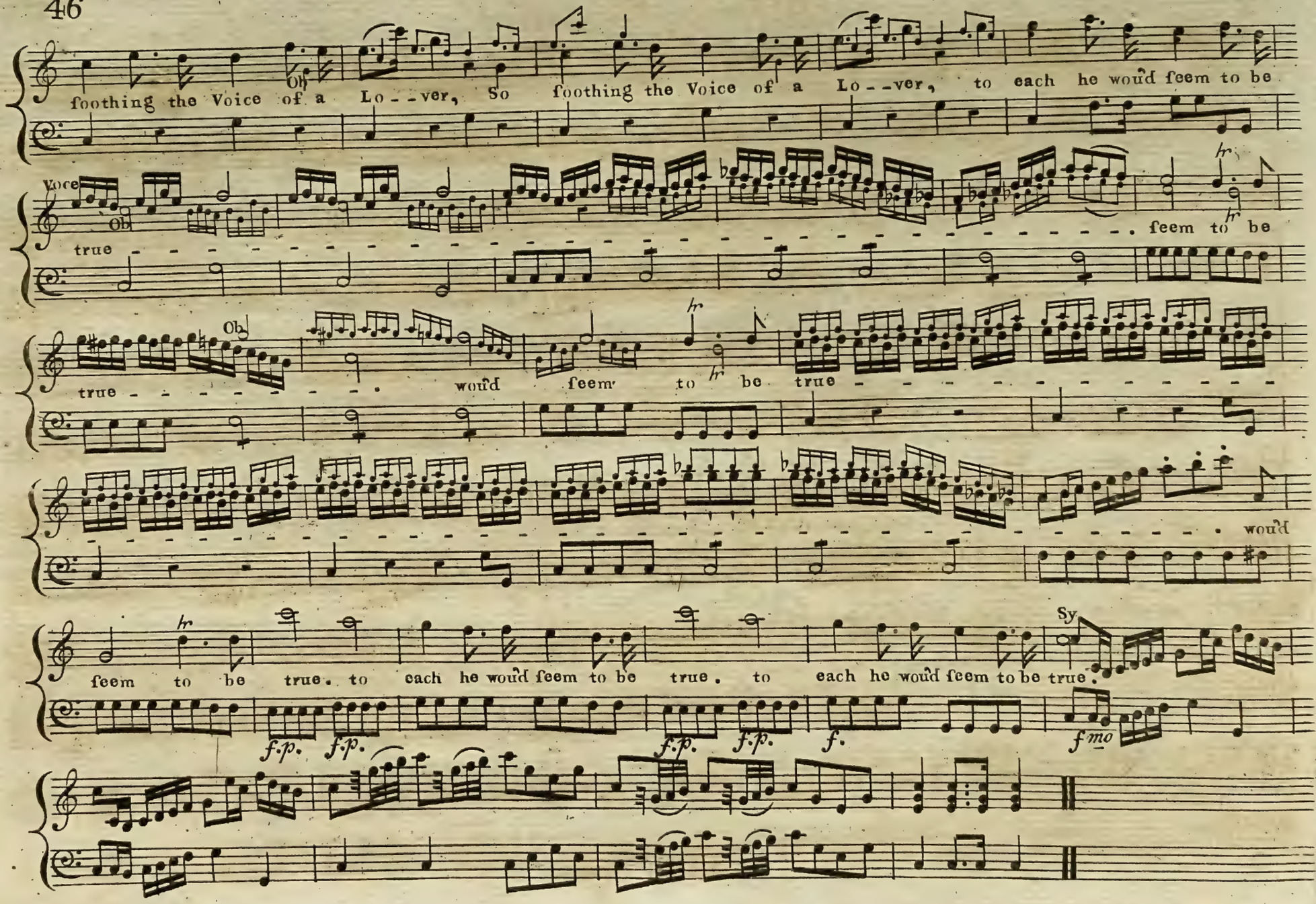


Sung by Miſs Brown.

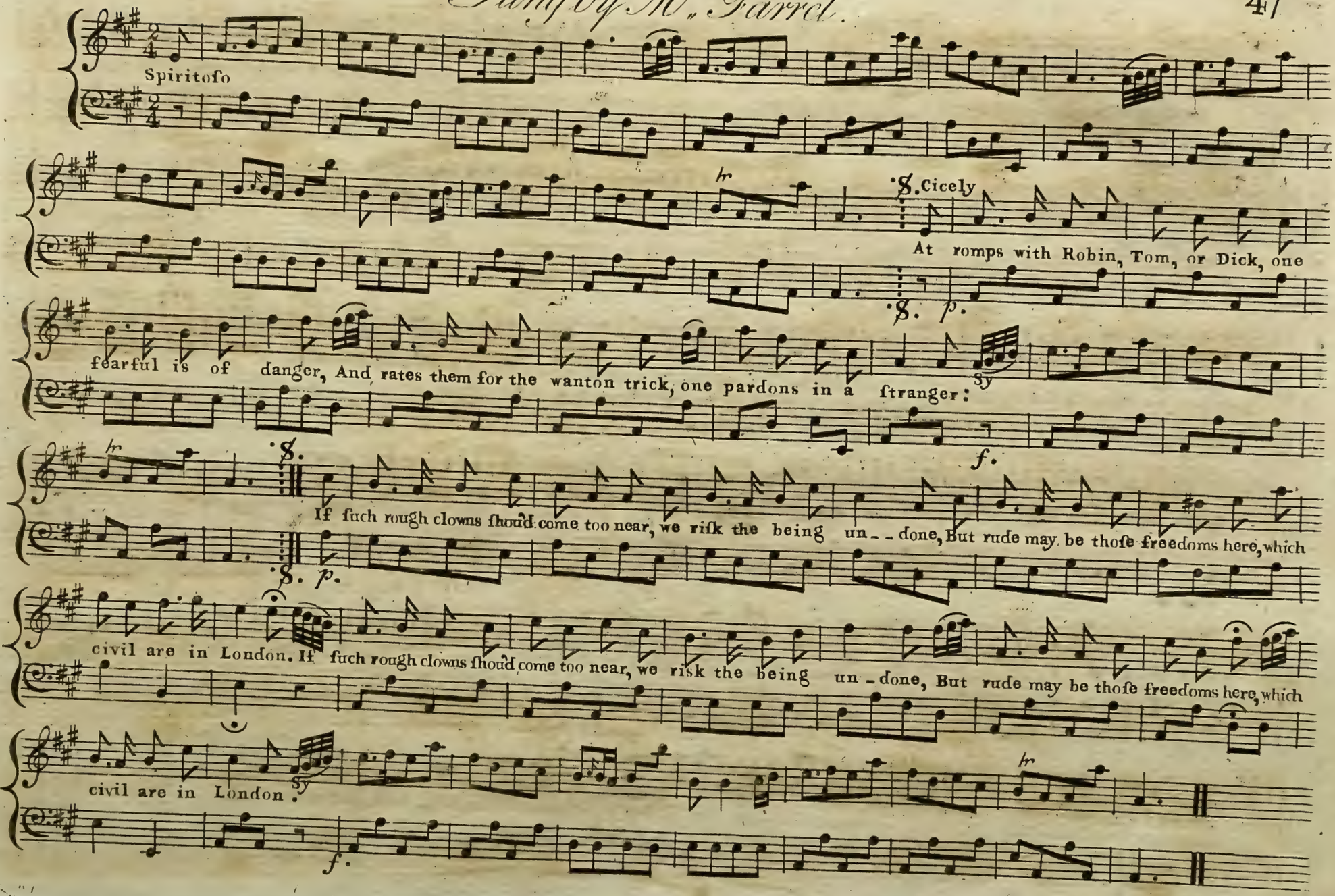




Volti Subito


foothing the Voice of a Lo--ver, So foothing the Voice of a Lo--ver, to each he would feem to be
Voce
Ob
true
feem to be
Ob
true
would feem to be true
would
feem to be true. to each he would feem to be true. to each he would feem to be true.
Sy
f.p. f.p. f.p. f.p. f. fmo

Sung by Mrs. Farrel.



Sung by Mrs Farrel

Allegretto

Cicely

What hopes can there be for poor Cicely, that one whos a Gentleman born, In Love will not cater more nicely, and treat a plain Milkmaid with scorn. Can he who was ever sworn at Highgate, the Mistress forsake for the Maid, When ah! between her mein & my gait, a diffrence so striking displayd. a diffrence so striking displayd.

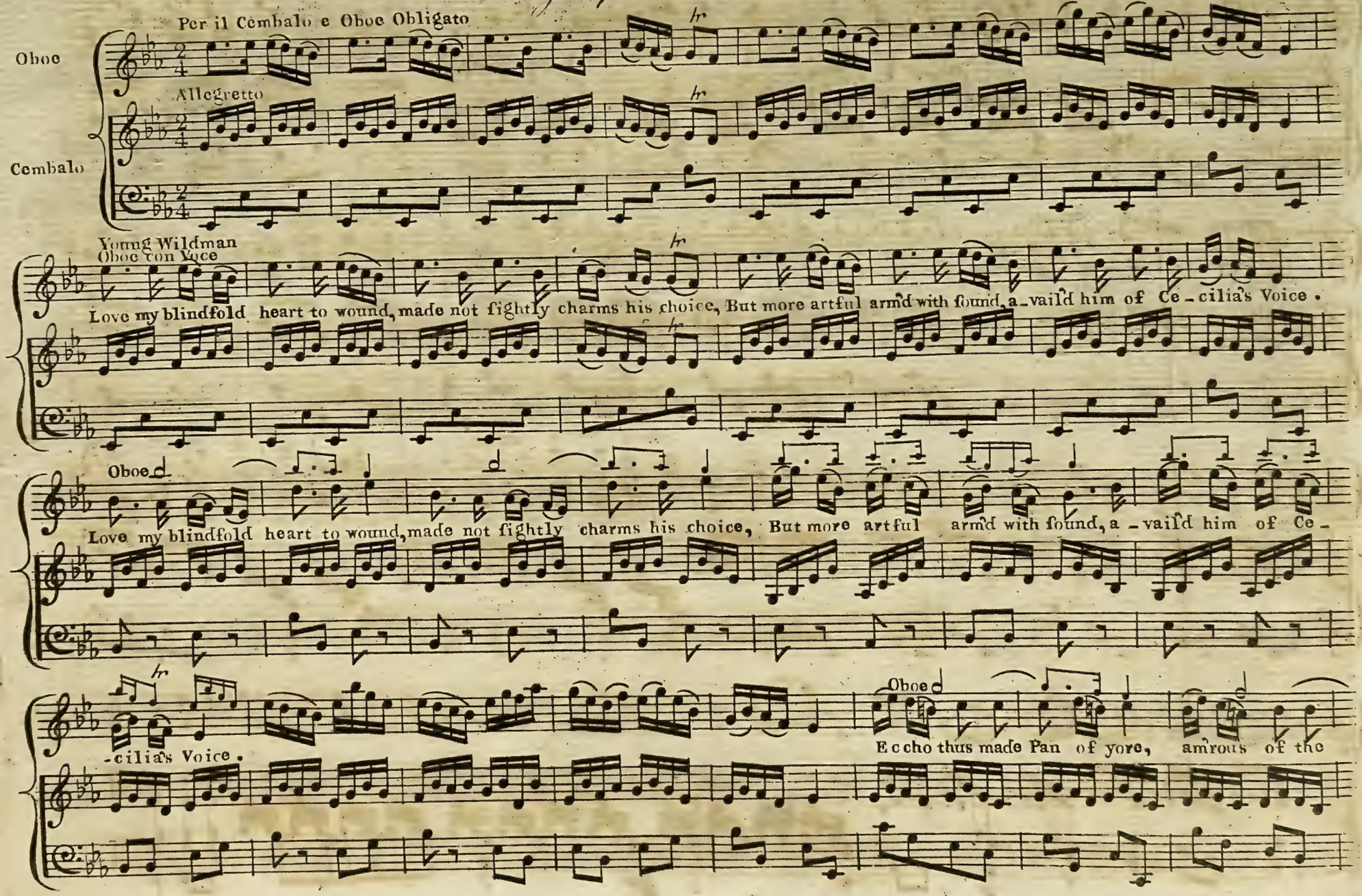
Siciliana

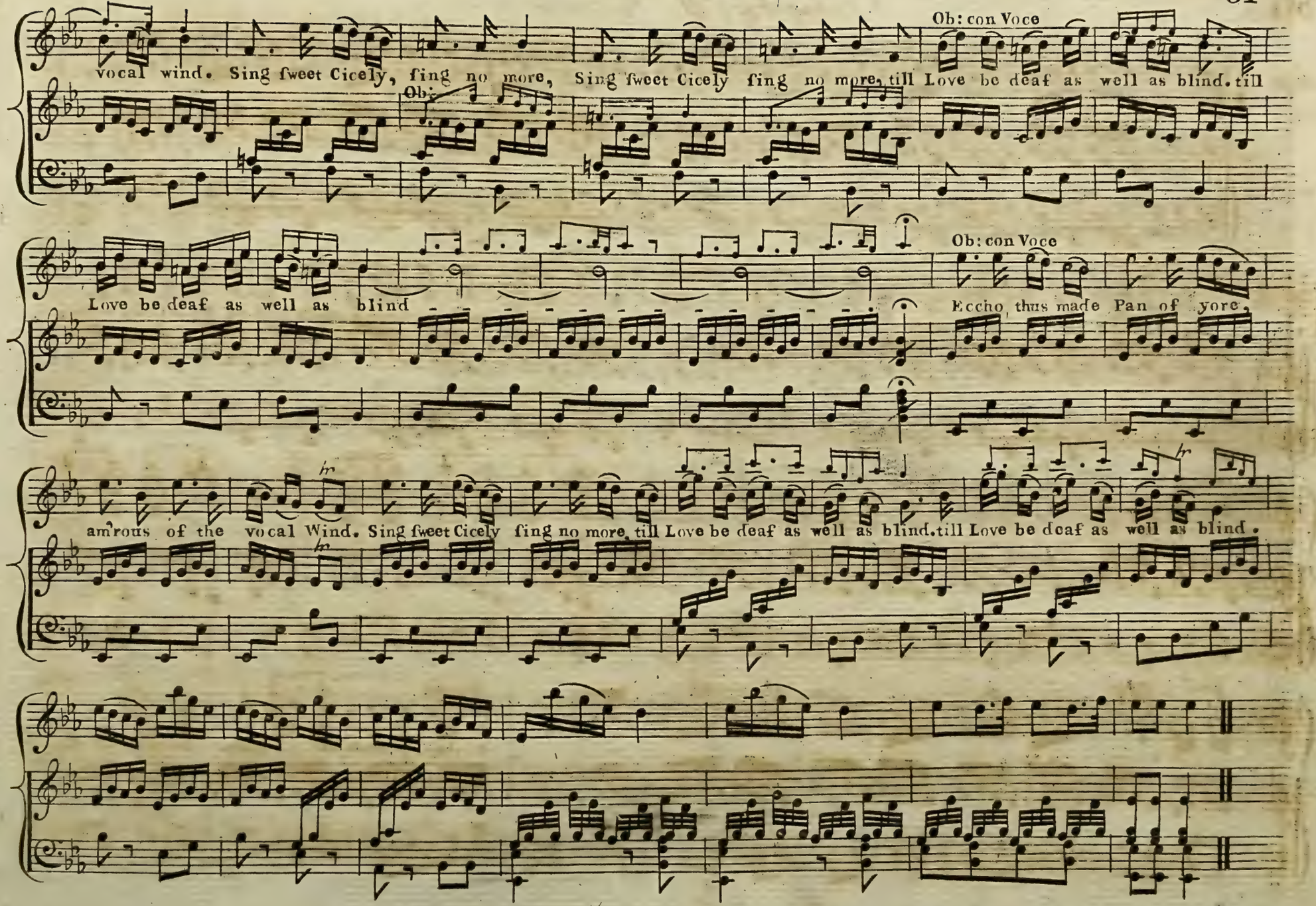
Can he who knows a gem to prize, & may its worth enjoy, Reject when both before his eyes, a Diamond for a toy. Reject when both before his eyes, a Diamond for a toy.

A Primo Tempo

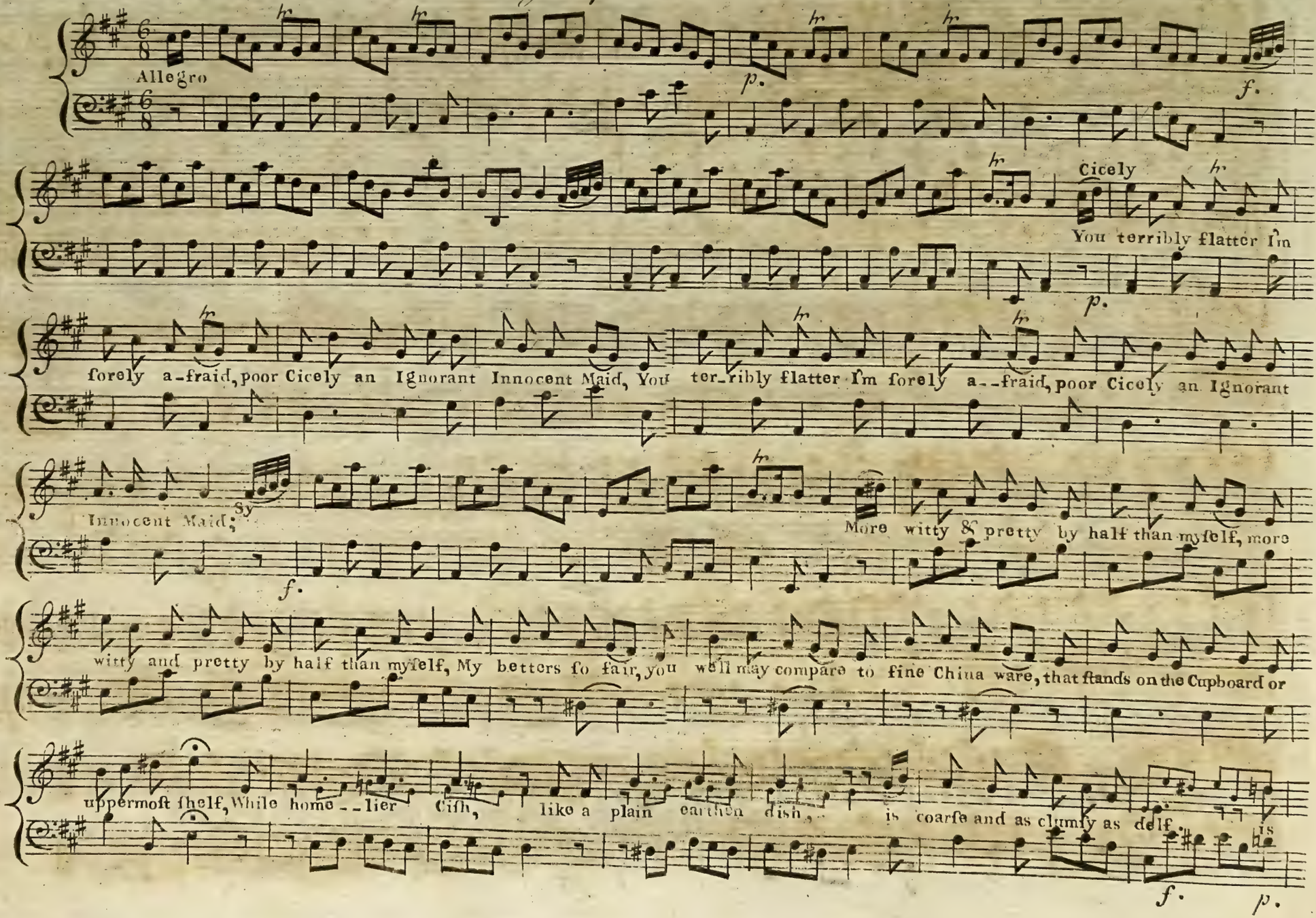
What hopes can there be for poor Cicely, that one whos a Gentleman born, In Love will not cater more nicely, and treat a plain Milkmaid with scorn. and treat a plain Milkmaid with scorn

Sung by Mr. Vernon.




Ob: con Voce
vocal wind. Sing fweet Cicely, fing no more, Sing fweet Cicely fing no more, till Love be deaf as well as blind. till
Ob:
Ob: con Voce
Love be deaf as well as blind
Eccho thus made Pan of yore,
amrous of the vocal Wind. Sing fweet Cicely fing no more, till Love be deaf as well as blind. till Love be deaf as well as blind.

Sung by Mrs. Farrel.



coarſe & as clumſy as delf. is coarſe & as clumſy as delf. You terribly flatter I'm ſorely afraid, poor Cicely an Ignorant

f. *p.*

Innocent Maid, You terribly flatter I'm ſorely afraid, poor Cicely an Ignorant Innocent Maid, More witty and pretty by

half than myſelf, more witty and pretty by half than myſelf, my betters ſo fair, you well may compare to fine China ware, that

ſtands on the Cupboard, or uppermoſt ſhelf, while homelier Ciſh, like a plain earthen diſh, is coarſe and as clumſy as clumſy as delf. while

homelier Ciſh, like a plain earthen diſh, is coarſe and as clumſy as delf. is coarſe & as clumſy as delf. is coarſe & as clumſy as

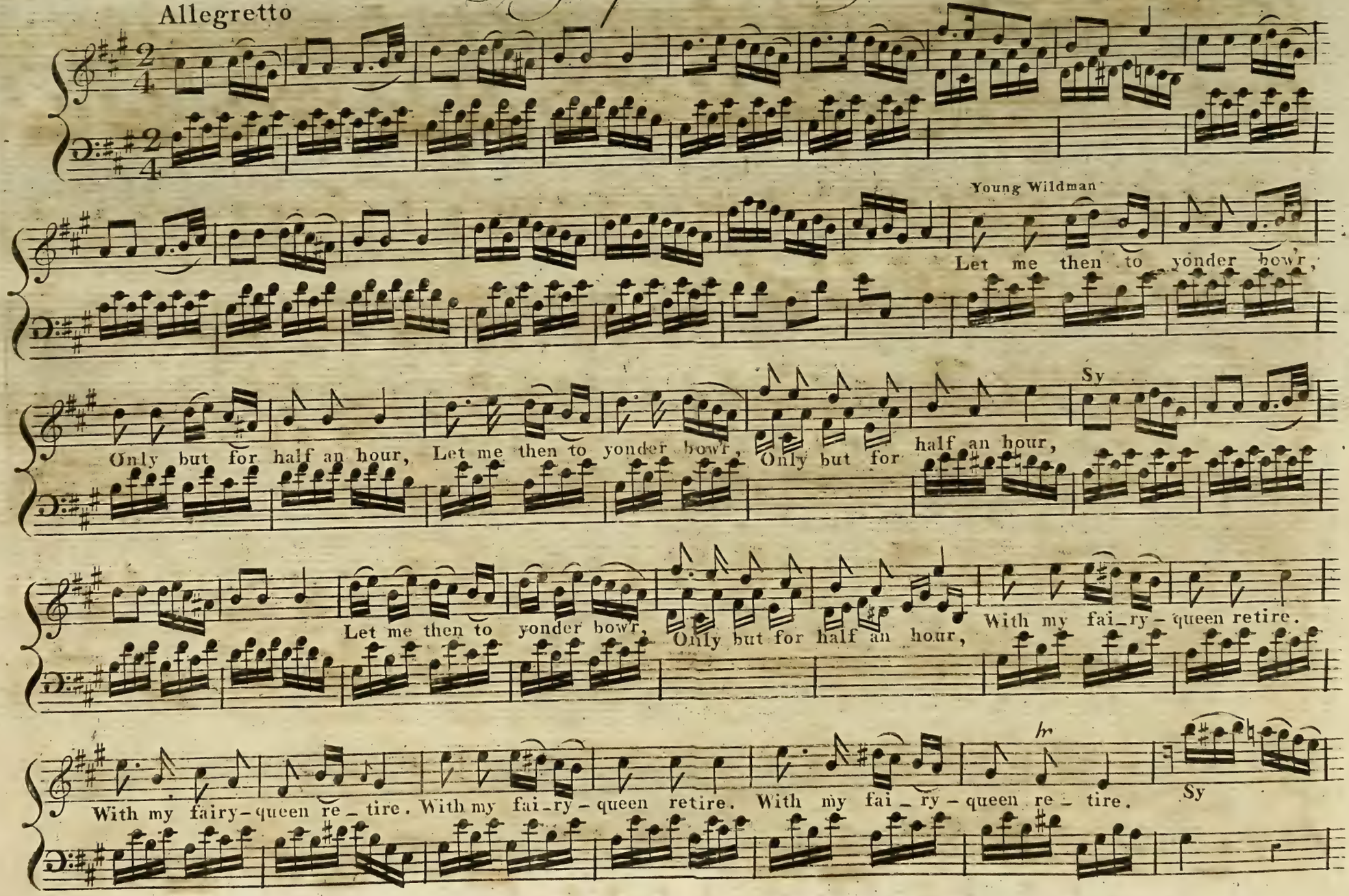
Sy

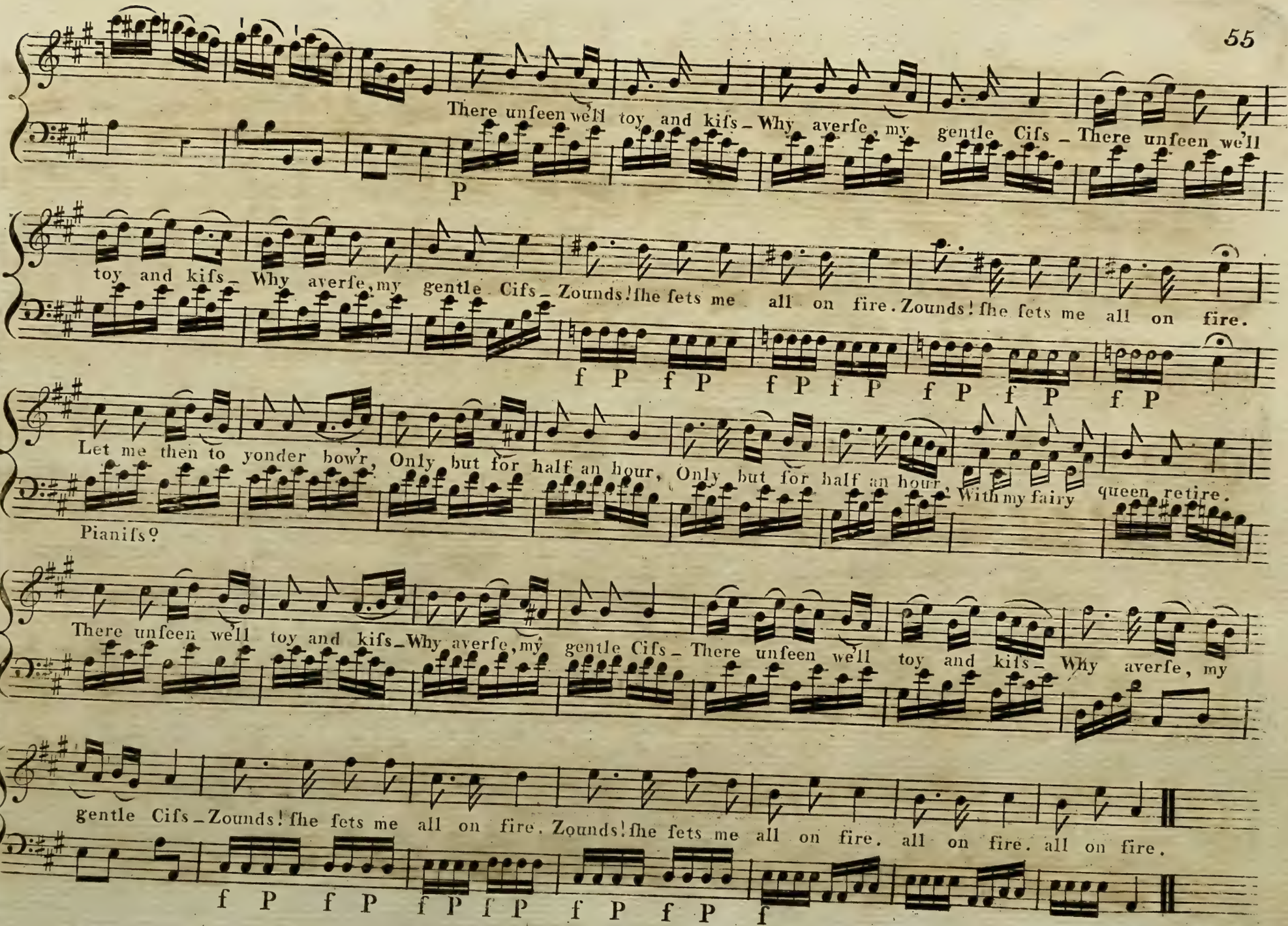
delf.

f.

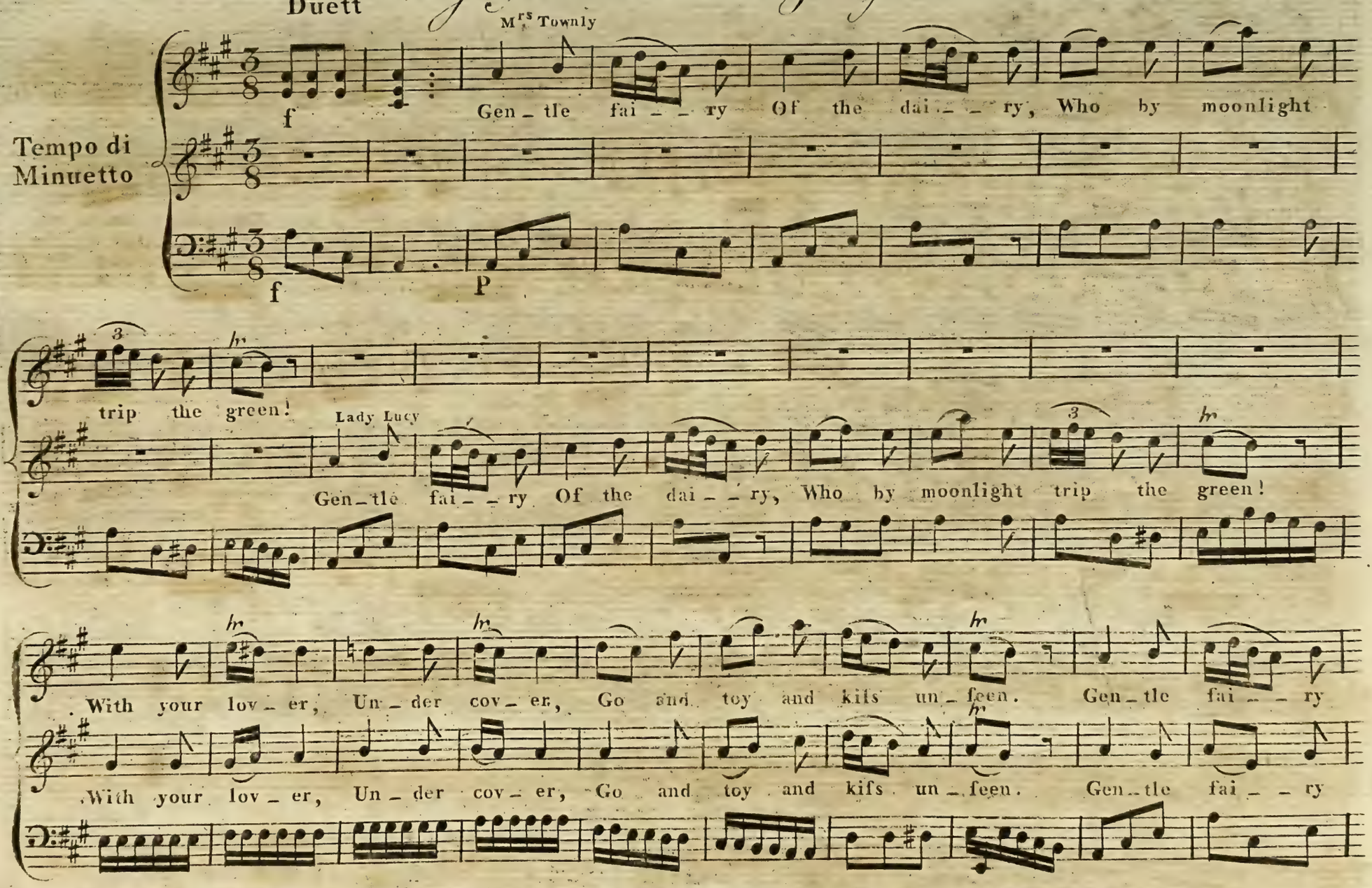
Sung by Mr. Vernon

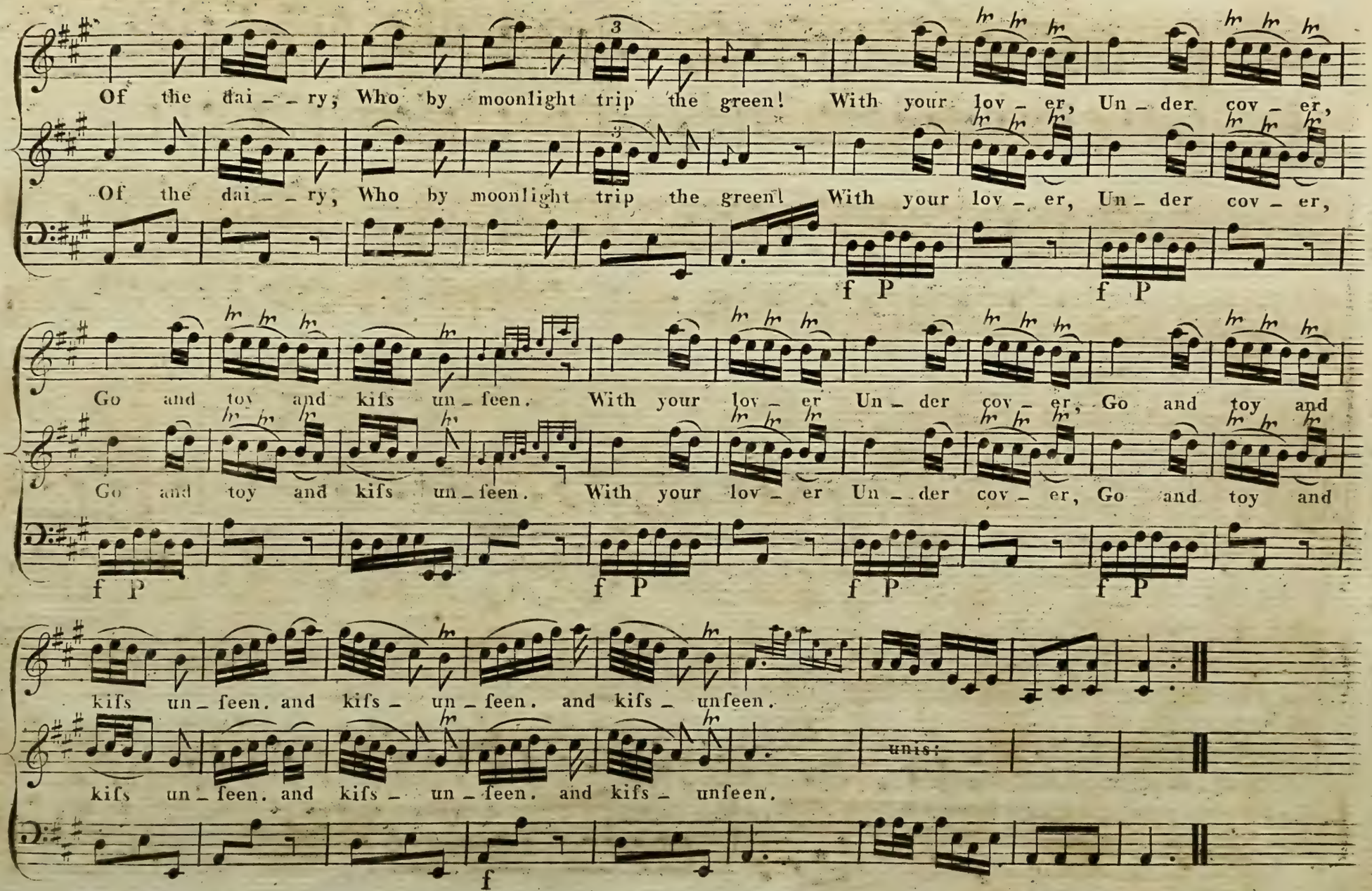
Allegretto



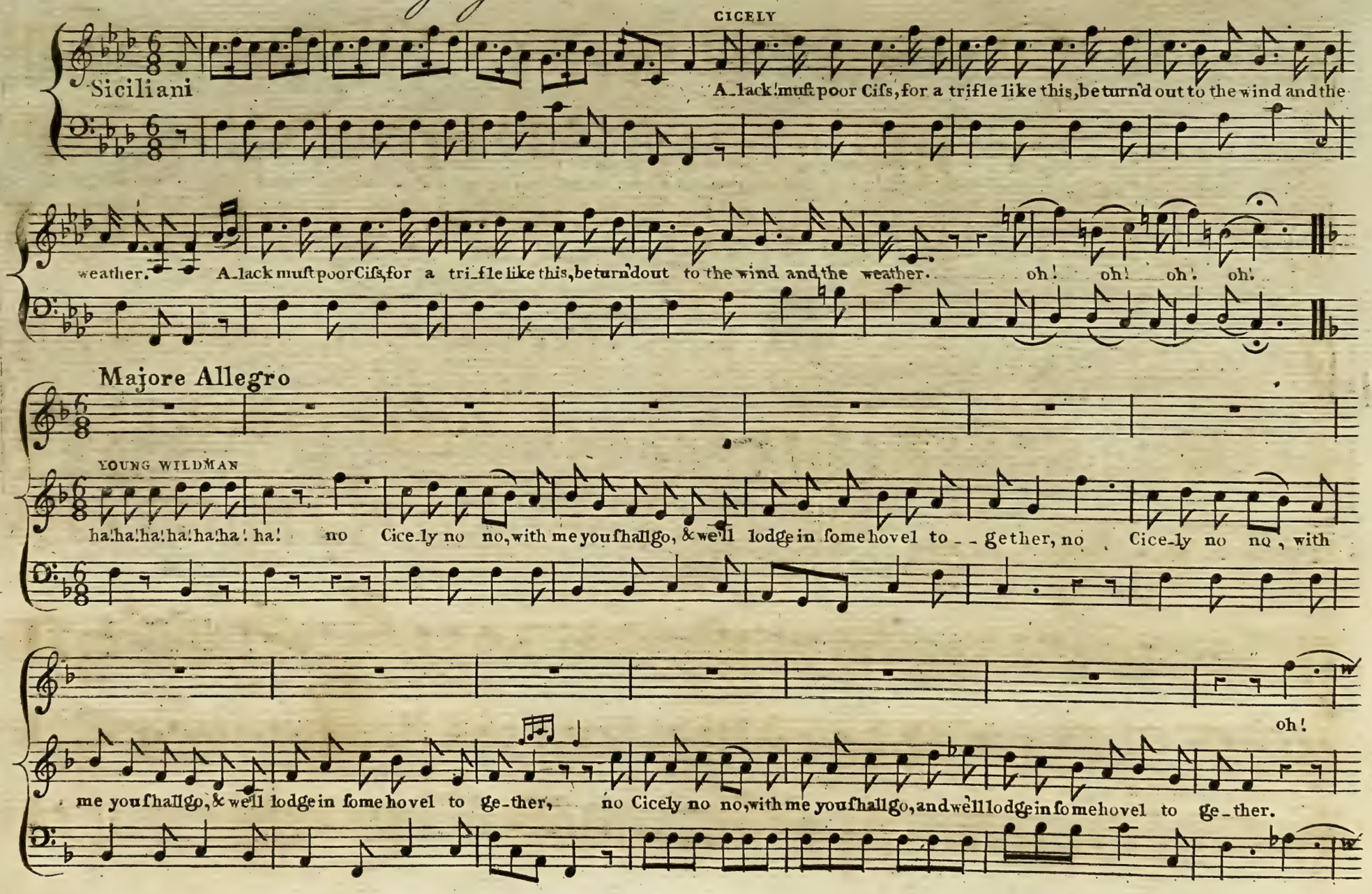

There unfeen well toy and kifs_Why averfe, my gentle Cifs_There unfeen well
P
toy and kifs_Why averfe, my gentle Cifs_Zounds! fhe fets me all on fire. Zounds! fhe fets me all on fire.
f P f P f P f P f P f P f P
Let me then to yonder bow'r, Only but for half an hour, Only but for half an hour, With my fairy queen retire.
Pianifs?
There unfeen well toy and kifs_Why averfe, my gentle Cifs_There unfeen well toy and kifs_Why averfe, my
gentle Cifs_Zounds! fhe fets me all on fire. Zounds! fhe fets me all on fire. all on fire. all on fire.
f P f P f P f P f P f P f

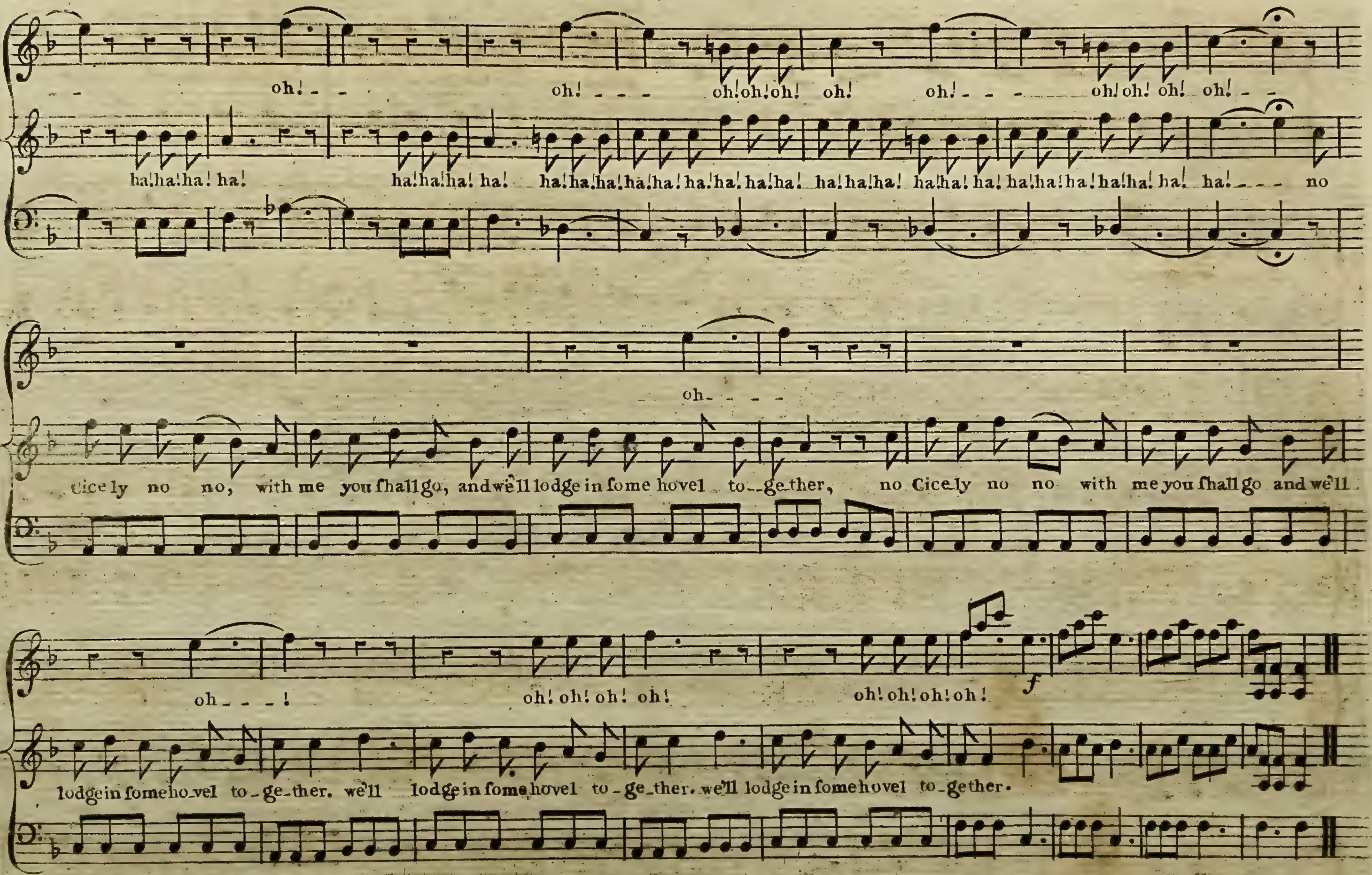
Duett *Sung by Mrs Mattocks & Miss Brown*




Of the dai _ _ ry; Who by moonlight trip the green! With your lov _ er, Un _ der cov _ er,
Of the dai _ _ ry, Who by moonlight trip the green! With your lov _ er, Un _ der cov _ er,
f P
f P
Go and toy and kifs un _ feen. With your lov _ er Un _ der cov _ er, Go and toy and
Go and toy and kifs un _ feen. With your lov _ er Un _ der cov _ er, Go and toy and
f P
f P
f P
f P
kifs un _ feen. and kifs _ un _ feen. and kifs _ unfeen.
kifs un _ feen. and kifs _ un _ feen. and kifs _ unfeen.
unis:
f

Duett Sung by Mr Vernon & Mrs Farrel




oh! - - oh! - - - oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! - - - oh! oh! oh! oh! - -
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! - - - no
oh - - -
Cicely no no, with me you fhall go, and we'll lodge in fome hovel to - ge_ther, no Cice_ly no no with me you fhall go and we'll
oh - - - !
oh! oh! oh! oh!
oh! oh! oh! oh!
f
lodge in fome ho_vel to - ge_ther. we'll lodge in fome hovel to - ge_ther. we'll lodge in fome hovel to_gether.

Sung by Mrs Farrel

Moderato

CICELY

The ſky ſo clear, the night ſo fine, the watchdogs bay the moon; lie cloſe then Lon--don ſpark of mine, for

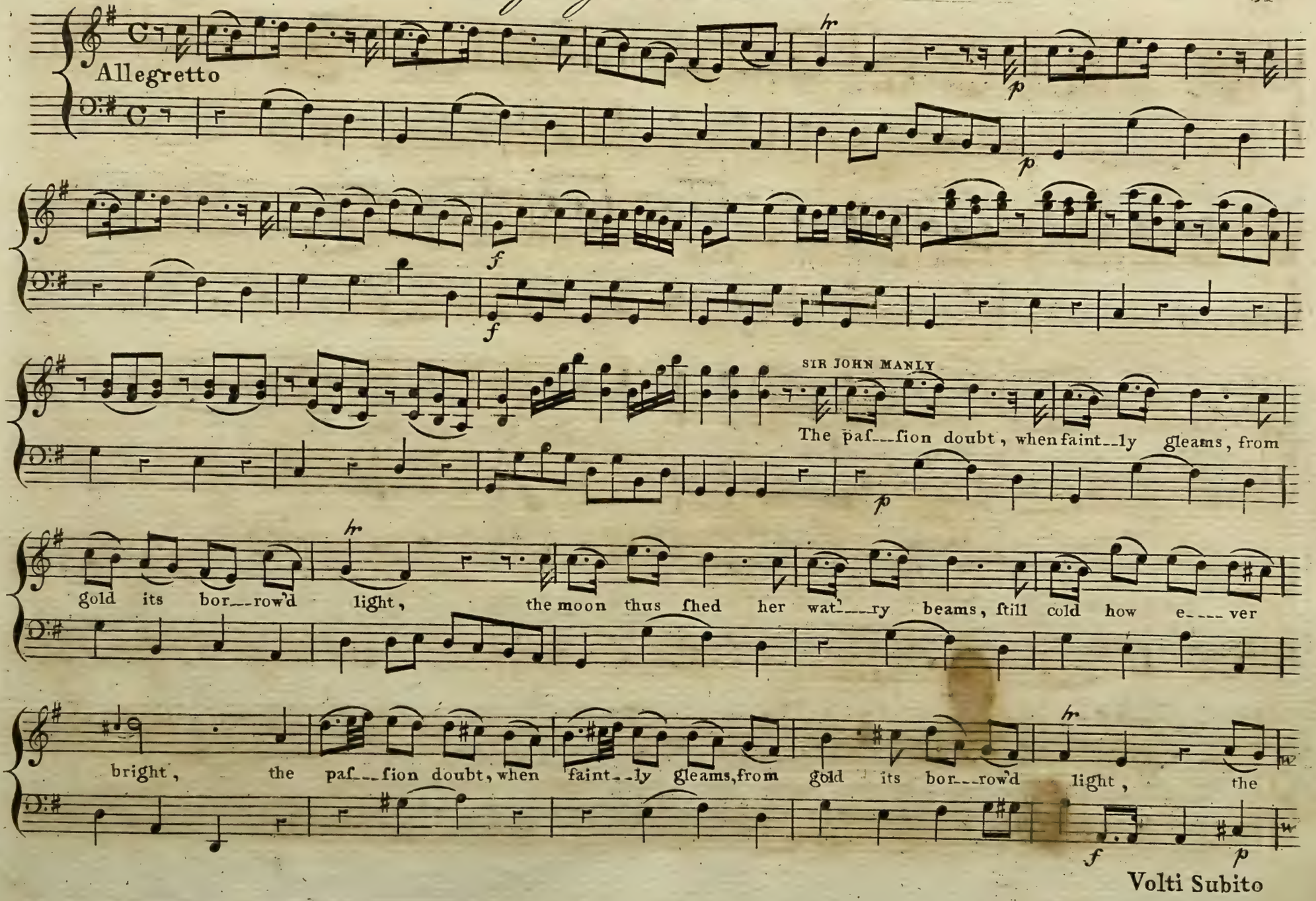
fear I come not ſoon.

Sym

poor Cice--ly vows her heart it moves to ſpeak her mind ſo

free lie cloſs dear dairy maid cloſe dear dairy maid cloſe dear dairy maid, can come no more to thee. cloſe your dear dairy maid,

cloſe your dear dairy maid, cloſe your dear dairy maid lie cloſe your dear dairy maid can come no more to thee.


Allegretto
SIR JOHN MANLY
The paſſion doubt, when faintly gleams, from
gold its borrow'd light, the moon thus ſhed her watry beams, ſtill cold how ever
bright, the paſſion doubt, when faintly gleams, from gold its borrow'd light, the
Volti Subito

Moon' thus ſheds her wat'- -ry beams, ſtill cold how e- - ver bright. the moon thus ſheds her

wat'- - - ry beams, ſtill cold how- e- - - ver bright.

f

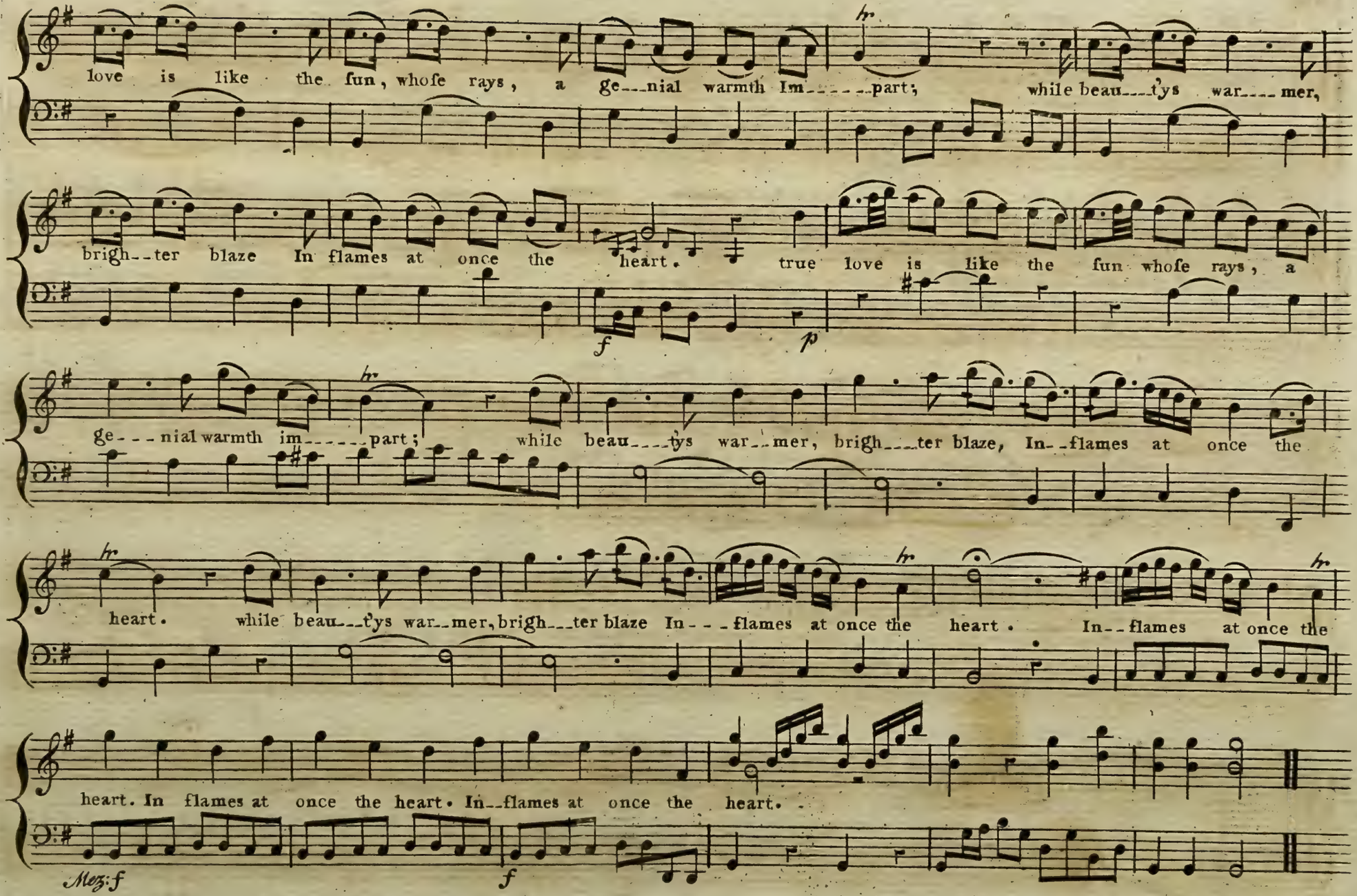
True love is like the ſun, whoſe rays, — a

p

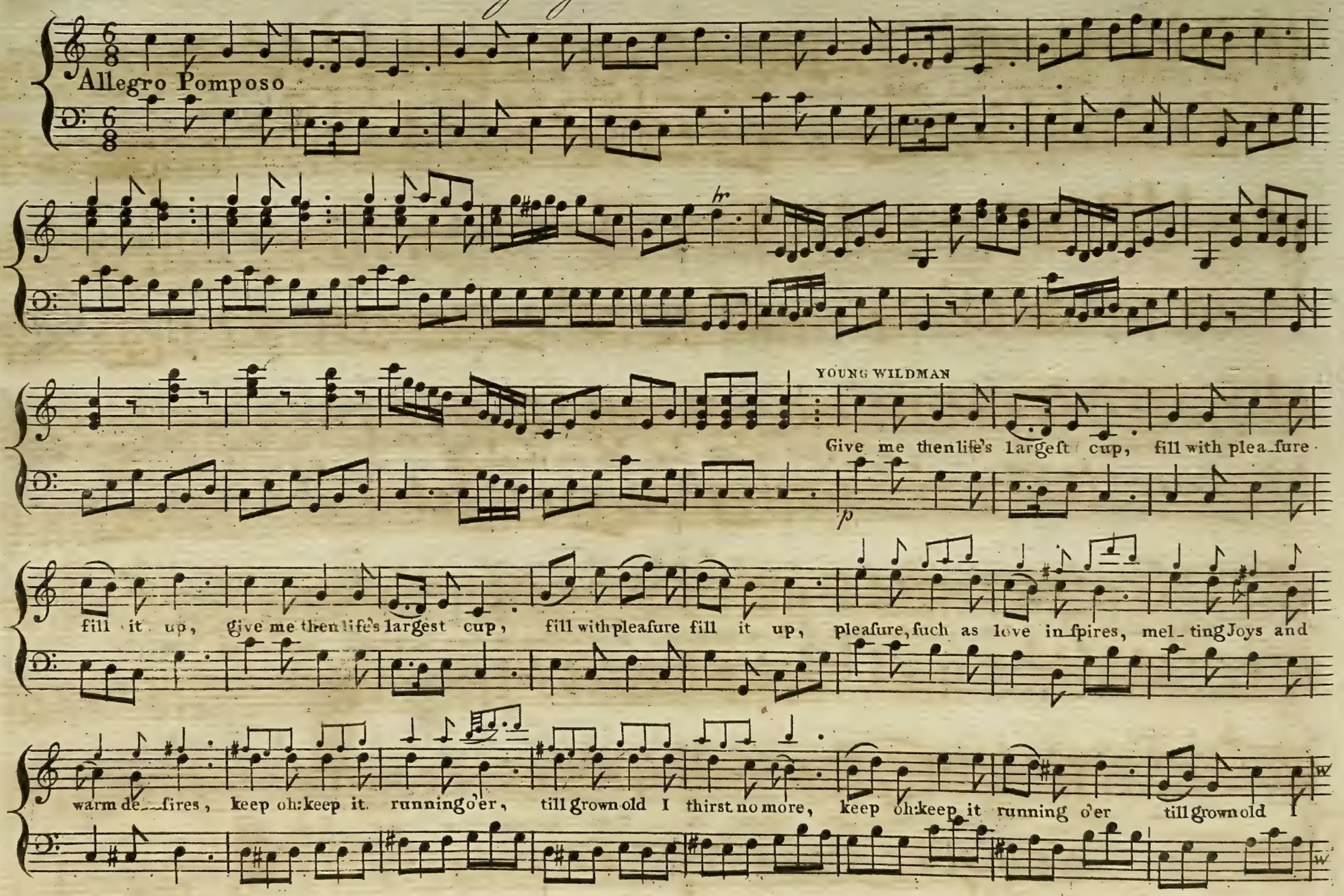
genial warmth im- - part, while beau- - tys war- - - mer, bright- - - er blaze, In- flames at once the

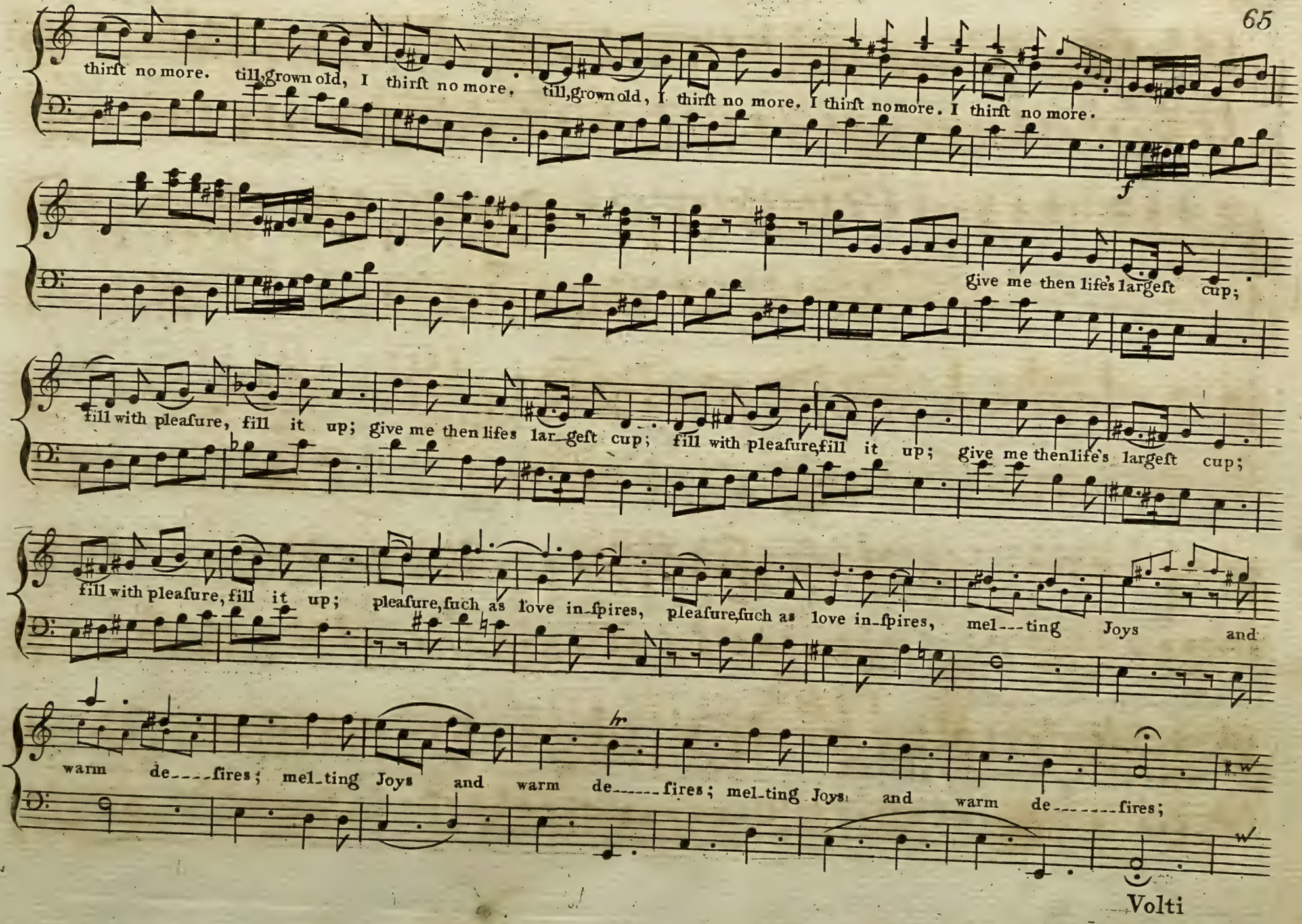
heart

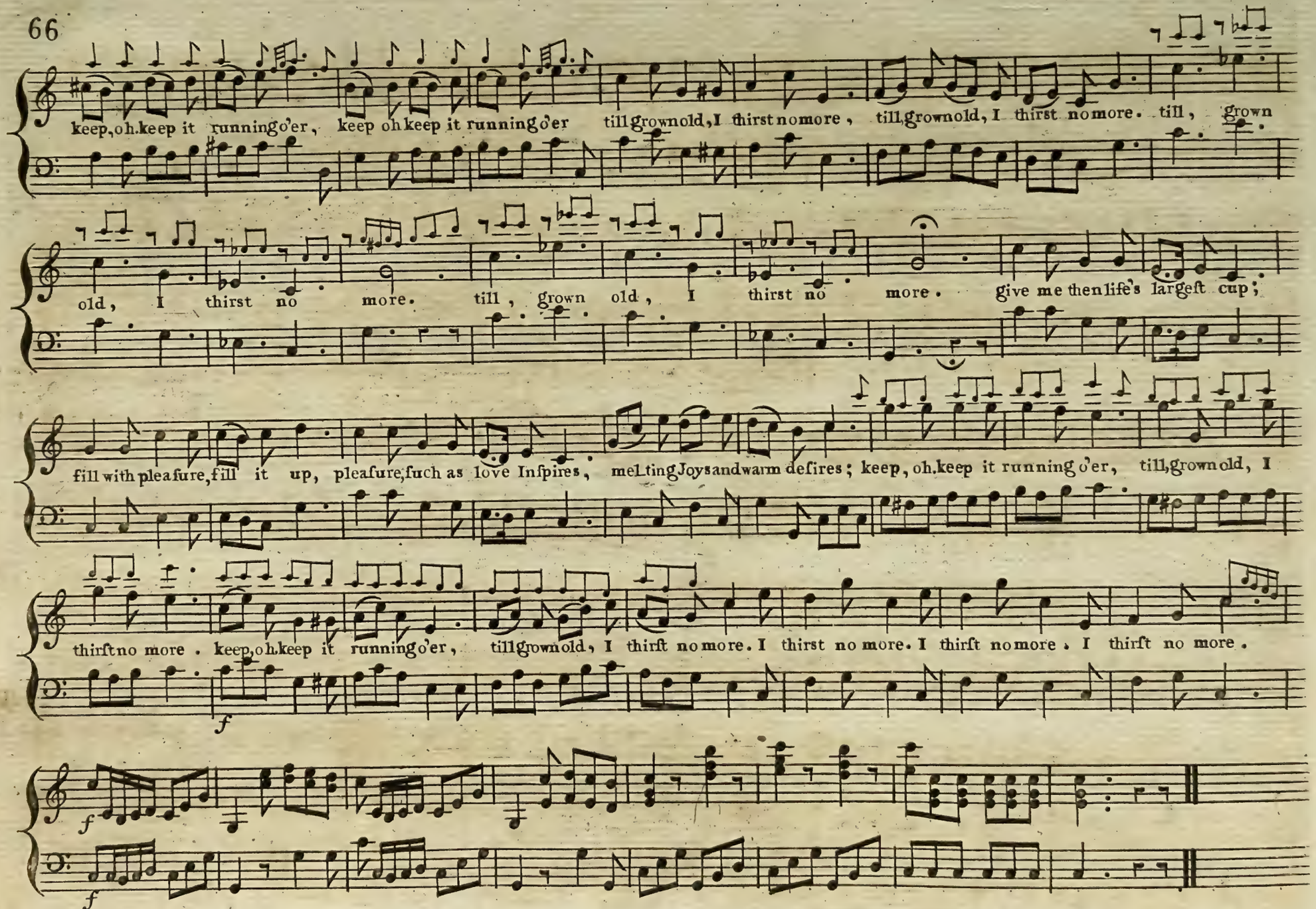
True


love is like the fun, whose rays, a ge---nial warmth Im------part; while beau----t'ys war---- mer,
brigh--ter blaze In flames at once the heart. true love is like the fun whose rays, a
f
p
ge---nial warmth im------part; while beau----t'ys war--mer, brigh---ter blaze, In--flames at once the
heart. while beau---t'ys war--mer, brigh---ter blaze In---flames at once the heart. In--flames at once the
heart. In flames at once the heart. In--flames at once the heart.
Mez: f
f

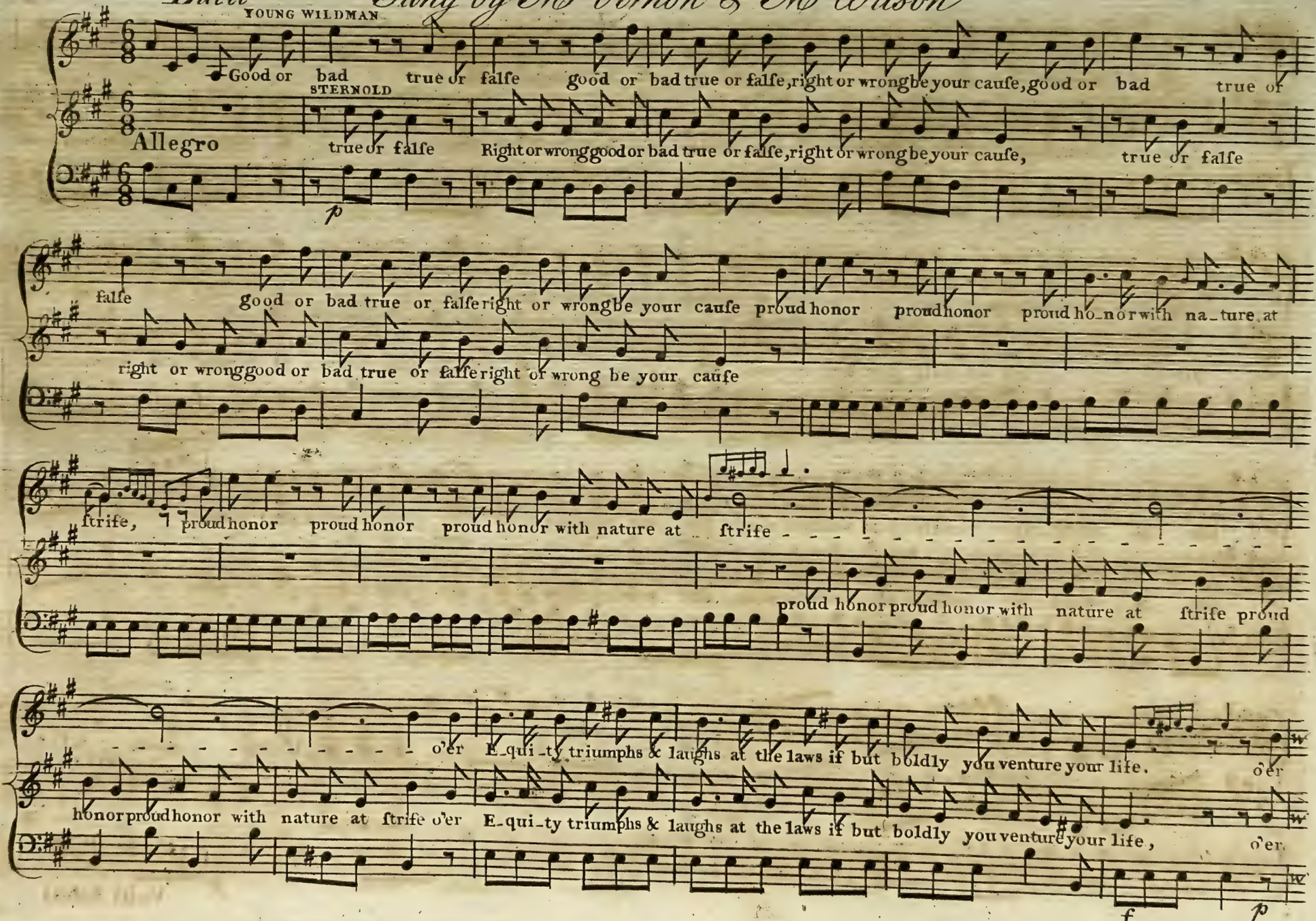
Sung by Mr Vernon




thirſt no more. till grown old, I thirſt no more, till, grown old, I thirſt no more. I thirſt no more. I thirſt no more.
f
give me then life's largeſt cup;
fill with pleaſure, fill it up; give me then lifes lar_geſt cup; fill with pleaſure, fill it up; give me then life's largeſt cup;
fill with pleaſure, fill it up; pleaſure, ſuch as love in_ſpires, pleaſure, ſuch as love in_ſpires, mel___ting Joys and
warm de____fires; mel_ting Joys and warm de_____fires; mel_ting Joys and warm de_____fires;
Volti


keep, oh keep it running o'er, keep oh keep it running o'er till grown old, I thirst no more, till, grown old, I thirst no more. till, grown old, I thirst no more. give me then life's largeft cup;
fill with pleafure, fill it up, pleafure, fuch as love Inſpires, melting Joys and warm deſires; keep, oh keep it running o'er, till, grown old, I thirſt no more. keep, oh keep it running o'er, till grown old, I thirſt no more. I thirſt no more. I thirſt no more. I thirſt no more.
f
f
f

Duett Sung by Mr Vernon & Mr Wilson



e--qui-ty triumphs and laughs at the laws if but boldly you venture your life If

e--qui-ty triumphs and laughs at the laws if but boldly you venture your life If boldly you venture your

boldly you venture your life If boldly you venture your life If boldly you venture your

life If boldly you venture your life If boldly you venture If boldly you venture your

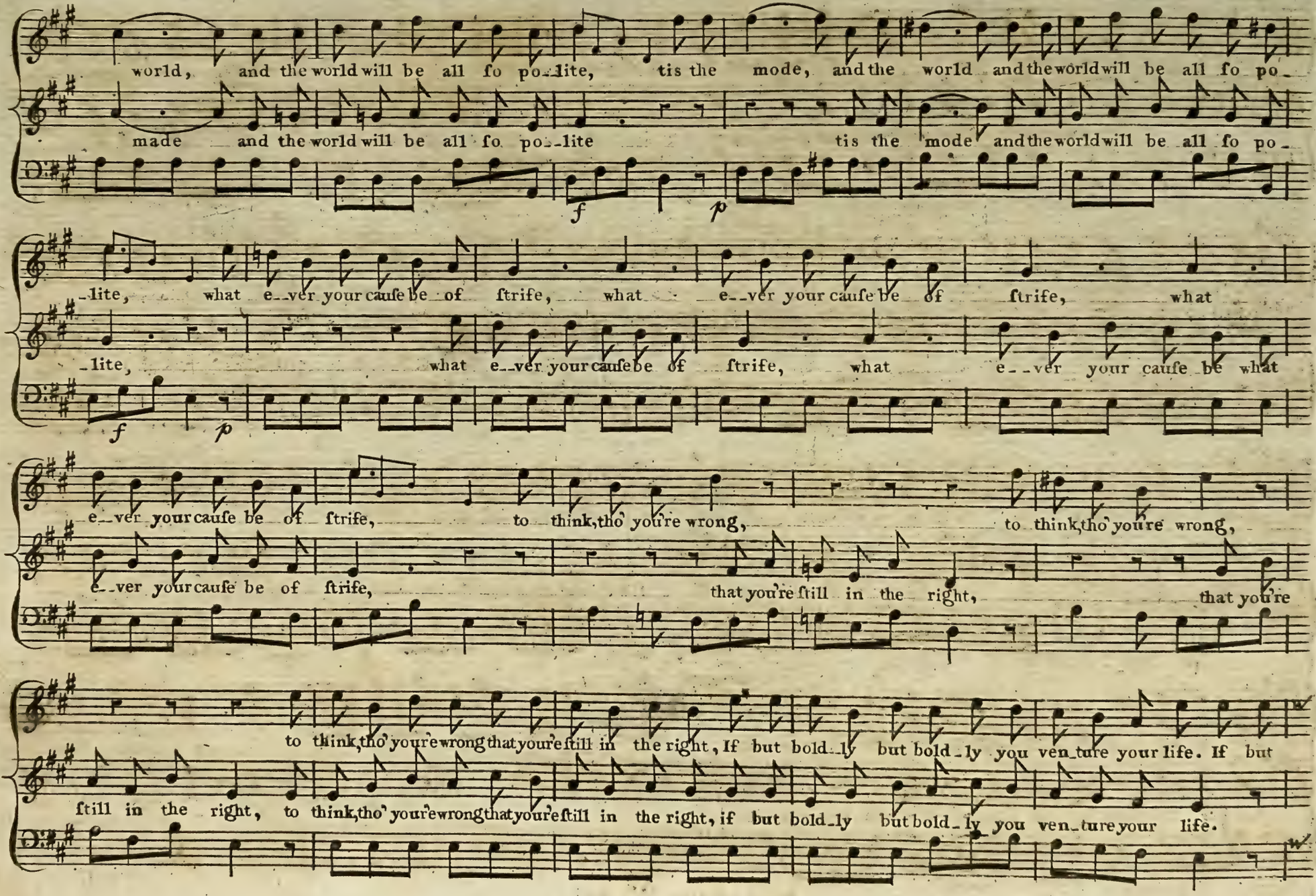
life If bold--ly boldly you venture your life you venture your life you venture your life. *f*

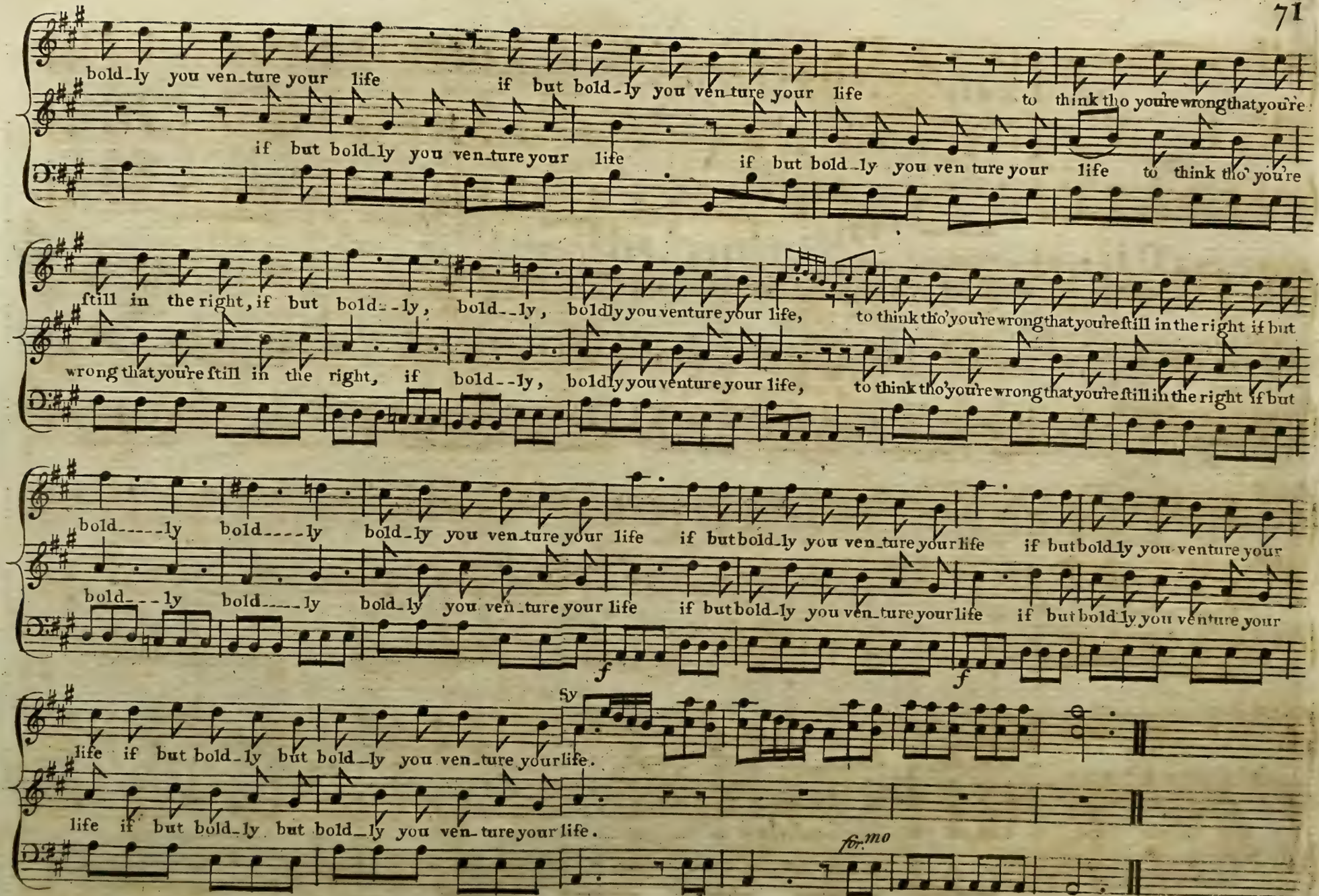
life If bold--ly boldly you venture your life you venture your life you venture your life. *f*

'tis the mode and the

'tis the

p Volti Subiti


world, and the world will be all fo po_lite, tis the mode, and the world and the world will be all fo po_
made and the world will be all fo po_lite tis the mode and the world will be all fo po_
f p
_lite, what e_ver your cauſe be of ſtrife, what e_ver your cauſe be of ſtrife, what
_lite, what e_ver your cauſe be of ſtrife, what e_ver your cauſe be what
f p
e_ver your cauſe be of ſtrife, to think, tho' you're wrong, to think, tho' you're wrong,
e_ver your cauſe be of ſtrife, that you're ſtill in the right, that you're
to think, tho' you're wrong that you're ſtill in the right, If but bold_ly but bold_ly you ven_ture your life. If but
ſtill in the right, to think, tho' you're wrong that you're ſtill in the right, if but bold_ly but bold_ly you ven_ture your life.



End of the 2d. Act.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Clar: Piano

Andantino

Fag.

Clar:

Fag.

Flutes

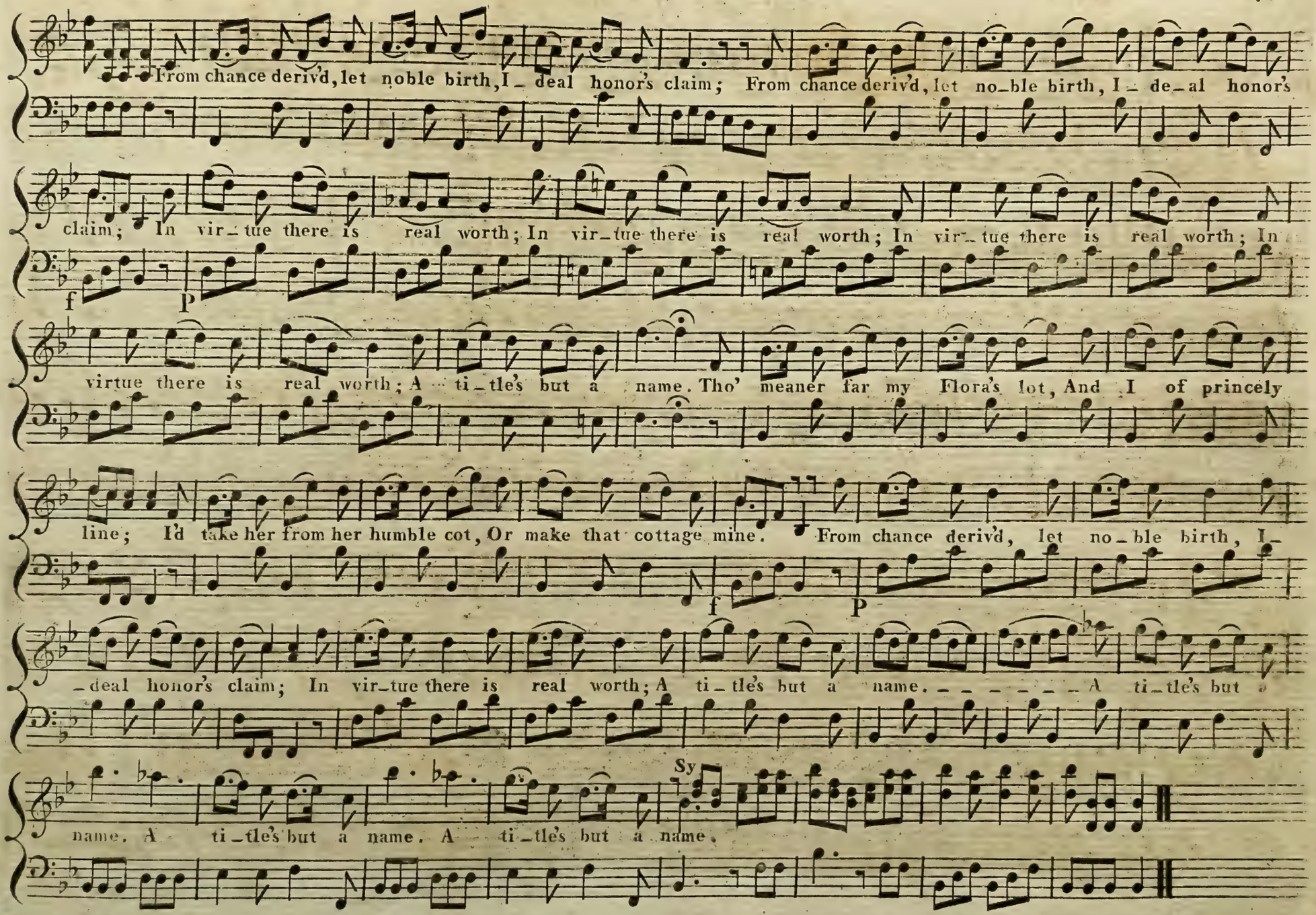
Sir John Manly

Tho' meaner far my

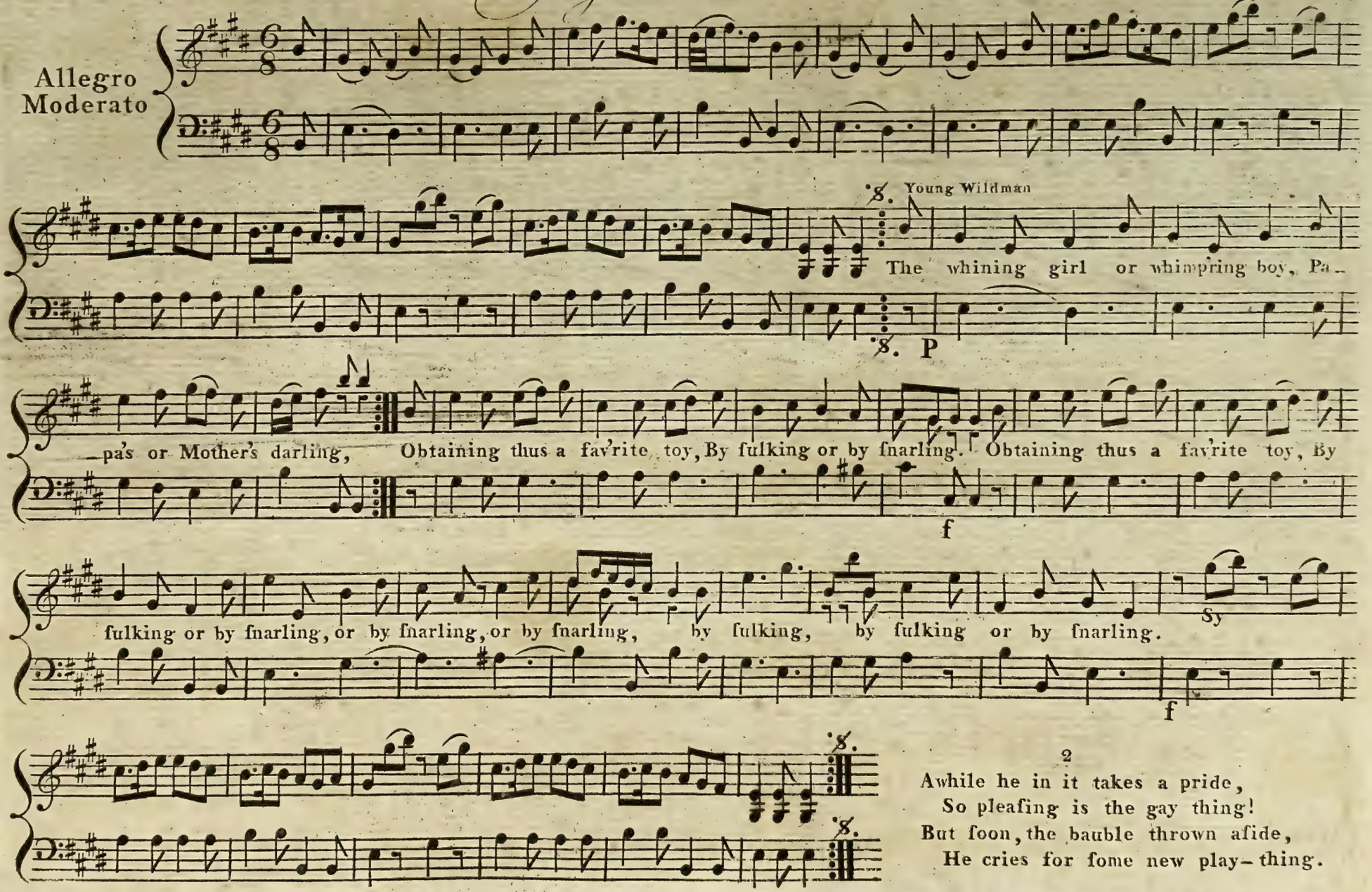
Flora's lot, And I of princely line; I'd take her from her humble cot, Or make that cottage mine. Tho' meaner far my

Flora's lot, And I of princely line; I'd take her from her humble cot, Or make that cottage mine. I'd take her from her

humble cot, Or make that cottage mine. - - - - - - - Or make that cottage mine.


From chance deriv'd, let noble birth, I_ deal honor's claim; From chance deriv'd, let no_ble birth, I _ de_al honor's
claim; In vir_tue there is real worth; In vir_tue there is real worth; In vir_tue there is real worth; In
f
P
virtue there is real worth; A ti_tle's but a name. Tho' meaner far my Flora's lot, And I of princely
line; I'd take her from her humble cot, Or make that cottage mine. From chance deriv'd, let no_ble birth, I_
f
P
_deal honor's claim; In vir_tue there is real worth; A ti_tle's but a name. _ _ _ _ _ _ A ti_tle's but a
Sy
name. A ti_tle's but a name. A ti_tle's but a name.

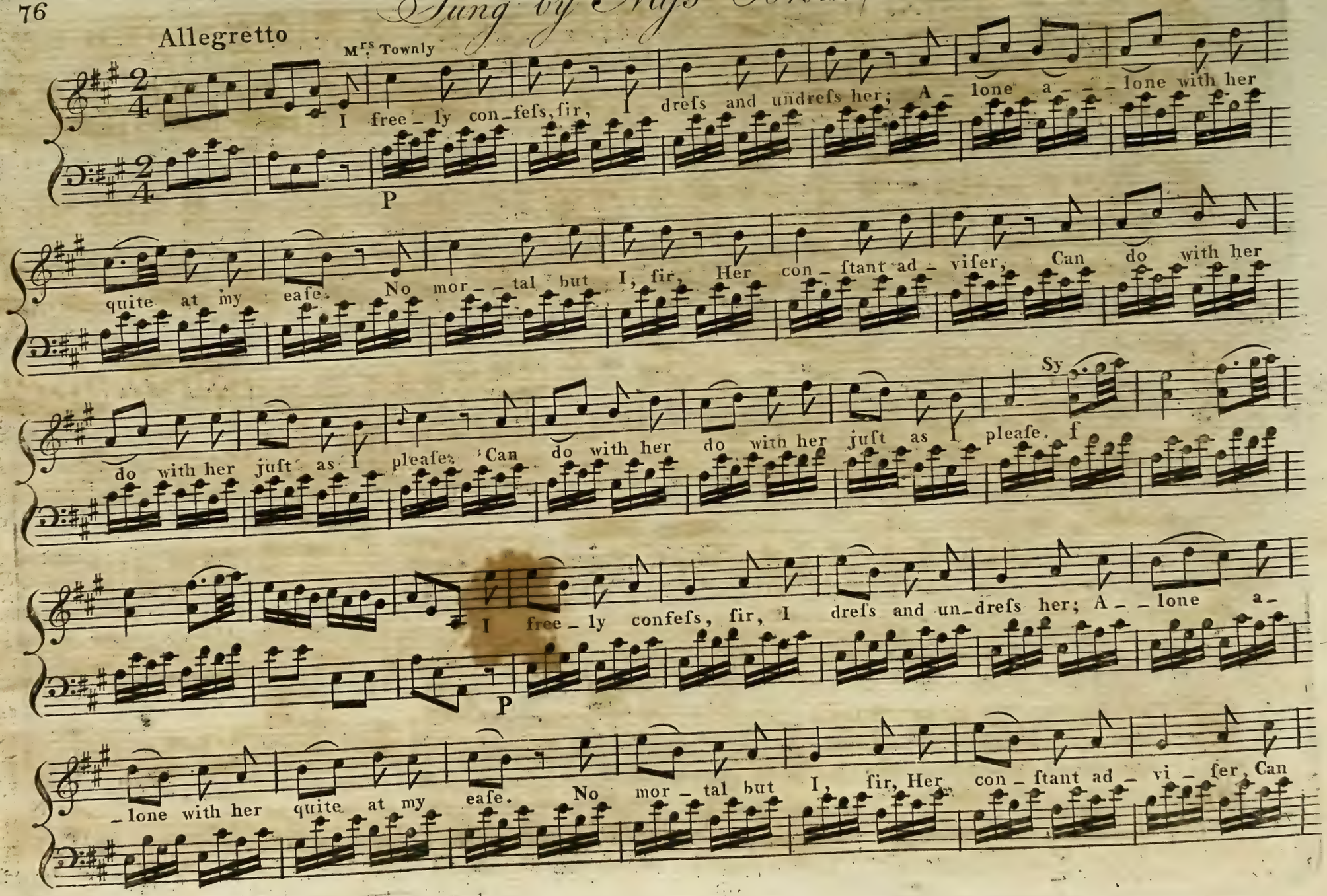
(Sung by Mr. Vernon)

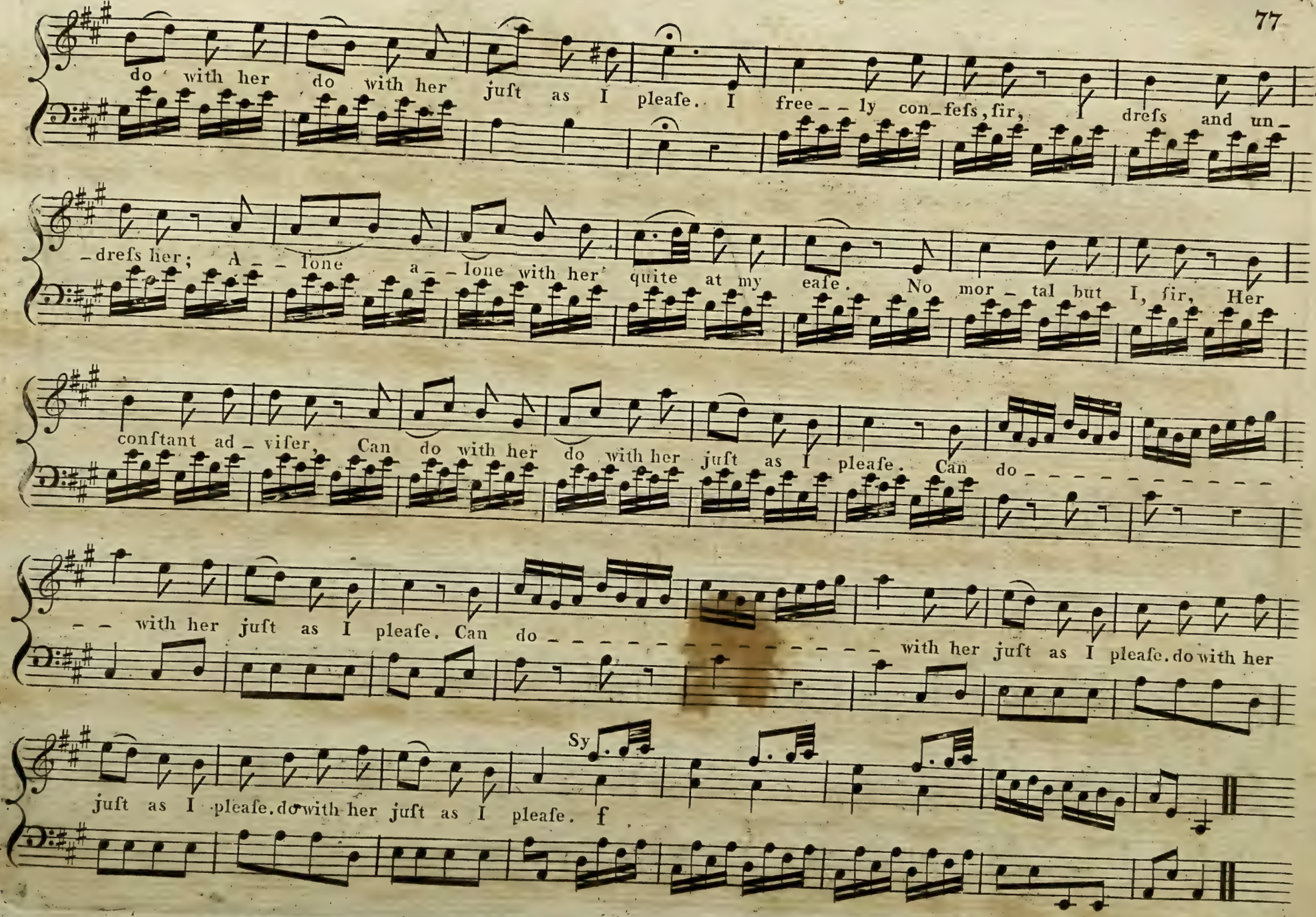


2

Awhile he in it takes a pride,
So pleafing is the gay thing!
But foon, the bauble thrown afide,
He cries for fome new play-thing.

Sung by Miſs Brown




do with her do with her juſt as I pleaſe. I free – ly con–feſs, ſir, I dreſs and un–
–dreſs her; A – lone a – lone with her quite at my eaſe. No mor – tal but I, ſir, Her
conſtant ad – viſer, Can do with her do with her juſt as I pleaſe. Can do
– – with her juſt as I pleaſe. Can do with her juſt as I pleaſe. do with her
Sy
juſt as I pleaſe. do with her juſt as I pleaſe. f

Sung by Mr. Vernon & Miss Brown

Duett

Allegro

Mrs. Townly

Not I, on my word, fir, I fight my own way. Not I, on my word, fir, I

Young Wildman

Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de - lay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de - lay. Come,

P

fight my own way. I fight my own way.

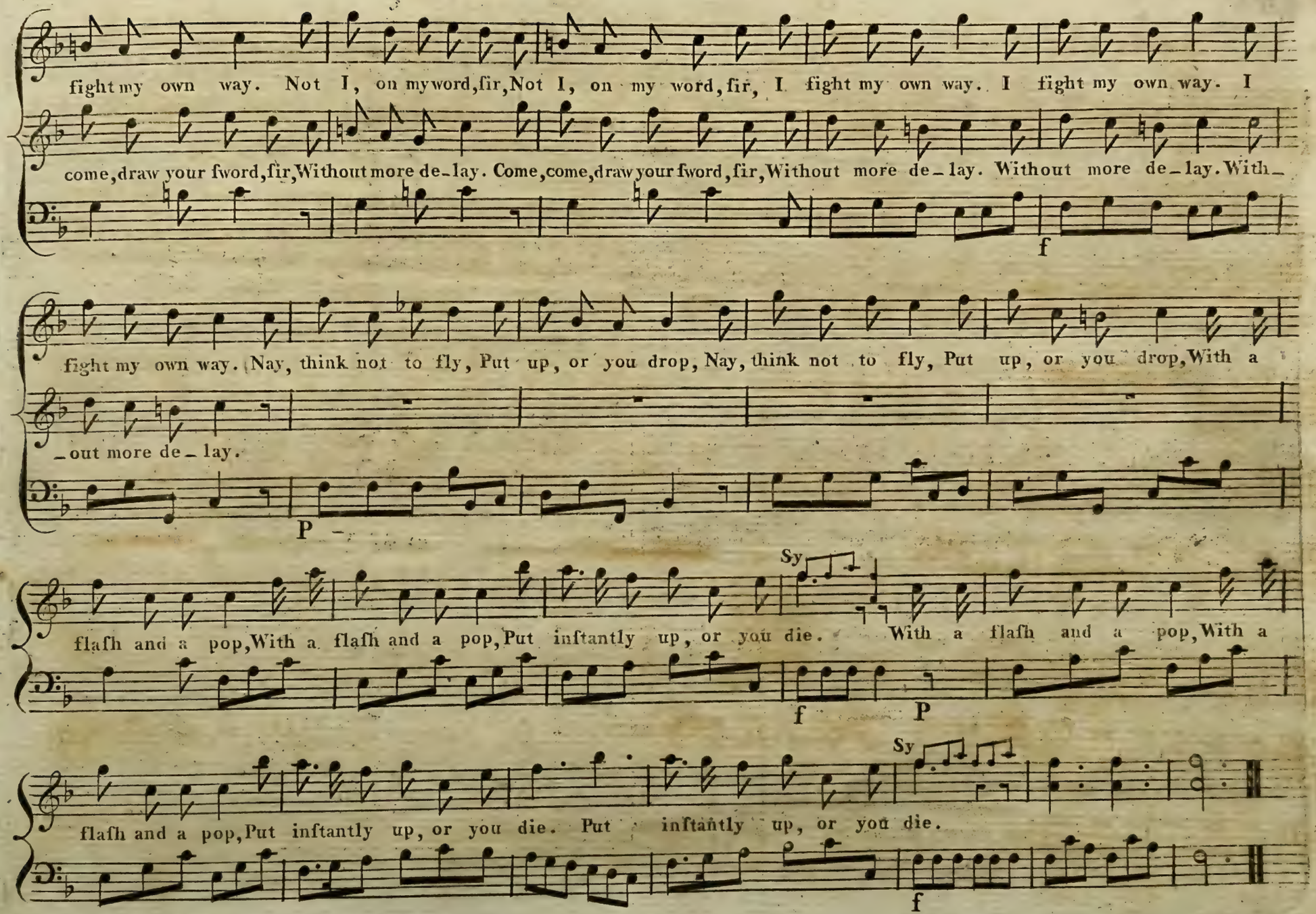
Not I, on my word, fir, I fight my own way. Not

come, draw your fword, fir, Without more delay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de - lay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, With-

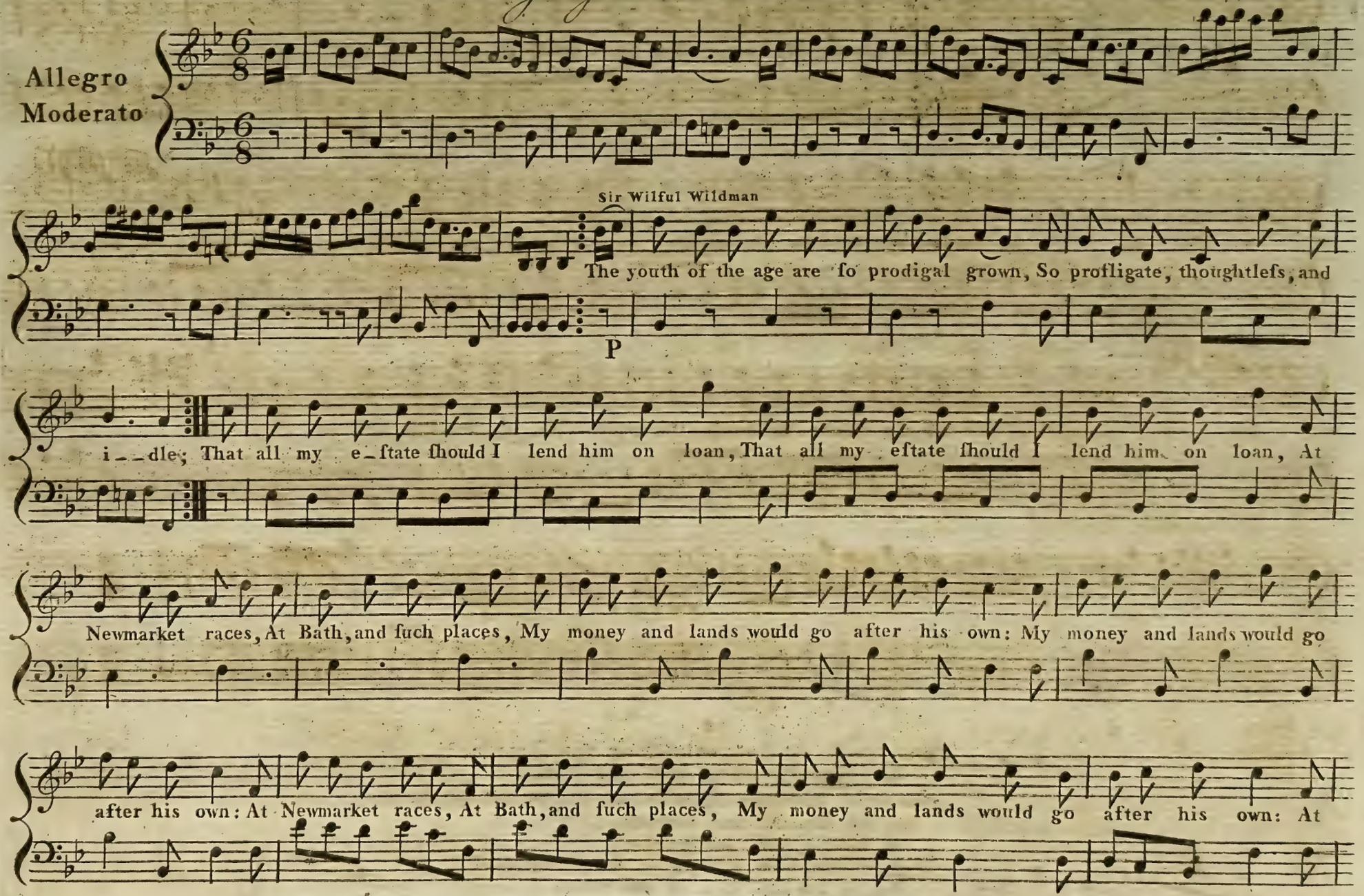
I, on my word, fir, Not I, on my word, fir, I fight my own way.

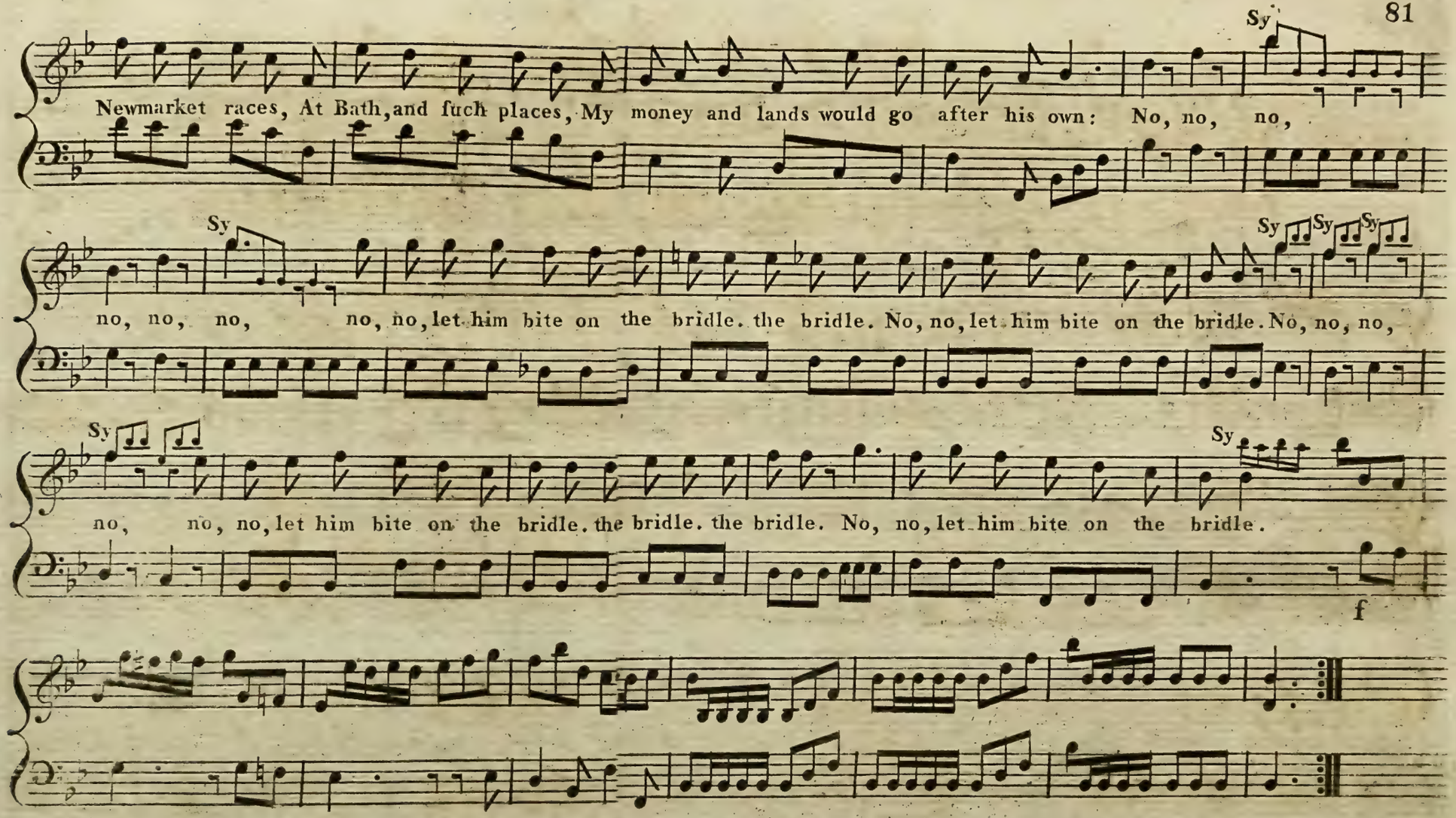
Not I, on my word, fir, I

- out more de - lay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more delay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de - lay. Come,


fight my own way. Not I, on my word, fir, Not I, on my word, fir, I fight my own way. I fight my own way. I
come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de-lay. Come, come, draw your fword, fir, Without more de-lay. Without more de-lay. With-
f
fight my own way. Nay, think not to fly, Put up, or you drop, Nay, think not to fly, Put up, or you drop, With a
-out more de-lay.
P
Sy
flaſh and a pop, With a flaſh and a pop, Put inſtantly up, or you die. With a flaſh and a pop, With a
f
P
Sy
flaſh and a pop, Put inſtantly up, or you die. Put inſtantly up, or you die.
f

Sung by Mr. Quick





2

Our family manſion, which Time ſtill regards,
In mouldring would totter and fidle;
Our oaks, that once ſhelter'd our Druids and Bards,
At Almack's and Arthur's,
Among ſtars and garters,
To earth would be fell'd, by a cut of the cards,
No, no, let him bite on the bridle.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks

Clarionett.

Andantino

P

tutti f

P

Sir John Manly

Can ſhreds of ſattin, ſilk or lace By mode or taſte com-

-bin'd, Beſtow one beauty on the face, One virtue on the mind. Then, Flo-ra, wherefore ſtoop ſo low, To

f

P

have recourſe to art, Your charms require not dreſs nor ſhow, To cap-tivate the heart. Then, Flora, wherefore ſtoop ſo low, To

have recourſe to art, Your charms require not dreſs nor ſhow, To cap-tivate the heart. To captivate the heart. To

f

P

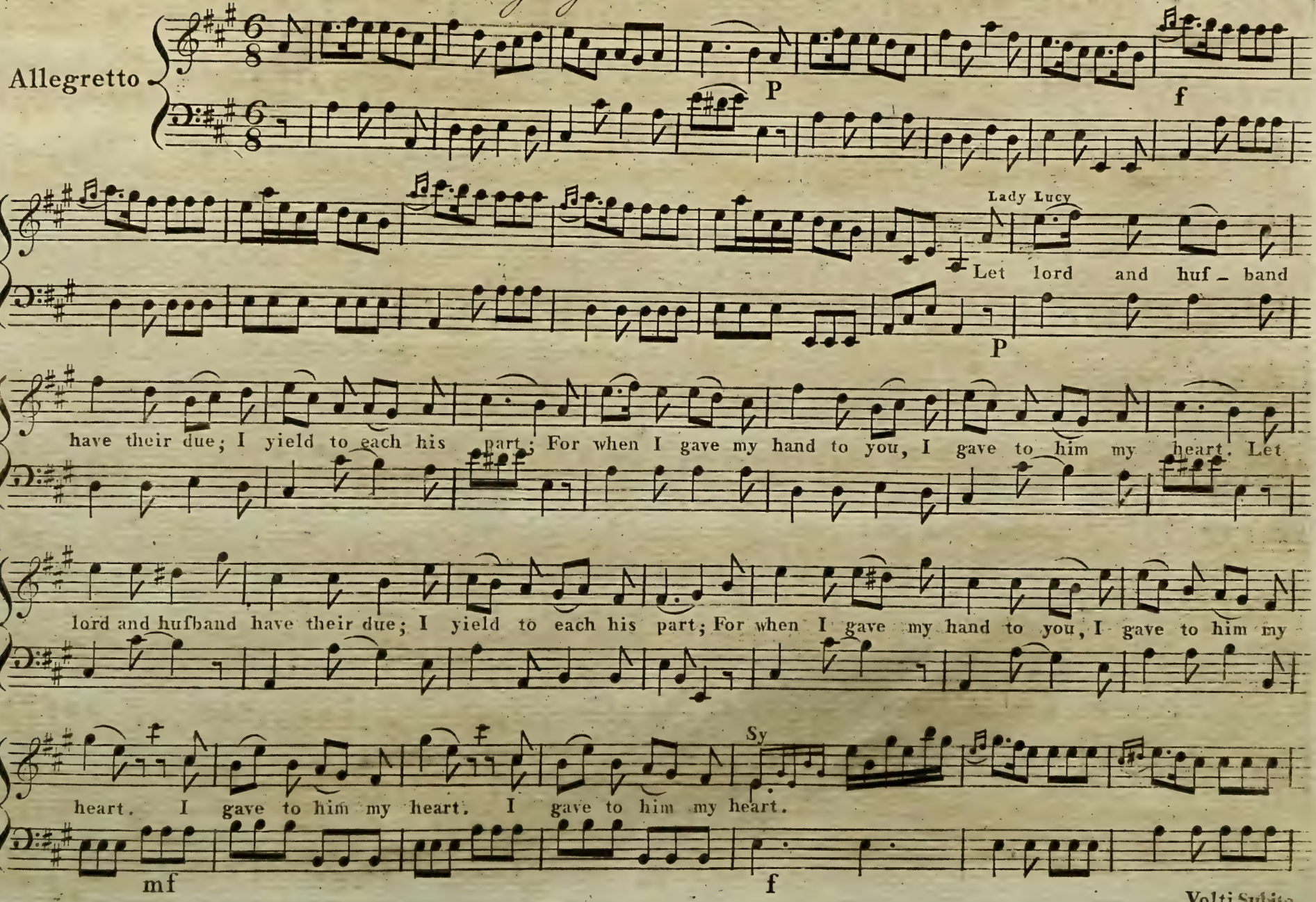
captivate the heart. Your charms require not dreſs nor ſhow, To captivate the heart.

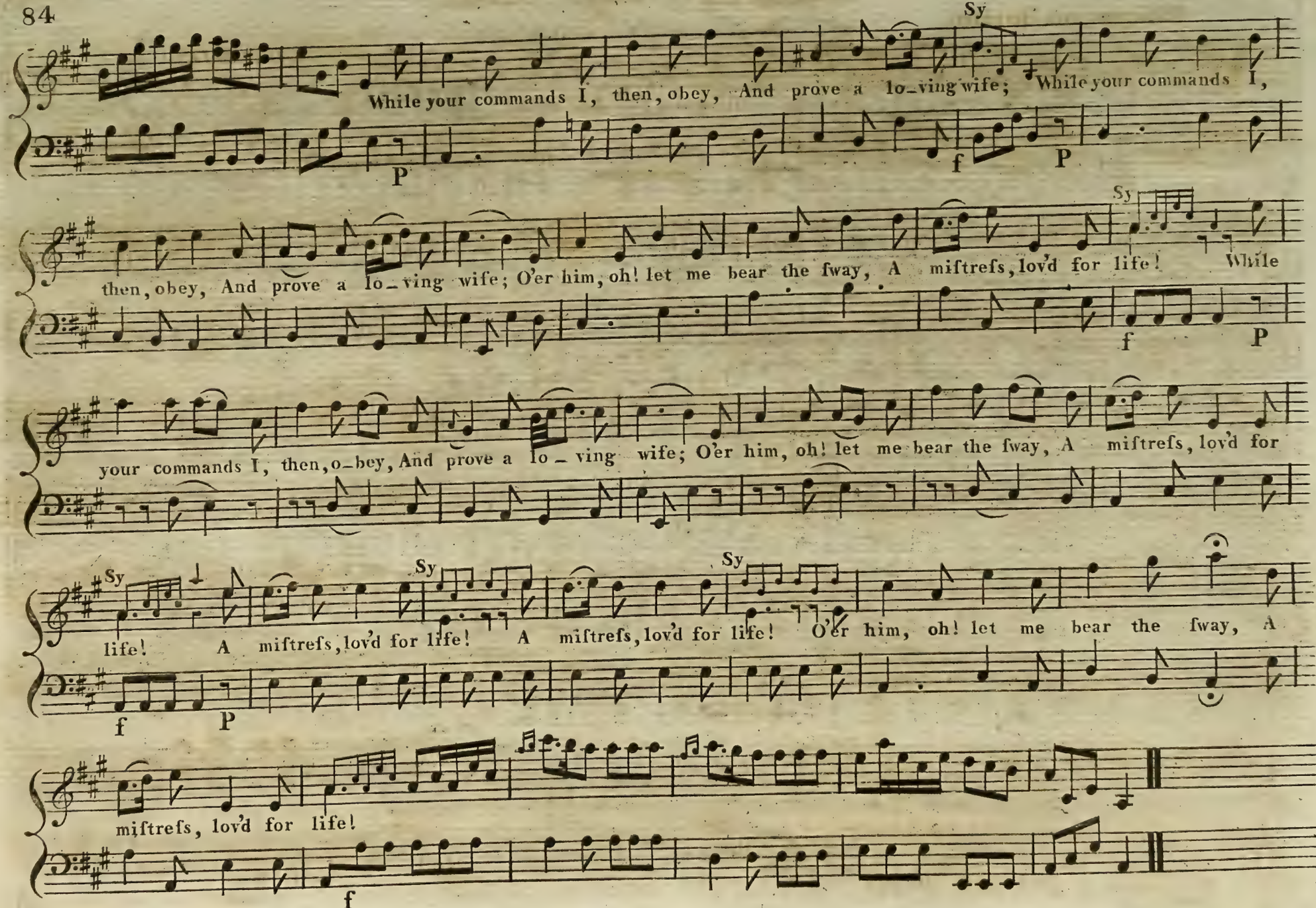
Sy

P

f

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks

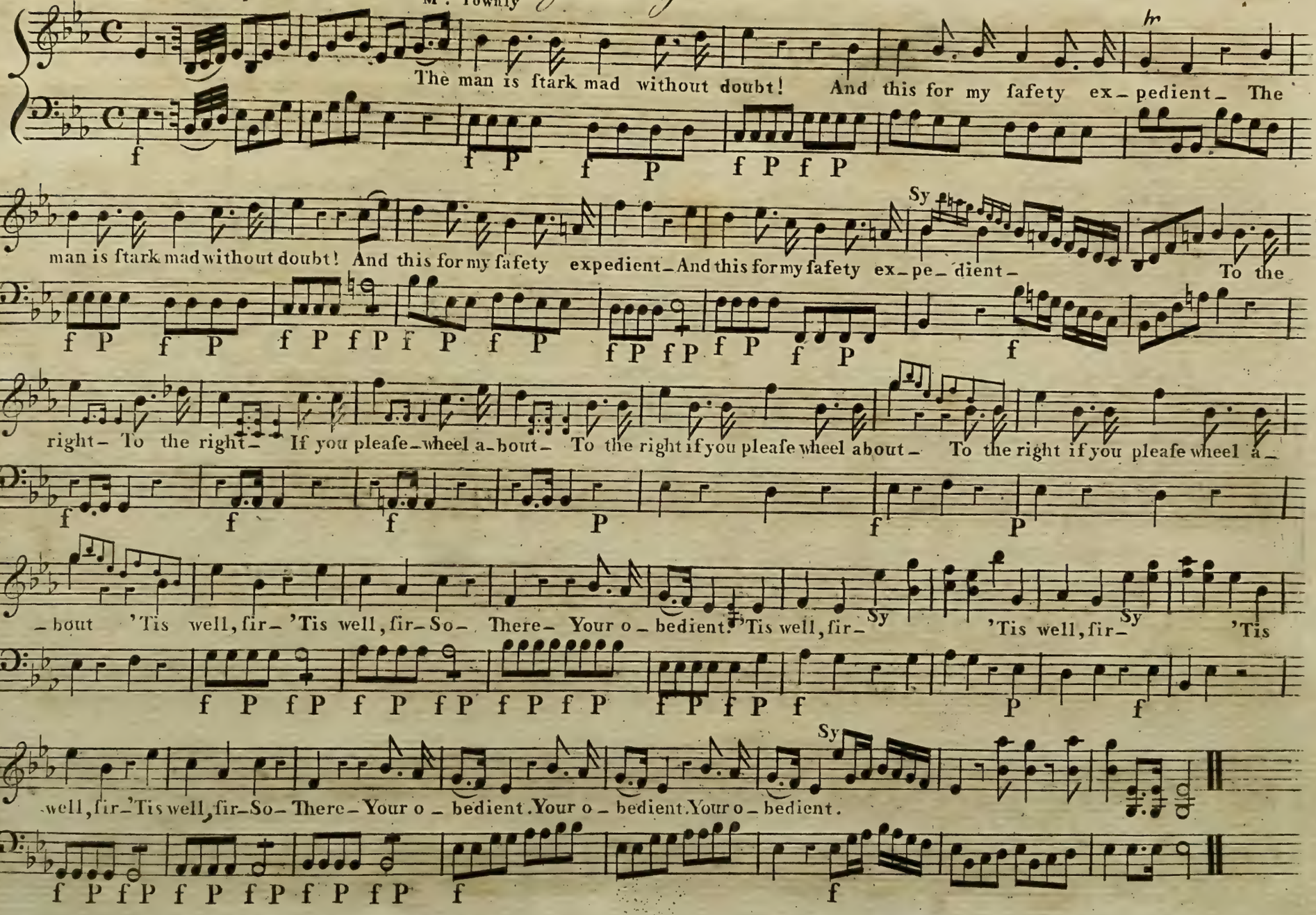



Sy
While your commands I, then, obey, And prove a lo_ving wife; While your commands I,
P
f
P
Sy
then, obey, And prove a lo_ving wife; O'er him, oh! let me bear the fway, A miſtreſs, lov'd for life! While
f
P
your commands I, then, o_bey, And prove a lo_ving wife; O'er him, oh! let me bear the fway, A miſtreſs, lov'd for
Sy
Sy
Sy
life! A miſtreſs, lov'd for life! A miſtreſs, lov'd for life! O'er him, oh! let me bear the fway, A
f
P
miſtreſs, lov'd for life!
f

Allegro con ſpirito

Sung by Miſs Brown

Mrs. Townly



Sung by Mrs Mattocks

Lady Lucy

Andante

Oh, ſtay, ah, turn, my on-ly dear; The ſportive tri - al's too ſevere, It pains me thus to

ſempre pianiſs:

grieve you; It pains me thus to grieve you; Sy Leave not in rage your faithful bride; But lay your fears and

frowns aſide, And let her un-de-ceive you. And let her un-de-ceive you. Sy

Sung by Mrs Mattocks Mr Quick Mr Wilson and Mrs Mattocks.

Sir Wilful Wildman

Quartett

Allegro Moderato

Does the fooliſh fellow faulter Prithee

P

make no more delay; Take the girl or take the halter, Stand not ſhill I, ſhall I, pray. Does the fooliſh fellow faulter Prithee make no more delay; Take the

Sternhold

girl or take the halter, Stand not ſhill I, ſhall I, pray. Take the girl or take the halter, Stand not ſhill I, ſhall I, pray. While there's life, man,

Allegro

there is hope, Take the wife and leave the rope. While there's life, man, there is hope, Take the wife and leave the rope.

Lady Lucy

While there's life, man, there is hope, Take the wife and leave the rope. Scarce can I re-frain from laughter.

Sir John Manly

Sternhold

S.r W: Wildman

Stern.d

Mayn't the man be hang'd hereafter, When to wife and huſband too- The rope may prove a friend- That's true. The

Sir Wilful Wildman

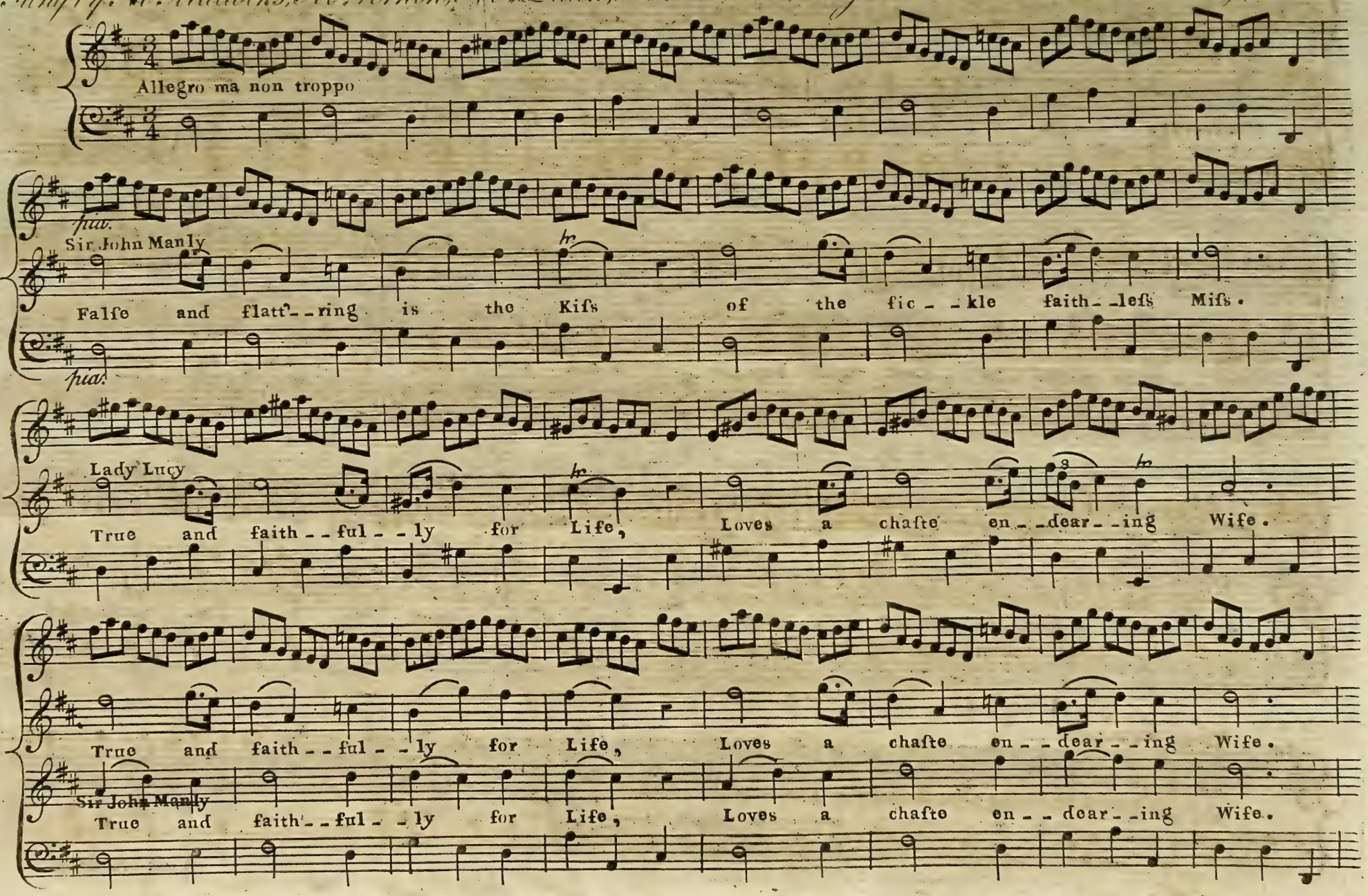
Sy

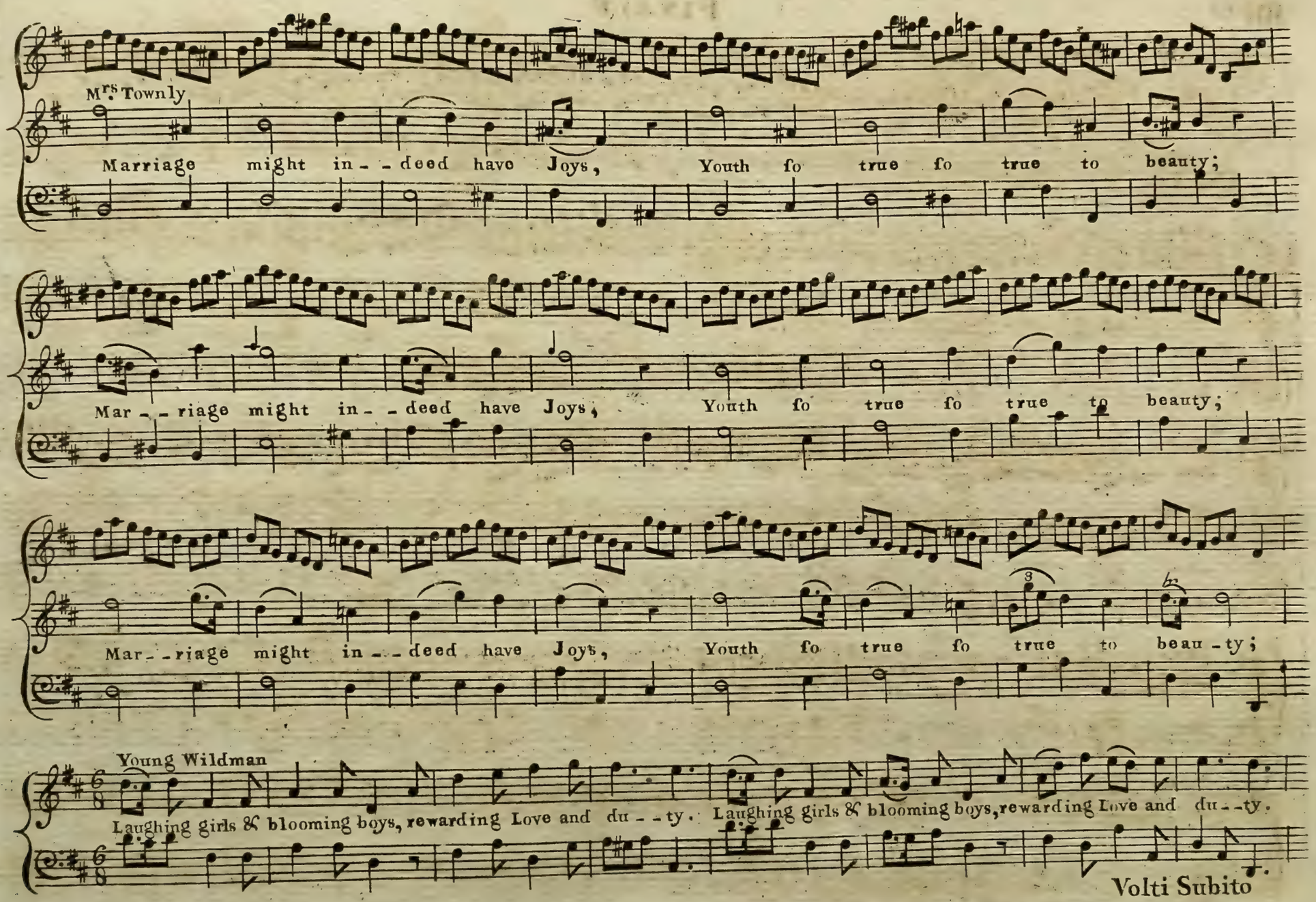
rope may prove a friend- That's true. That's true. That's true.

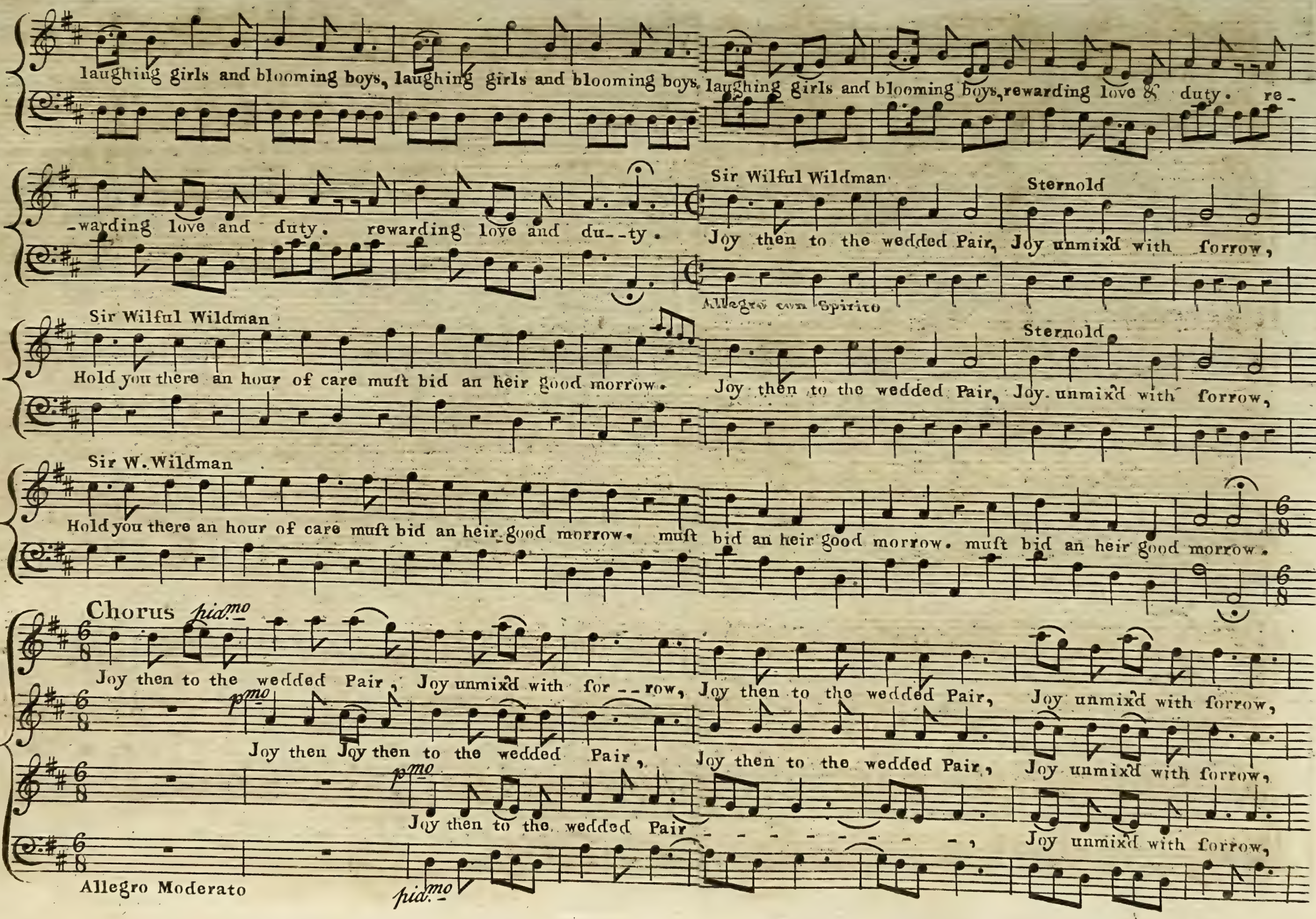
f

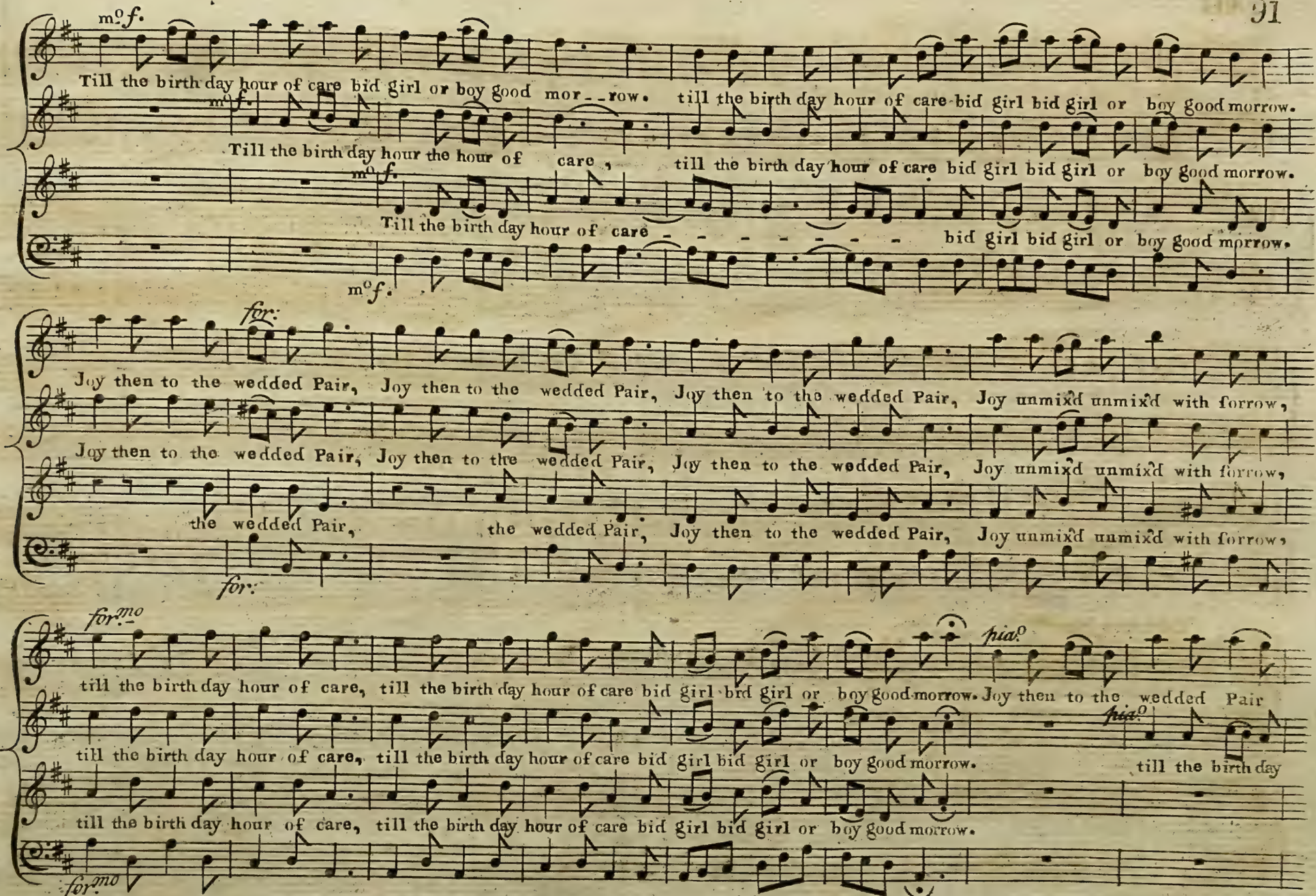
FINALE

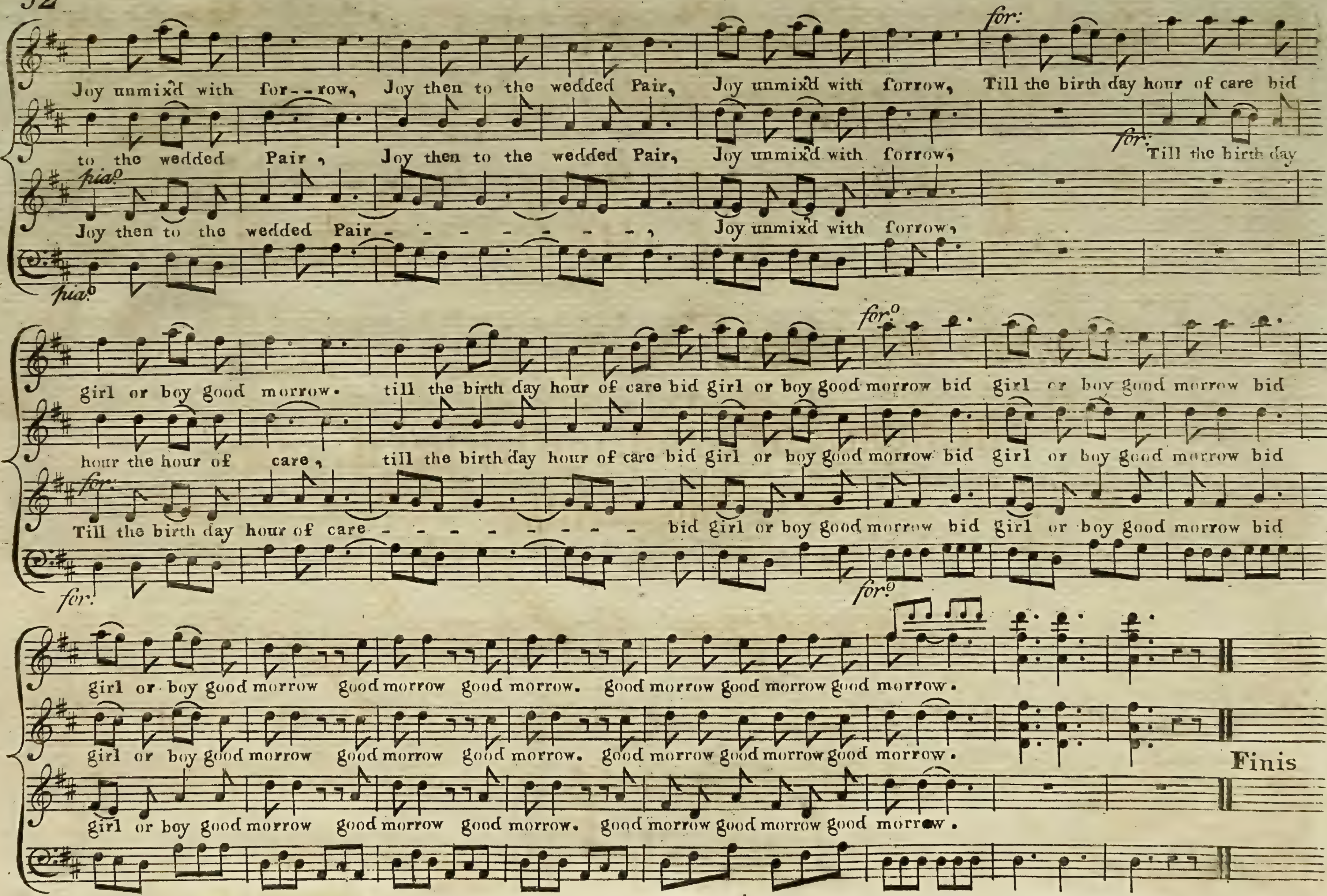
Sung by Mr. Mattocks, Mr. Vernon, Mr. Quick, Mr. Wilson, Miss Brown, Mrs. Mattocks, & others.




Mrs. Townly
Marriage might in - - deed have Joys, Youth so true so true to beauty;
Mar - - riage might in - - deed have Joys, Youth so true so true to beauty;
Mar - - riage might in - - deed have Joys, Youth so true so true to beau - ty;
Young Wildman
Laughing girls & blooming boys, rewarding Love and du - - ty. Laughing girls & blooming boys, rewarding Love and du - - ty.
Volti Subito


laughing girls and blooming boys, laughing girls and blooming boys, laughing girls and blooming boys, rewarding love & duty. re-
-warding love and duty, rewarding love and du--ty.
Sir Wilful Wildman
Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
Sternold
Allegro con Spirito
Sir Wilful Wildman
Hold you there an hour of care muft bid an heir good morrow.
Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
Sternold
Sir W. Wildman
Hold you there an hour of care muft bid an heir good morrow. muft bid an heir good morrow. muft bid an heir good morrow.
Chorus
pia.mo
Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with for--row, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
p.mo
Joy then Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
p.mo
Joy then to the wedded Pair - - - - - - - -, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
Allegro Moderato
pia.mo


m.o f.
Till the birth day hour of care bid girl or boy good mor__row. till the birth day hour of care bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow.
Till the birth day hour the hour of care, till the birth day hour of care bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow.
Till the birth day hour of care _ _ _ _ _ _ _ bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow.
for:
Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmixd unmixd with sorrow,
Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmixd unmixd with sorrow,
the wedded Pair, the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmixd unmixd with sorrow,
for.mo
till the birth day hour of care, till the birth day hour of care bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow. Joy then to the wedded Pair
pia.o
till the birth day hour of care, till the birth day hour of care bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow. till the birth day
till the birth day hour of care, till the birth day hour of care bid girl bid girl or boy good morrow.


for:
Joy unmix'd with for--row, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow, Till the birth day hour of care bid
to the wedded Pair, Joy then to the wedded Pair, Joy unmix'd with forrow, for: Till the birth day
pia°
Joy then to the wedded Pair - - - - - - - -, Joy unmix'd with forrow,
pia°
for°
girl or boy good morrow. till the birth day hour of care bid girl or boy good morrow bid girl or boy good morrow bid
hour the hour of care, till the birth day hour of care bid girl or boy good morrow bid girl or boy good morrow bid
for:
Till the birth day hour of care - - - - - - - - bid girl or boy good morrow bid girl or boy good morrow bid
for:
for°
girl or boy good morrow good morrow good morrow. good morrow good morrow good morrow.
girl or boy good morrow good morrow good morrow. good morrow good morrow good morrow.
girl or boy good morrow good morrow good morrow. good morrow good morrow good morrow.
Finis

4 H240/4
RCM London

The CAMP

An Entertainment as performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY LANE,

Composed by

Thomas Linley.

Price 5.s

LONDON

Printed for S. & A. Thompson No. 75 St. Paul's Church Yard.

NB: The favorite Song in the School for Scandal is Printed at the end of this Book by permission of the Author.

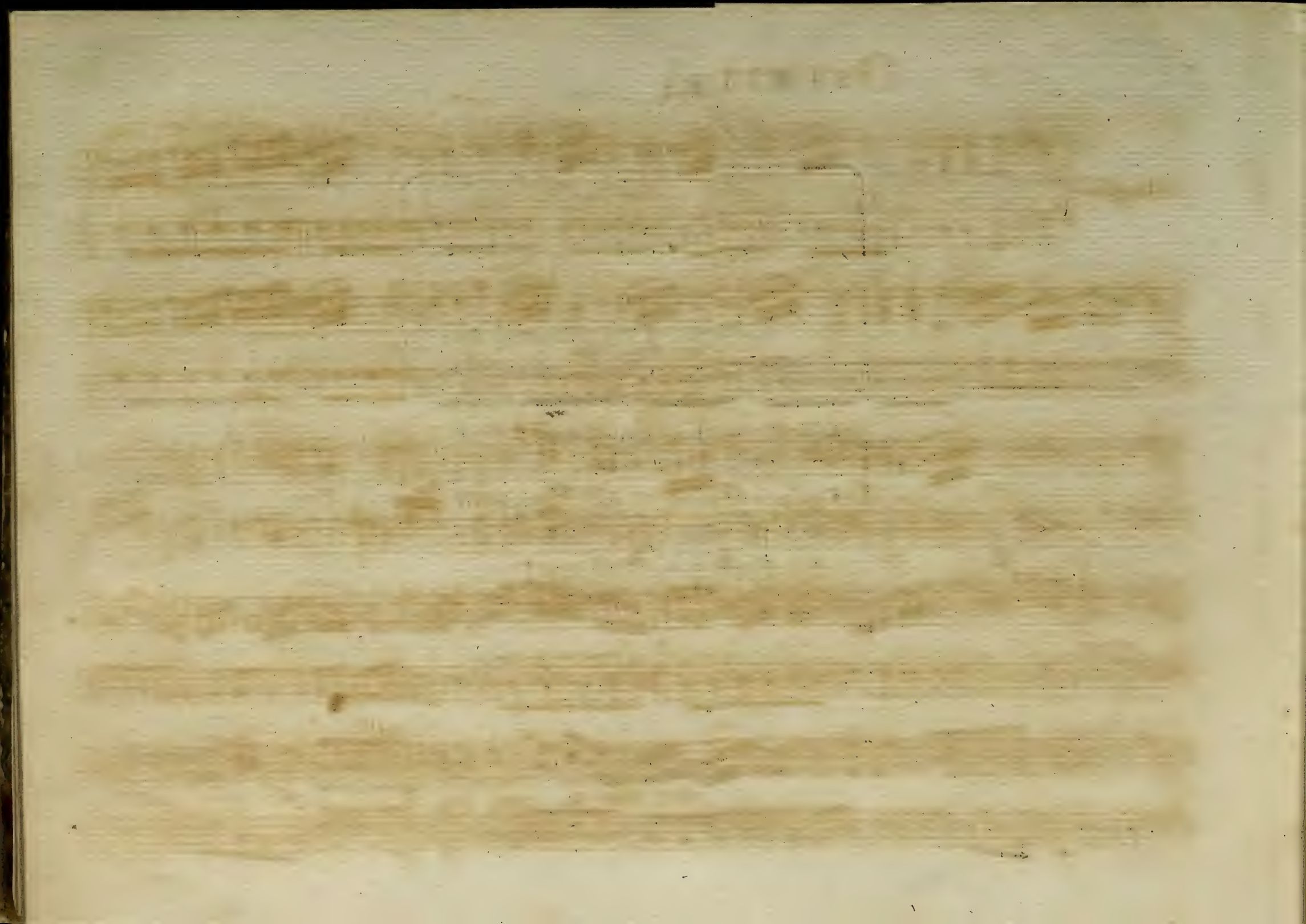
SOLD by J. & J. SIMPSON.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.

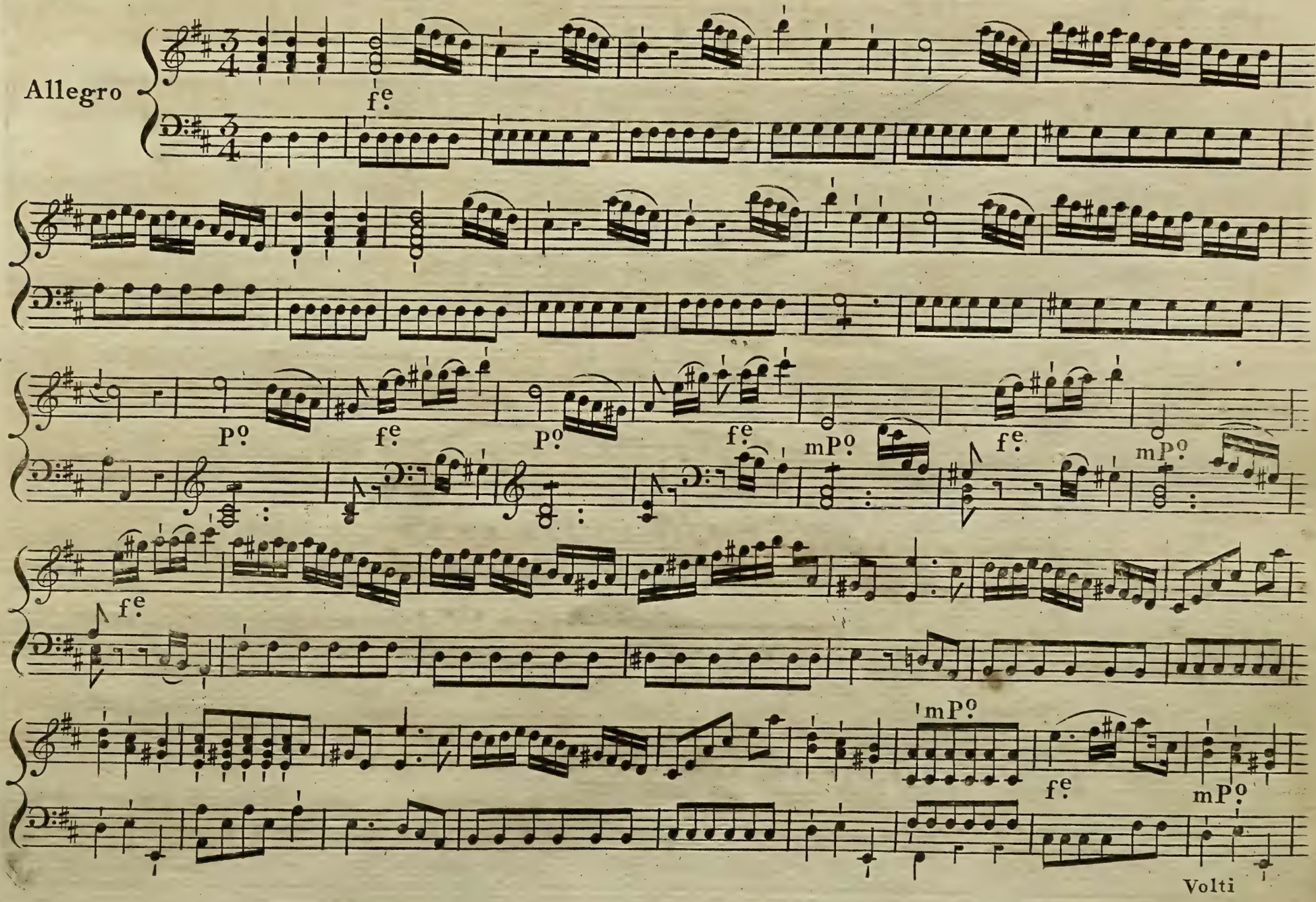
Advertisement.

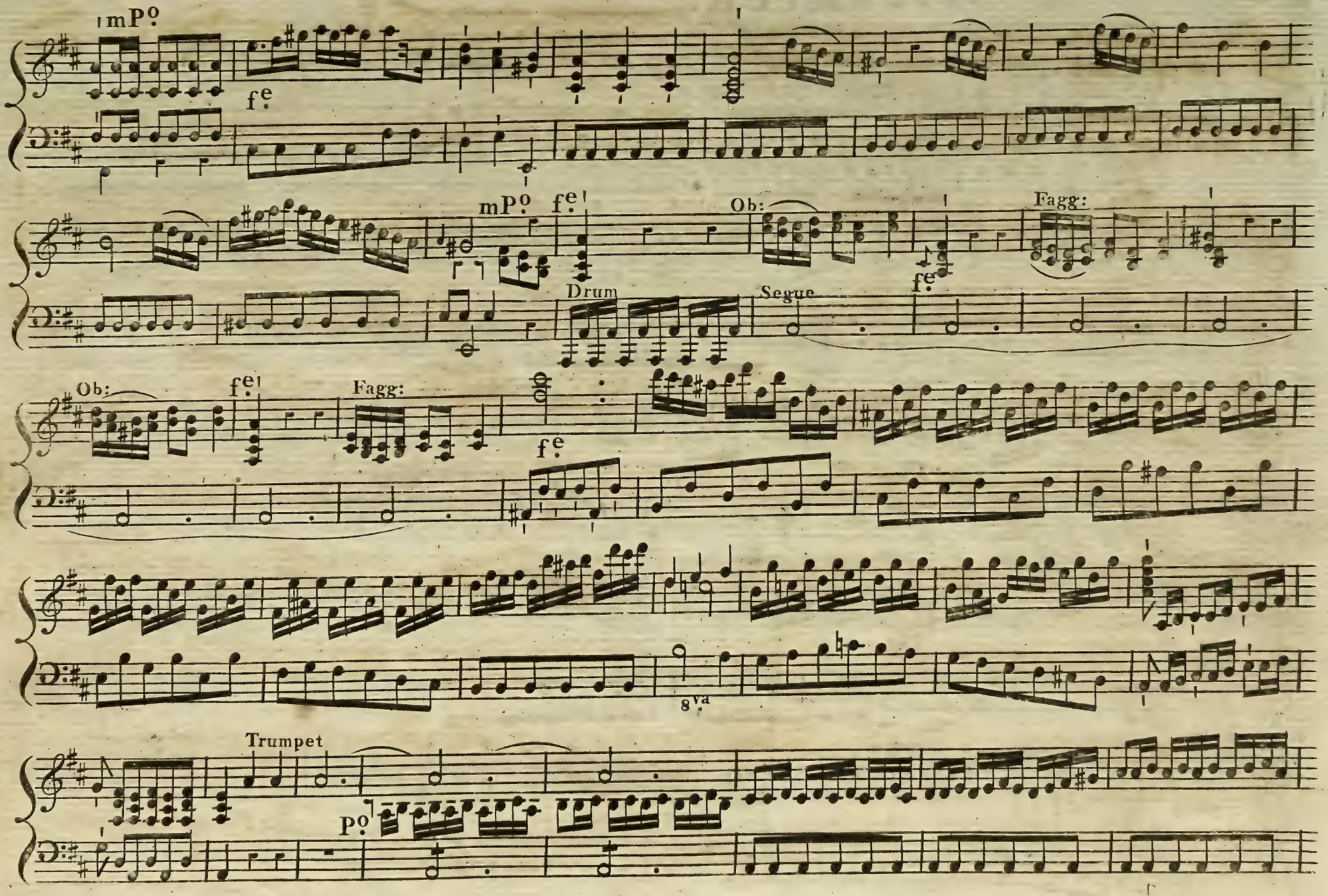
***The Words of the following Airs Trios &c. introduced in the Entertain-ment of the CAMP are many of them taken from the Comic Opera of the ROYAL MERCHANT Set by the fame Composer, some of the Musick of which was foumd particularly appli-cable to the Subject of this Piece.

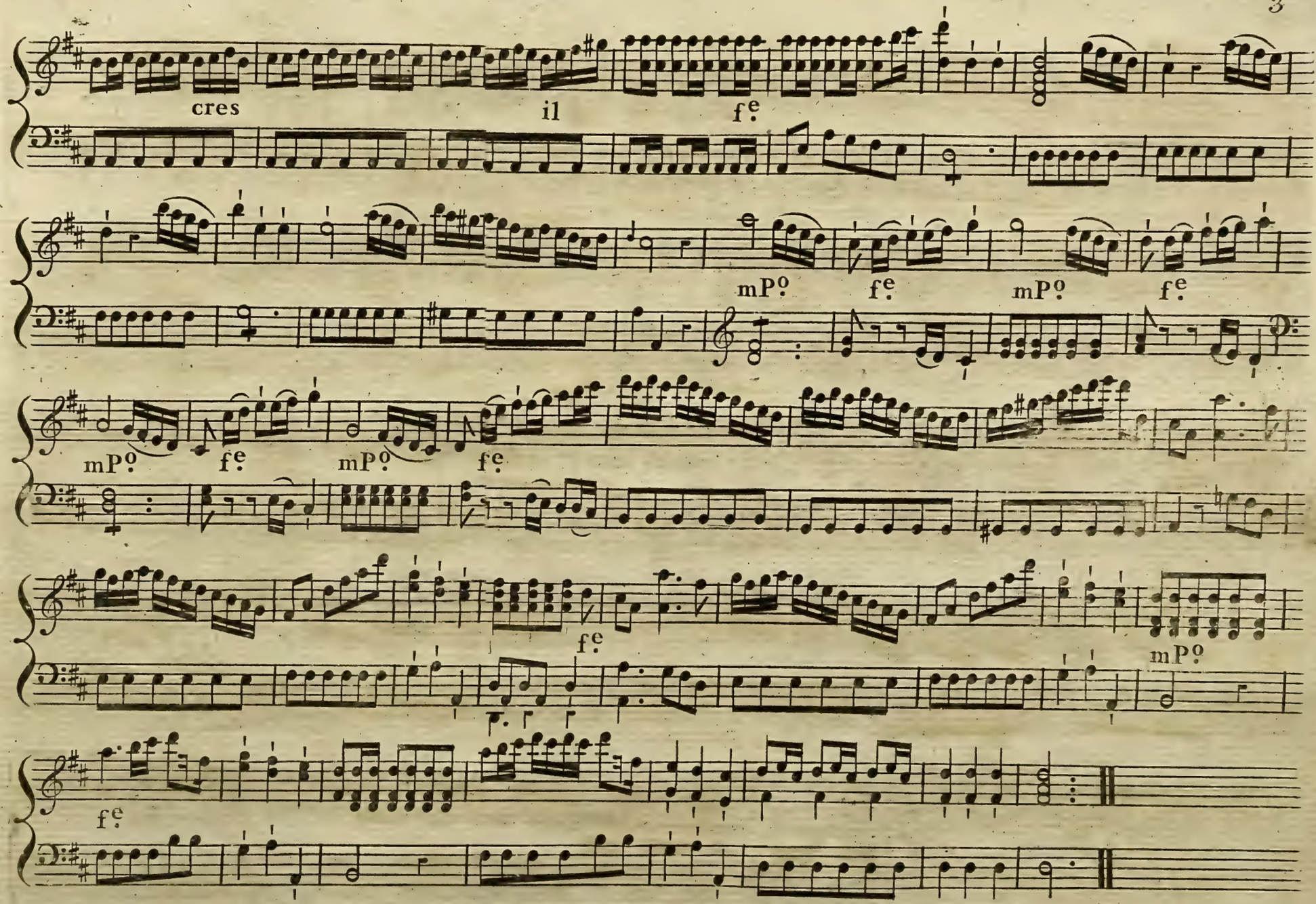
T.L.



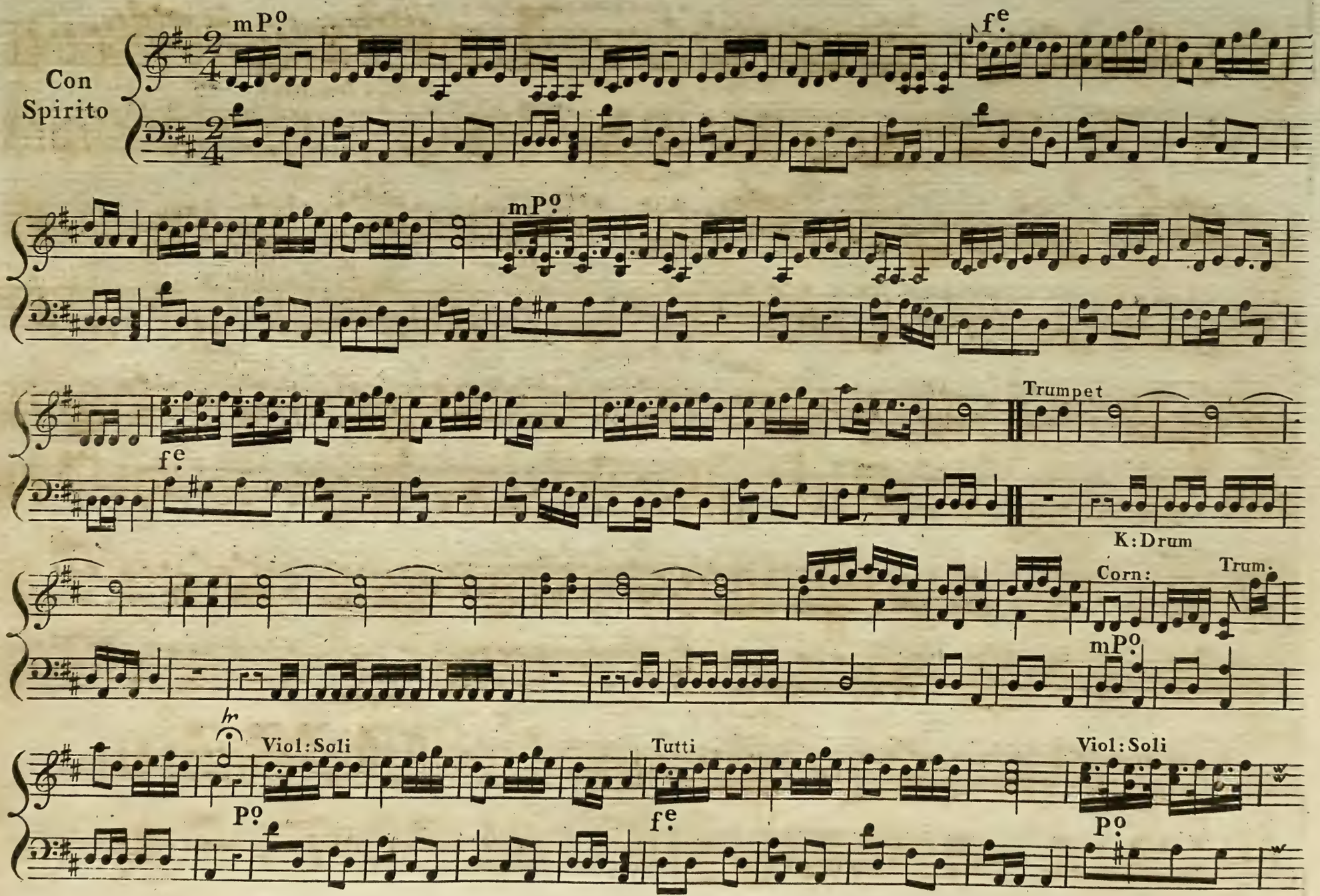
Overture

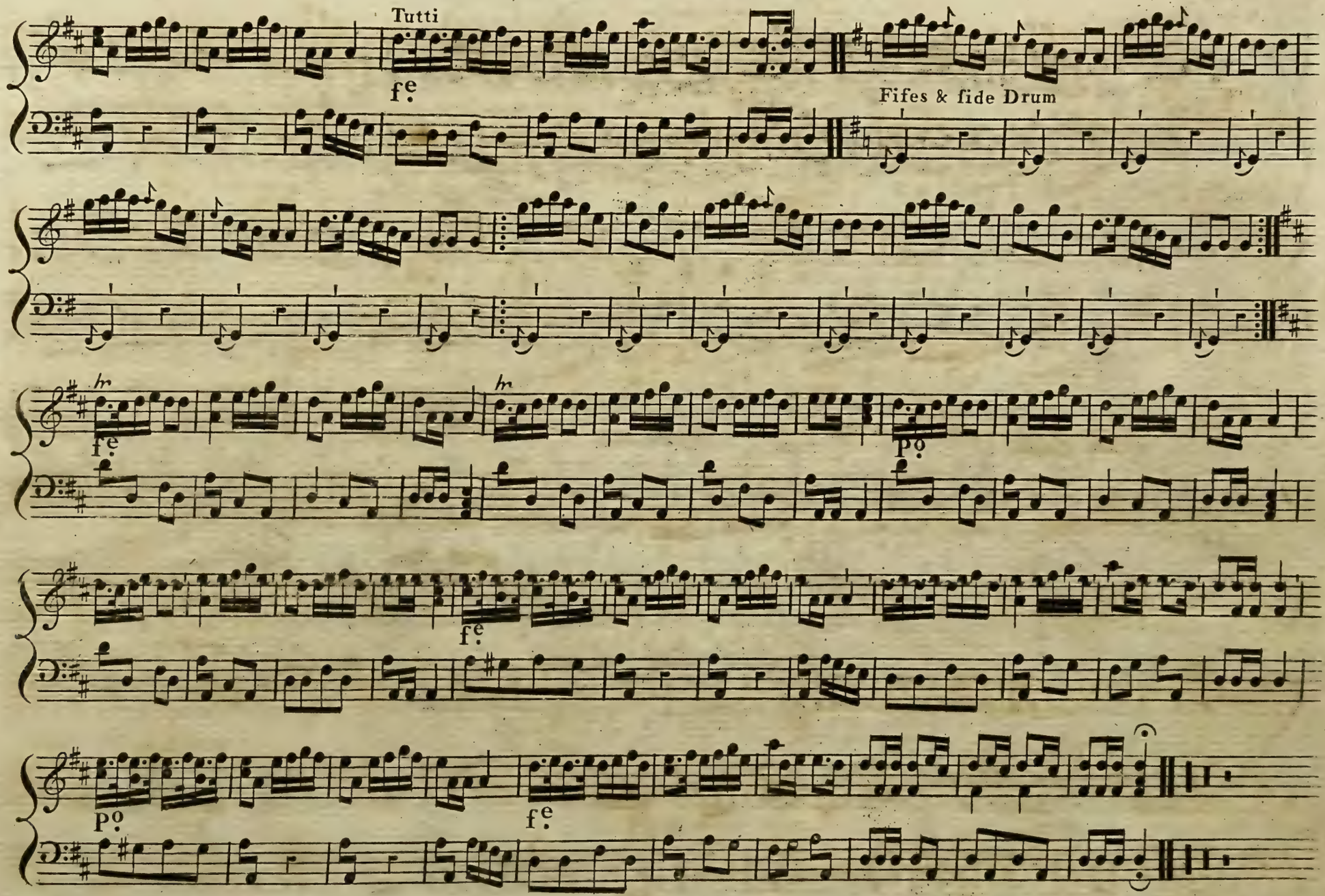



mPo
fe
mPo
fe
Ob:
Fagg:
Drum
Segue
fe
Ob:
fe
Fagg:
fe
8va
Trumpet
Po



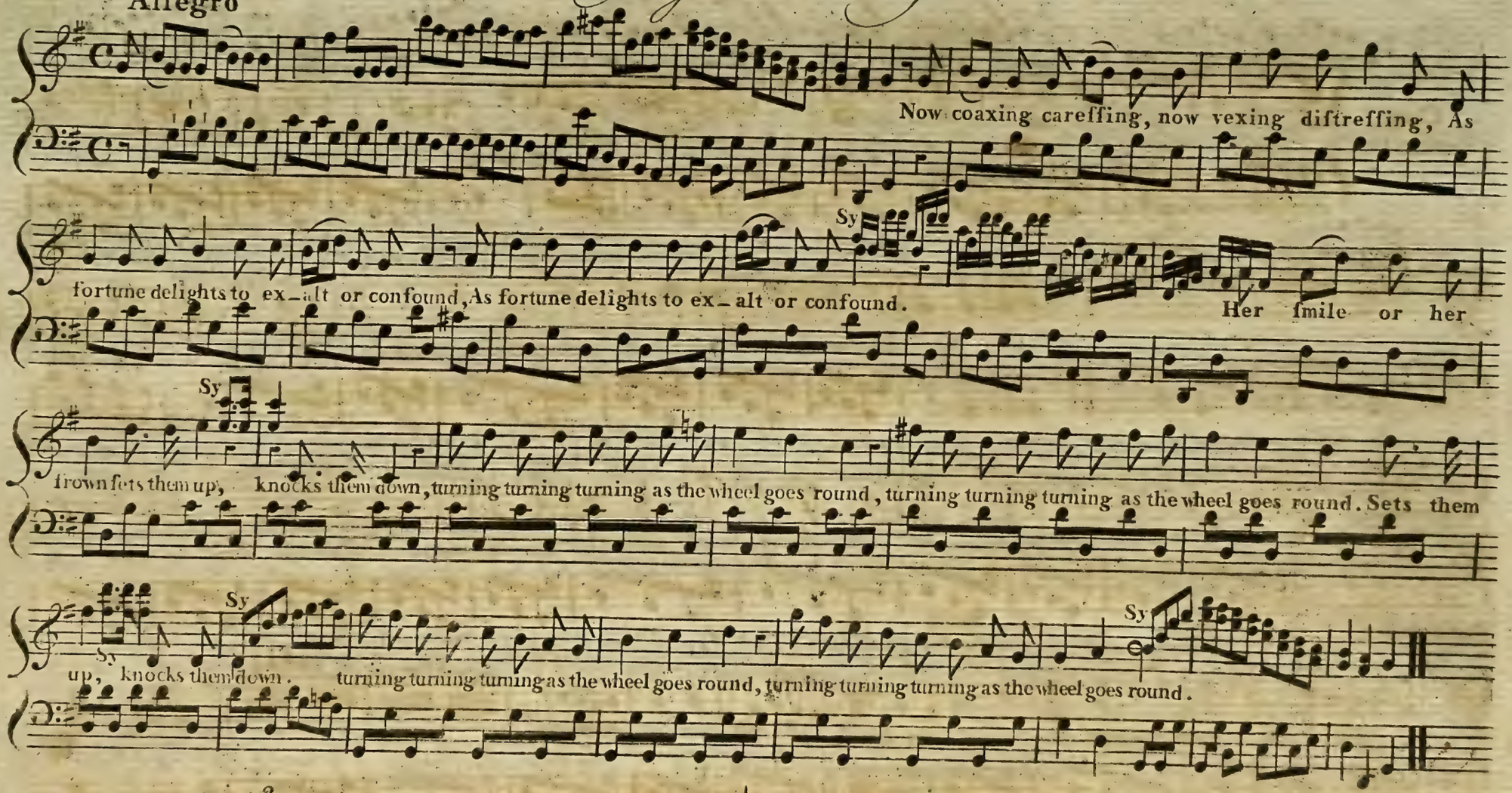
Volti


Con Spirito
mPo
fe
mPo
fe
Trumpet
K:Drum
Corn:
Trum.
mPo
hr
Viol:Soli
Po
Tutti
fe
Viol:Soli
Po


Tutti
f:e
Fifes & fide Drum
P:o
f:e
P:o
f:e

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten

Allegro

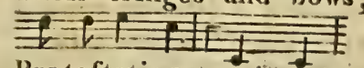


2

We ſee by this ſample,
On thoſe they would trample,
Whom fortune hard fortune has thrown to the ground,
To thoſe raiſ'd on high,
Fawn flatter and lye
Turning turning &c.

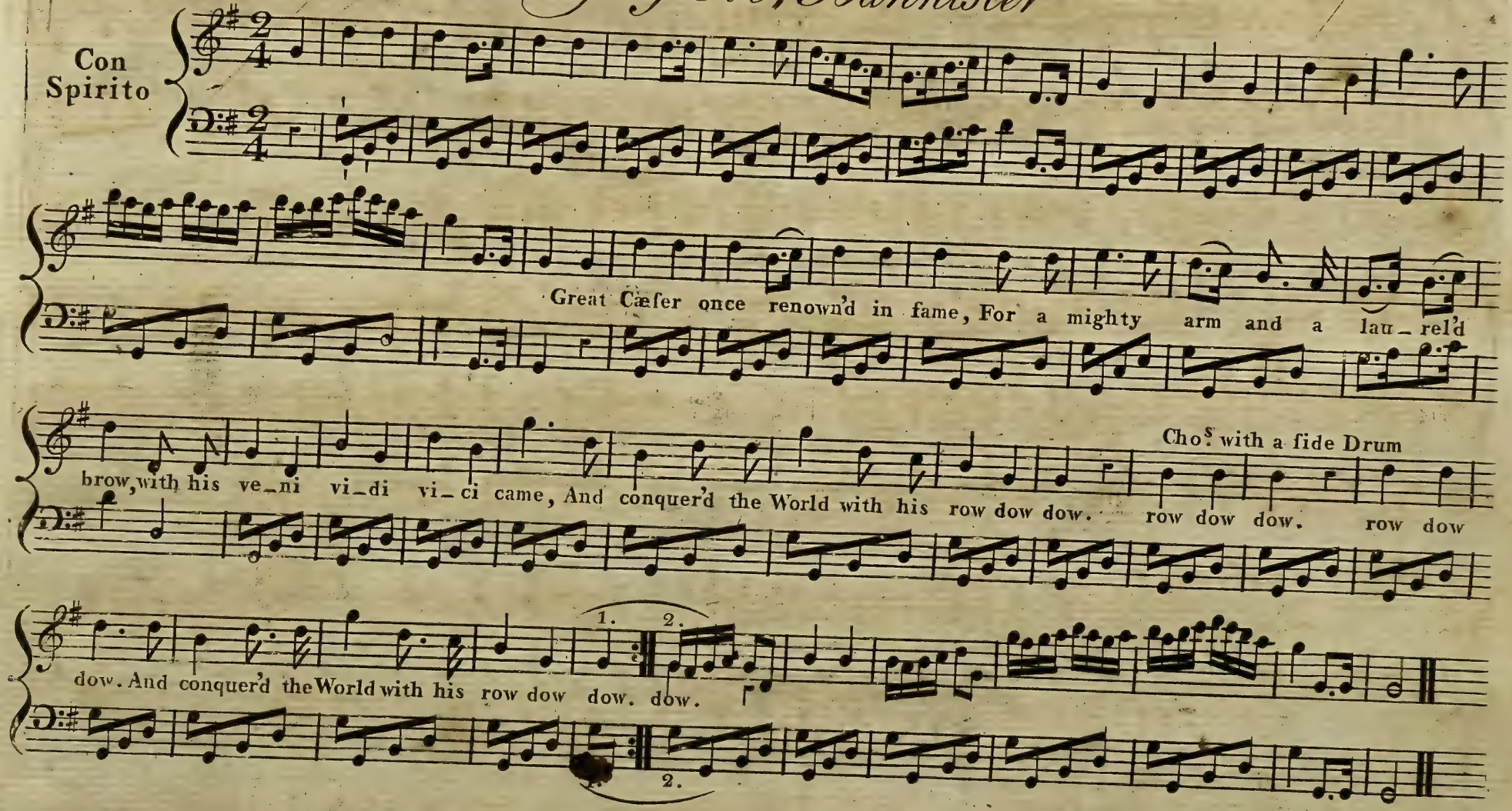
3

O lye Maſter Gage,
Quit the tricks of the age;
Scorn the ſlaves that to fortune falſe fortune are bound,
Their cringes and bows,



Proteſtations and vows,
Turning turning &c.

Sung by Mr. Bannister



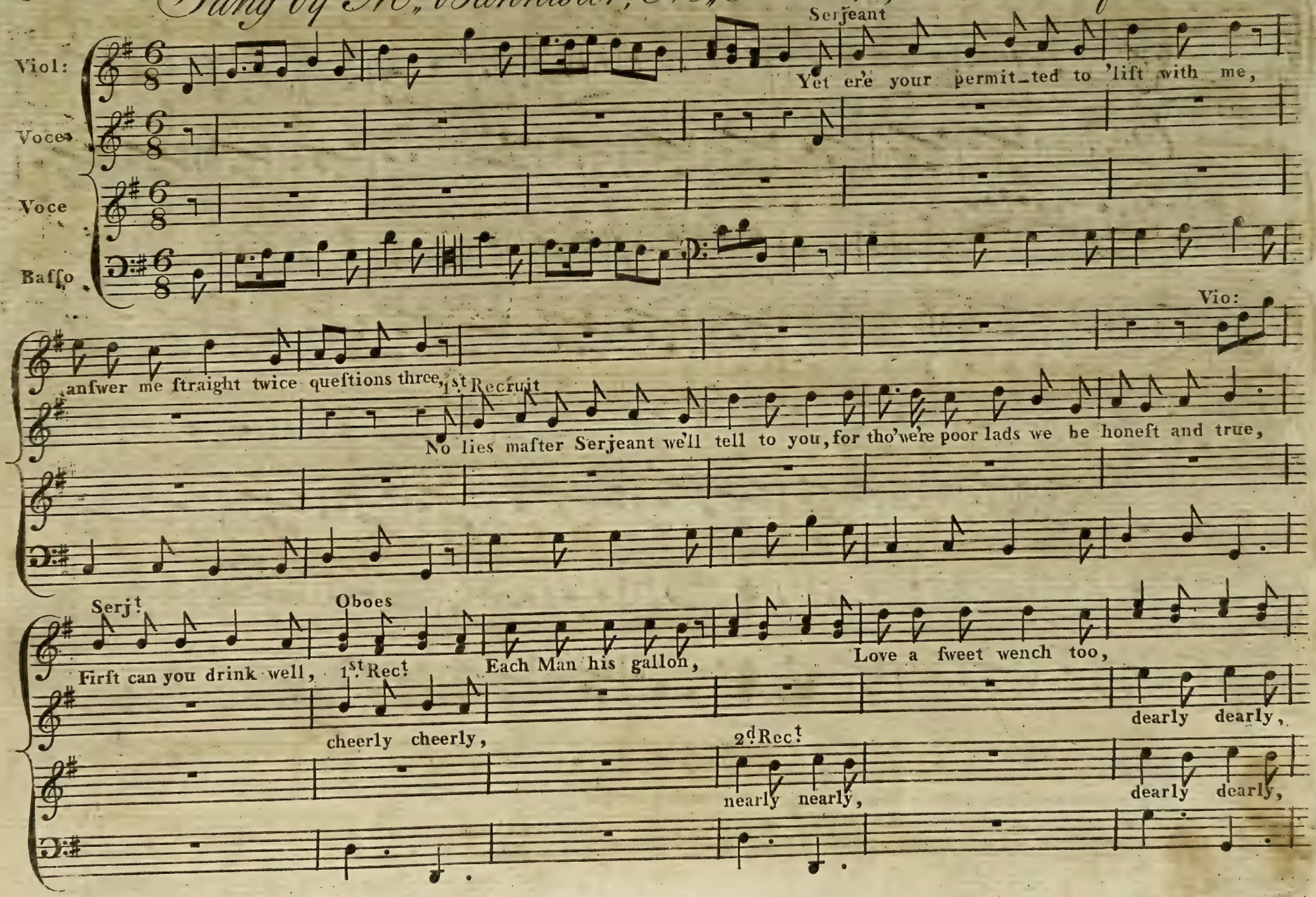
2

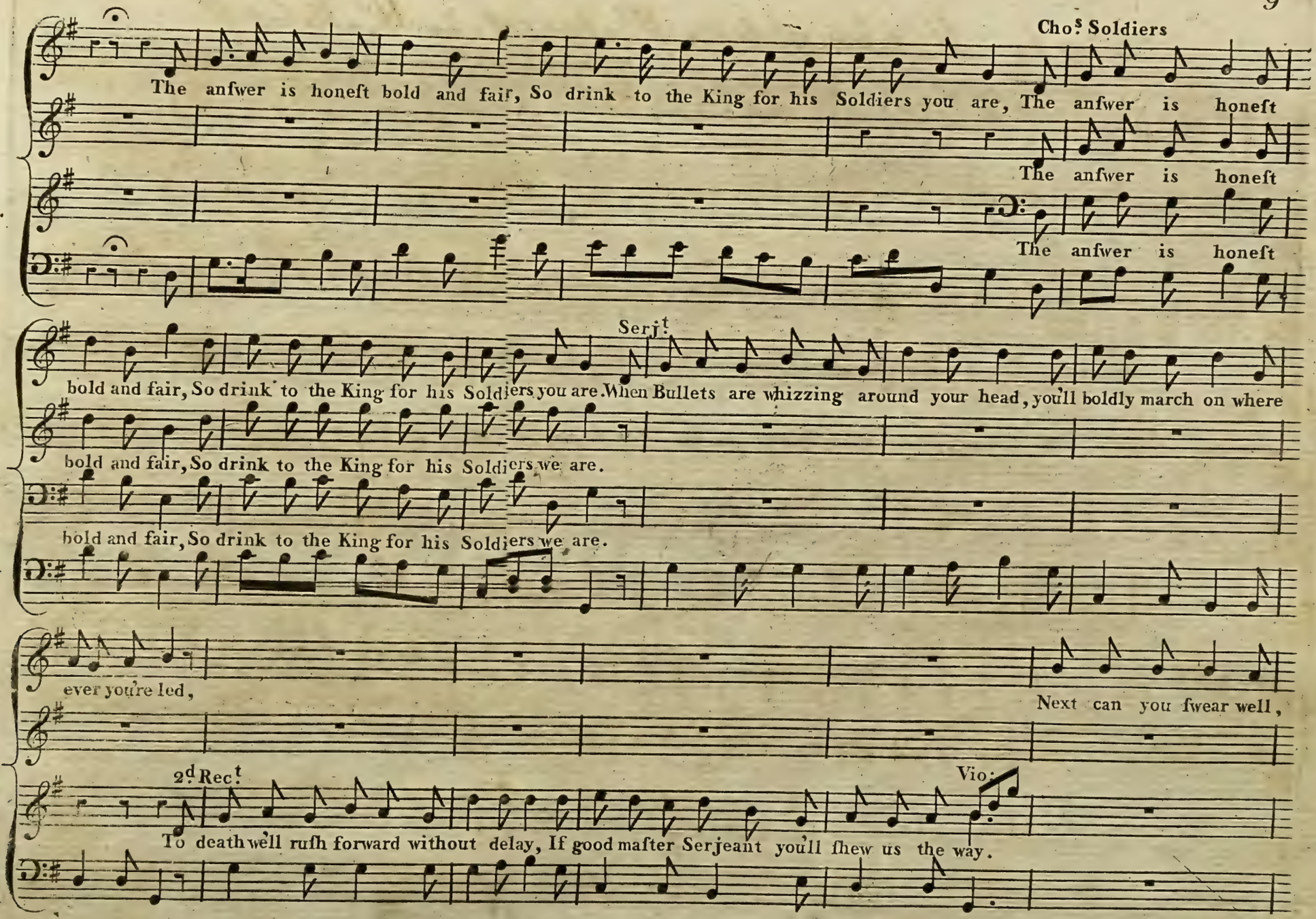
Thus ſhould our vaunting Enemies come,
And winds and waves their courſe allow,
In freedoms cauſe we'll beat our Drum,
And they'll fly at the ſound of our row dow dow.
Row dow dow &c.

3

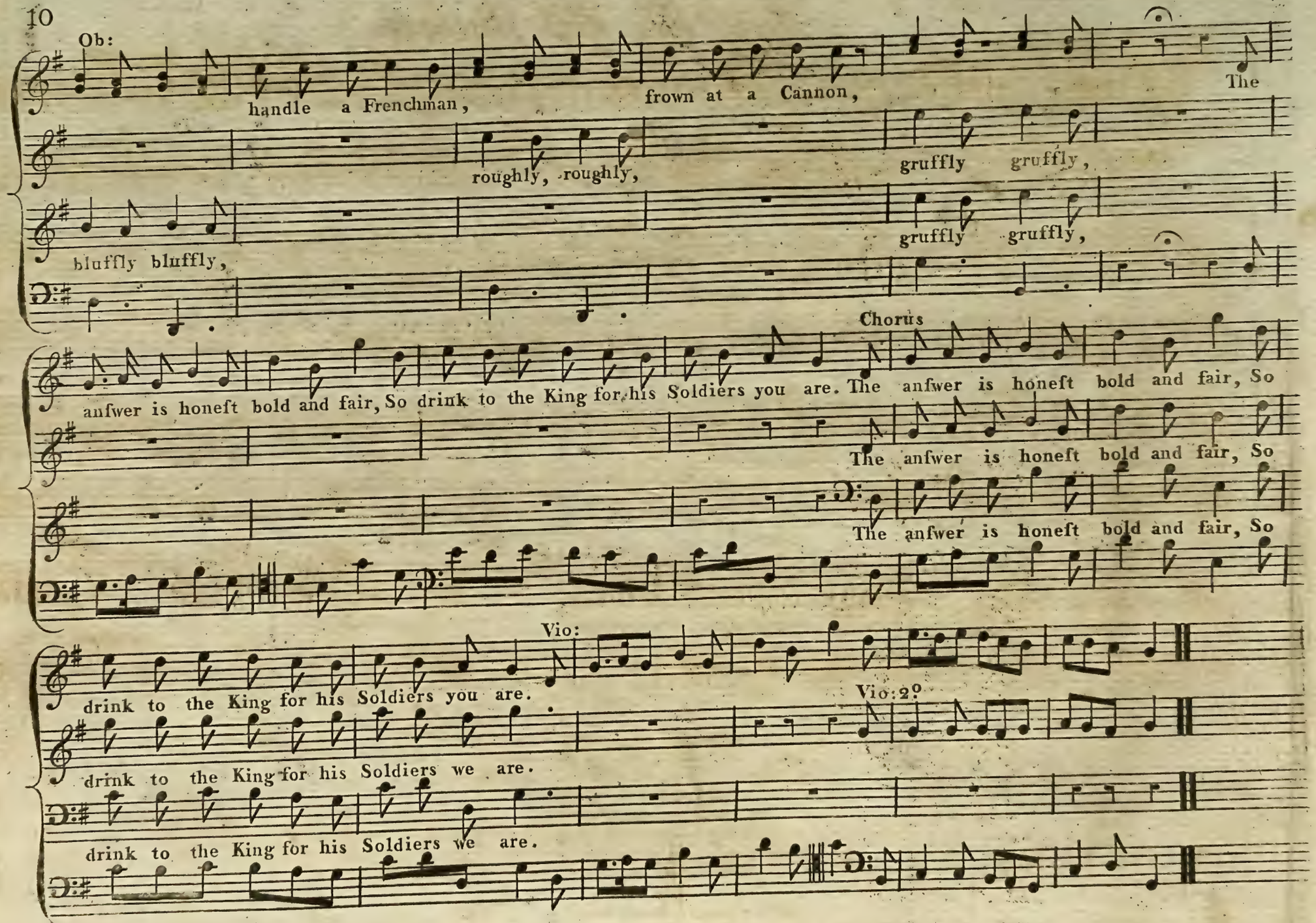
Then come my lads our glory ſhare,
Whoſe honeſt hearts britiſh valor avow,
At honor's call to Camp repair,
And follow the beat of my row dow dow.
Row dow dow &c.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Mr. Faucet, & Mr. Holcroft.



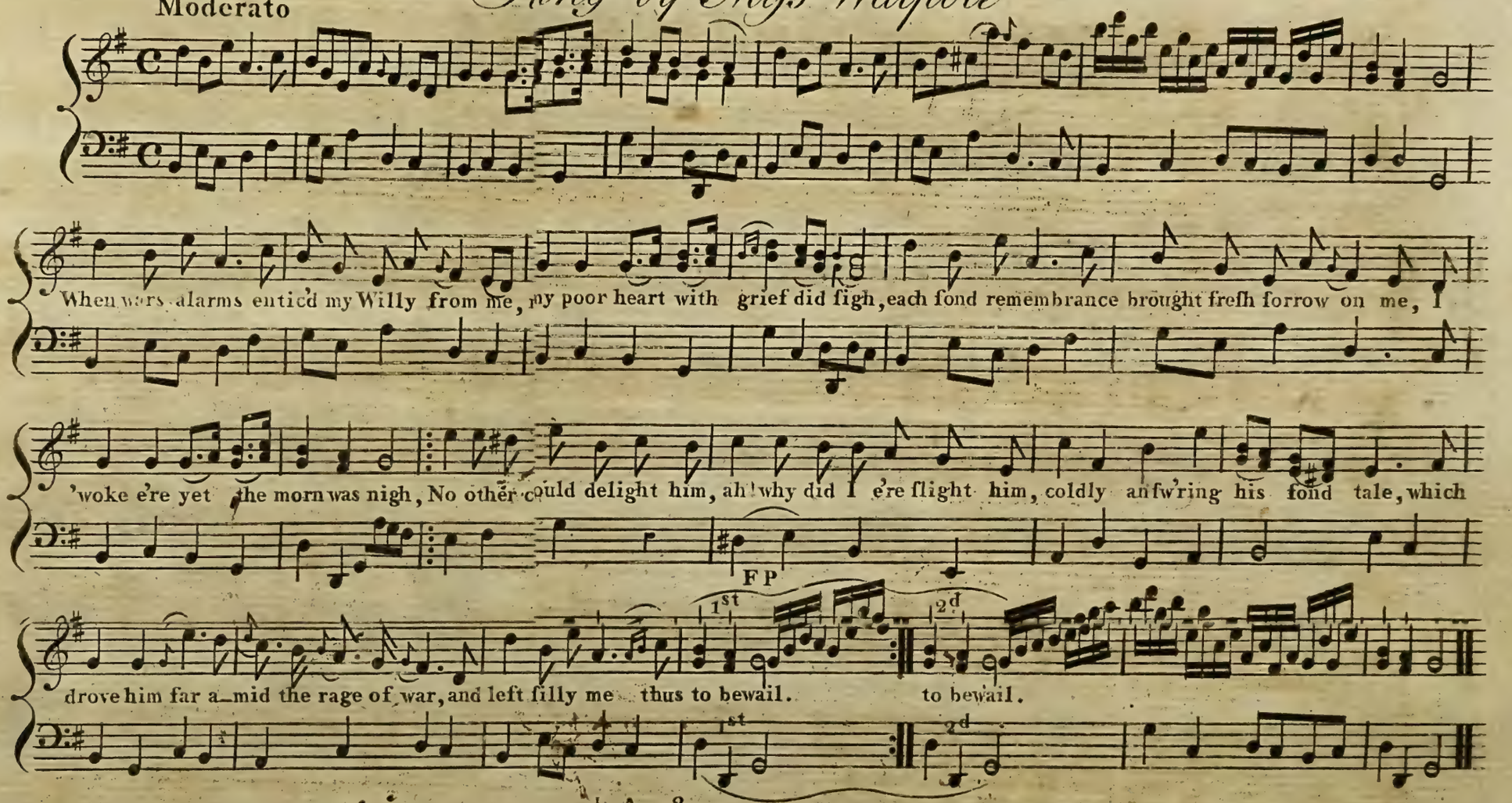

Cho.s Soldiers
The anfwer is honeft bold and fair, So drink to the King for his Soldiers you are, The anfwer is honeft
The anfwer is honeft
The anfwer is honeft
Serj.t
bold and fair, So drink to the King for his Soldiers you are. When Bullets are whizzing around your head, you'll boldly march on where
bold and fair, So drink to the King for his Soldiers we are.
bold and fair, So drink to the King for his Soldiers we are.
ever you're led,
Next can you fwear well,
2.d Rec.t
Vio:
To death well ruſh forward without delay, If good maſter Serjeant you'll ſhew us the way.

Volti


Ob:
handle a Frenchman,
frown at a Cannon,
The
roughly, roughly,
gruffly gruffly,
gruffly gruffly,
bluffly bluffly,
Chorus
anſwer is honeſt bold and fair, So drink to the King for his Soldiers you are. The anſwer is honeſt bold and fair, So
The anſwer is honeſt bold and fair, So
The anſwer is honeſt bold and fair, So
Vio:
drink to the King for his Soldiers you are.
Vio: 2o
drink to the King for his Soldiers we are.
drink to the King for his Soldiers we are.

Sung by Miſs Walpole

Moderato



2

But I no longer tho' a maid forſaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For e're the lark to-morrow ſhall awaken,
I will ſeek my abſent love,
The hoſtile country over,
I'll fly to ſeek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear,
Nor diſtant ſhore,
Nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

Sung by Mr. Wrighten

Allegro

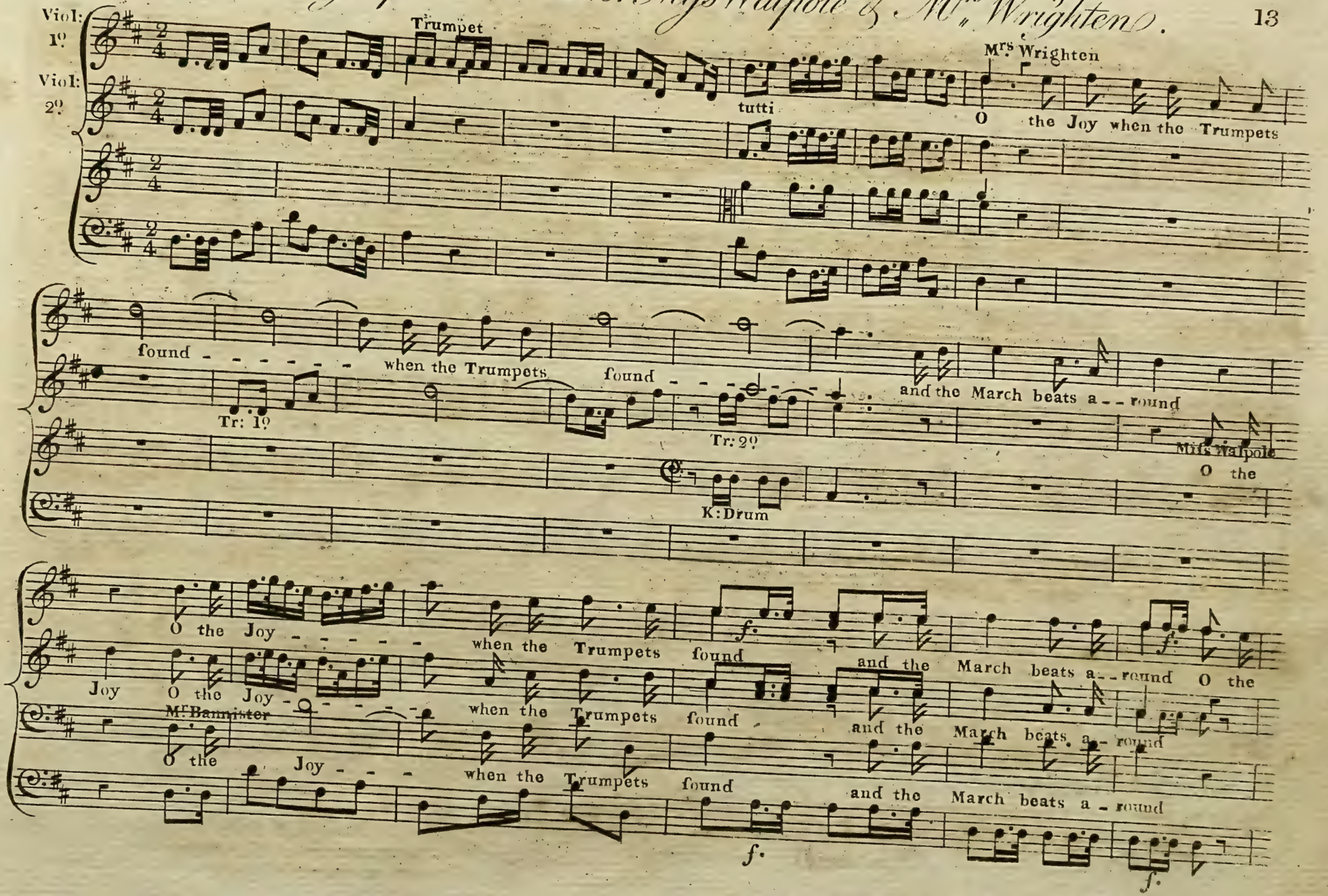
P° F^e

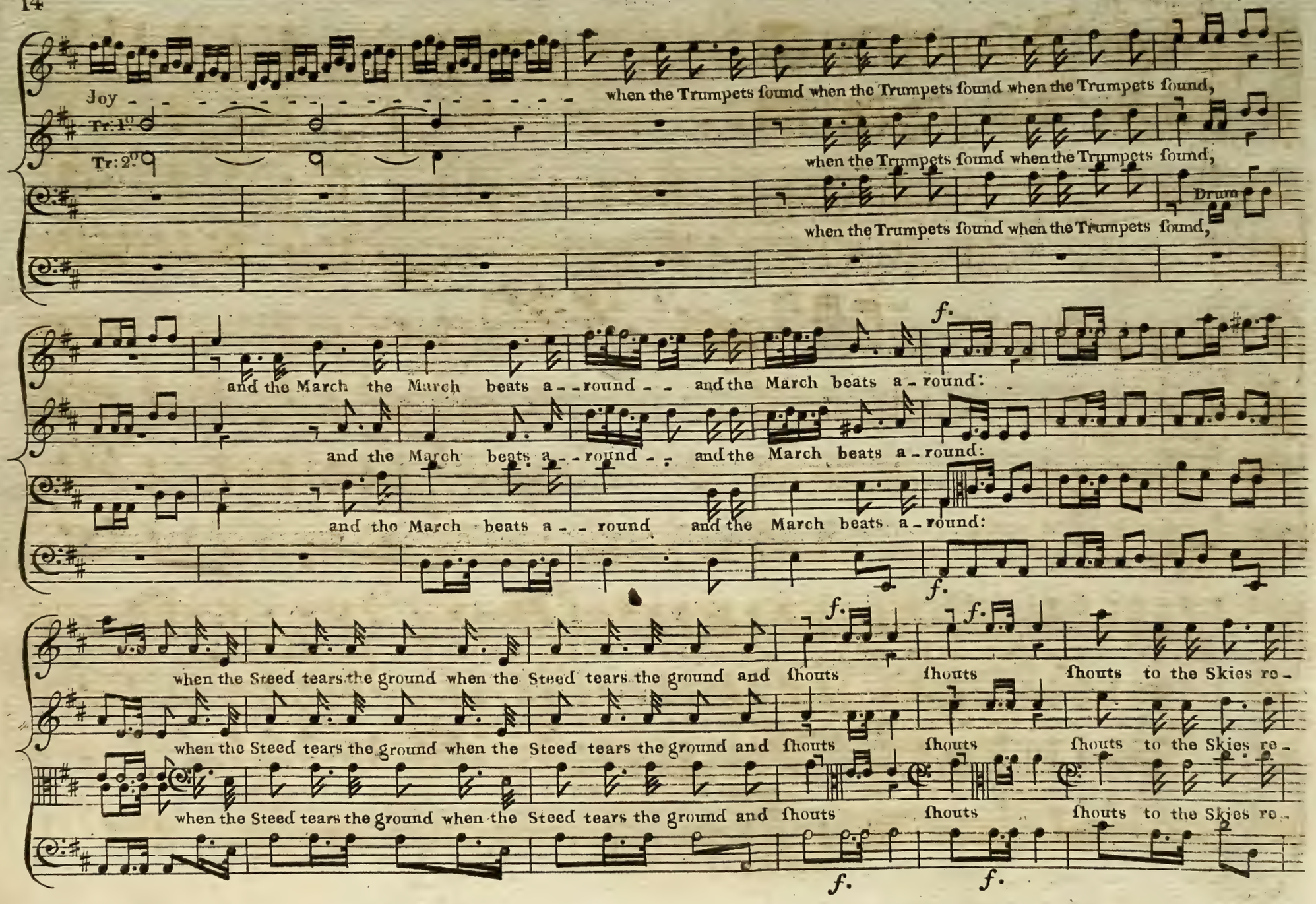
What can our wifeft heads provide, For the child we doat on dearly, But a merry foul and an honeft heart, In a lad who loves her dearly, dearly, In a lad who loves her dearly, F P F P Who with kiffes and chat, And all all that, Will footh her late and early, If the truth fhe tell when fhe knows him well, She'll fwear fhe loves him dearly, dearly, dearly, She'll fwear fhe loves him dearly. Sy

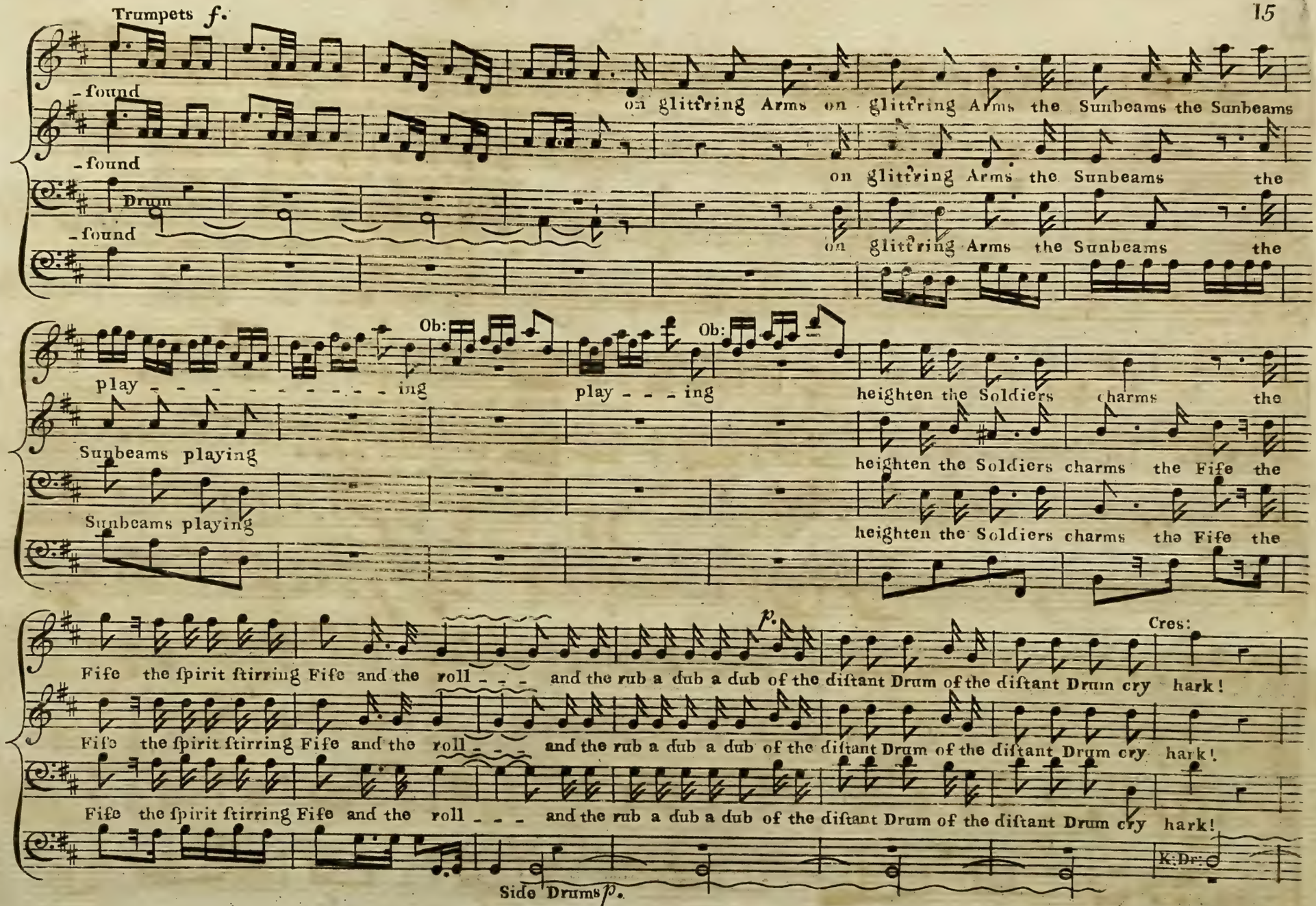
2

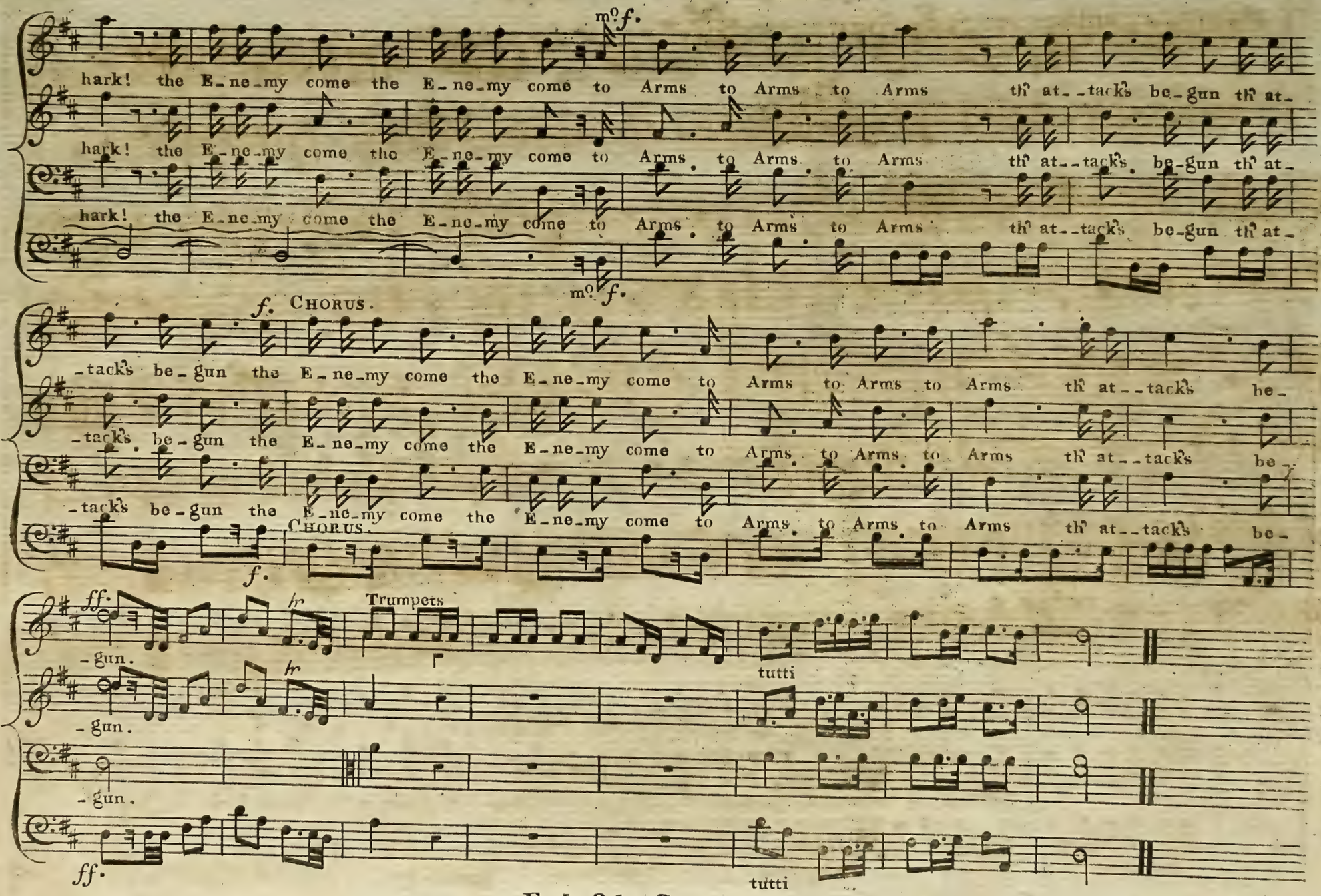
Let the Prude at name or fight of Man,
Pretend to rail feverely,
But alack a day unfeen fhe'll play,
With the lad who loves her dearly,
Say old Men what they will,
'Tis a lover ftill,
Makes day and night roll cheerly,
What makes our may all holiday?
The lad we doat on dearly.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Miss Walpole & Mrs. Wrighten.



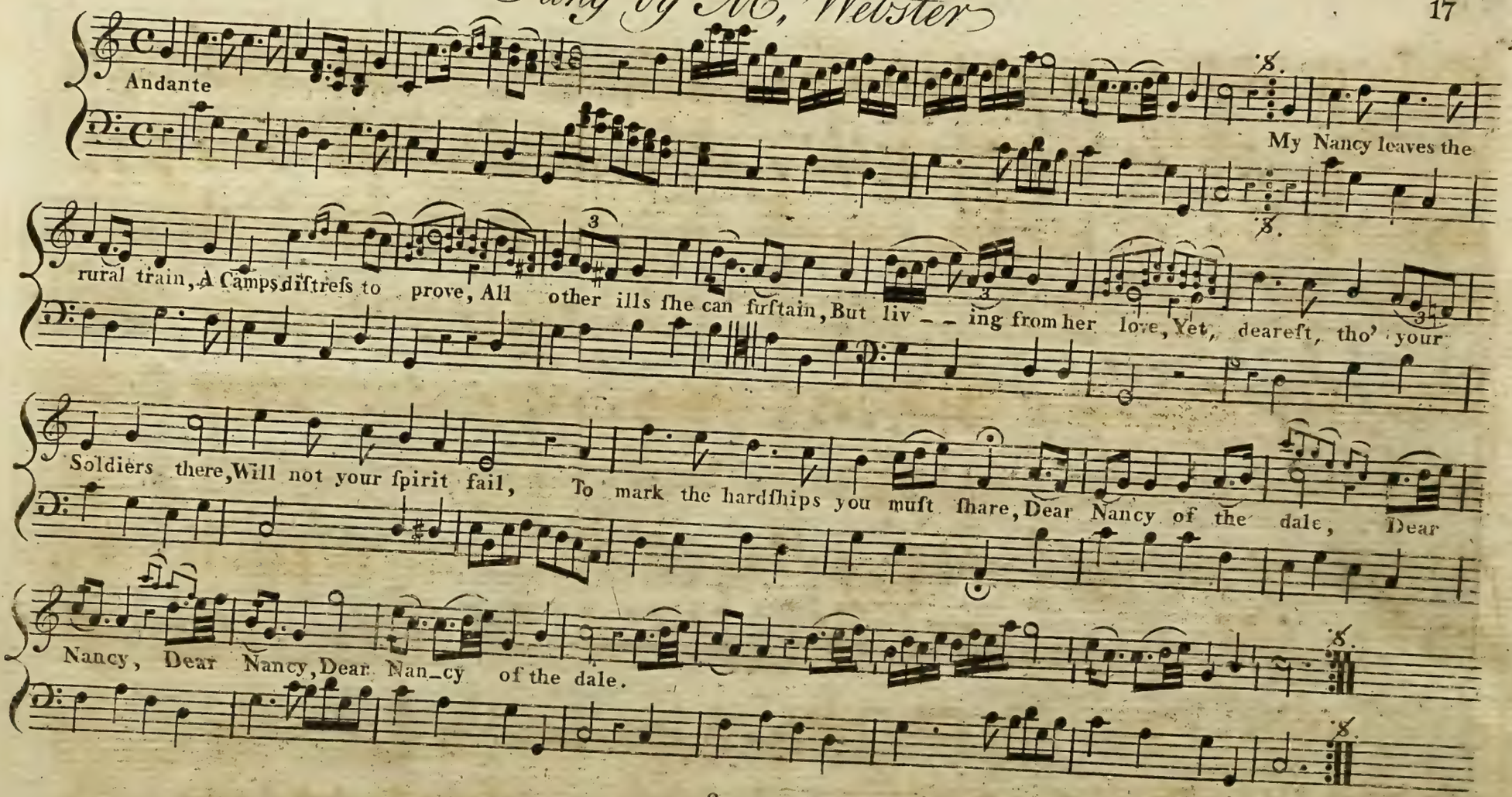

Joy
Tr: 1°
Tr: 2°
when the Trumpets found when the Trumpets found when the Trumpets found,
when the Trumpets found when the Trumpets found,
Drum
when the Trumpets found when the Trumpets found,
f.
and the March the March beats a - - round - - and the March beats a - round:
and the March beats a - - round - - and the March beats a - round:
and the March beats a - - round and the March beats a - round:
f.
f.
f.
when the Steed tears the ground when the Steed tears the ground and shouts shouts shouts to the Skies re -
when the Steed tears the ground when the Steed tears the ground and shouts shouts shouts to the Skies re -
when the Steed tears the ground when the Steed tears the ground and shouts shouts shouts to the Skies re -
f.
f.


Trumpets f.
found
on glitt'ring Arms on glitt'ring Arms the Sunbeams the Sunbeams
found
Drum
on glitt'ring Arms the Sunbeams the
found
on glitt'ring Arms the Sunbeams the
Ob:
play - - - - - - - - - ing
Ob:
play - - - ing
heighten the Soldiers charms the
Sunbeams playing
heighten the Soldiers charms the Fife the
Sunbeams playing
heighten the Soldiers charms the Fife the
p.
Cres:
Fife the ſpirit ſtirring Fife and the roll - - - and the rub a dub a dub of the diſtant Drum of the diſtant Drum cry hark!
Fife the ſpirit ſtirring Fife and the roll - - - and the rub a dub a dub of the diſtant Drum of the diſtant Drum cry hark!
Fife the ſpirit ſtirring Fife and the roll - - - and the rub a dub a dub of the diſtant Drum of the diſtant Drum cry hark!
K. Dr.
Side Drums p.



End of the first Act.

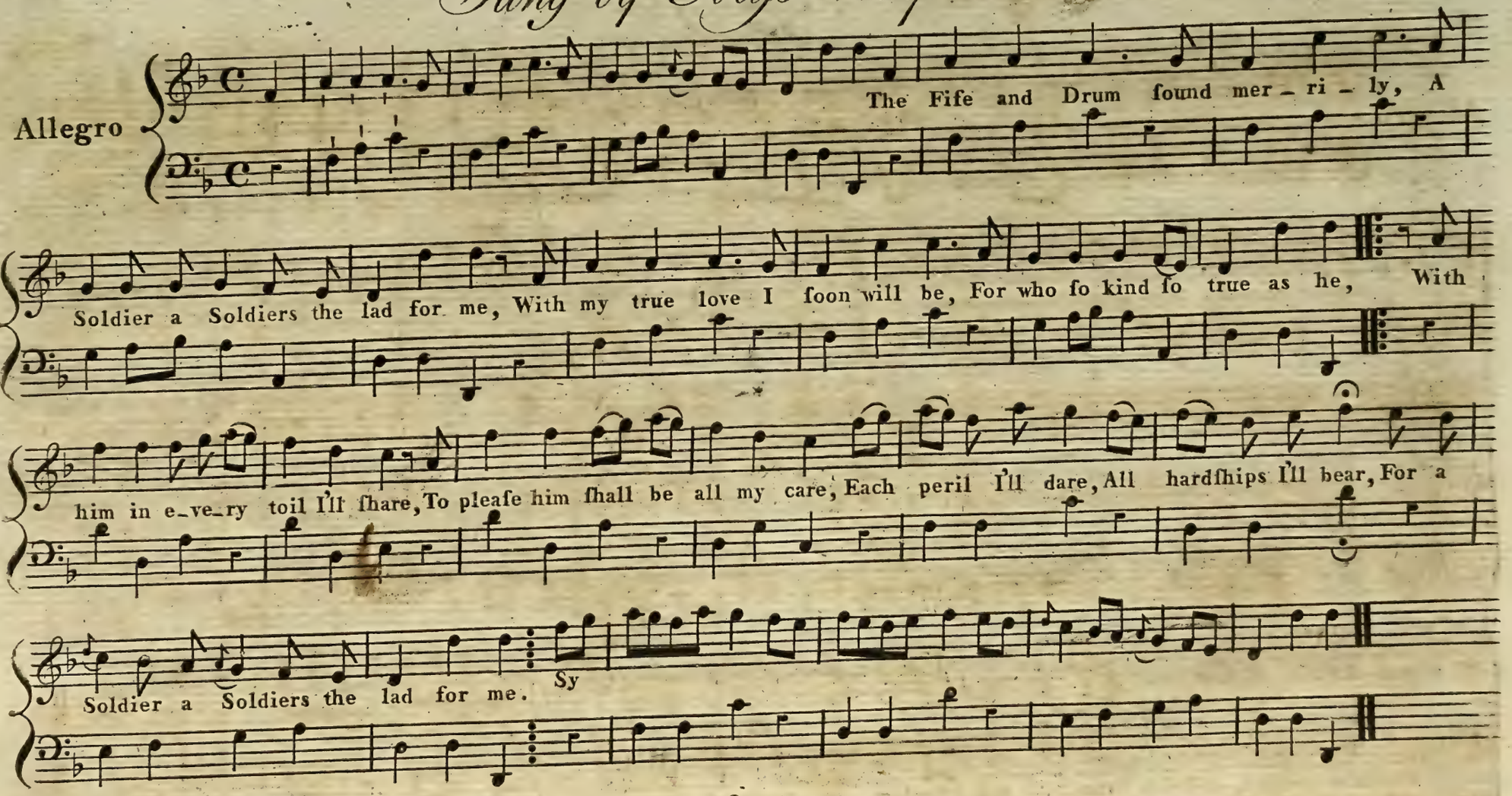
Sung by Mr. Webster



2

Or ſhould you Love, each danger ſcorn
Ah! how ſhall I ſecure
Your health – 'mid toils which you were born
To ſooth – but not endure
A thouſand perils I muſt view
A thouſand Ills aſſail
Nor muſt I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Sung by Miſs Walpole



2

Then if kind heaven preſerve my love,
What rapturous joy ſhall his Nancy prove,
Swift thro' the Camp ſhall my footſteps bound,
To meet my William with conqueſt crown'd,
Cloſe to my faithful boſom preſt,
Soon ſhall he huſh his cares to reſt,
Claſp'd in theſe arms,
Forget wars alarms,
For a Soldier a Soldiers the lad for me.

Finale

Allegro

Mr Bannister

While the loud voice of War re--founds from a-far Songs of Triumph and Duty we'll pay, When our

Chorus

Monarch appears we'll give him three cheers Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

with Huz-za! and Huzza! and Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

V:1°

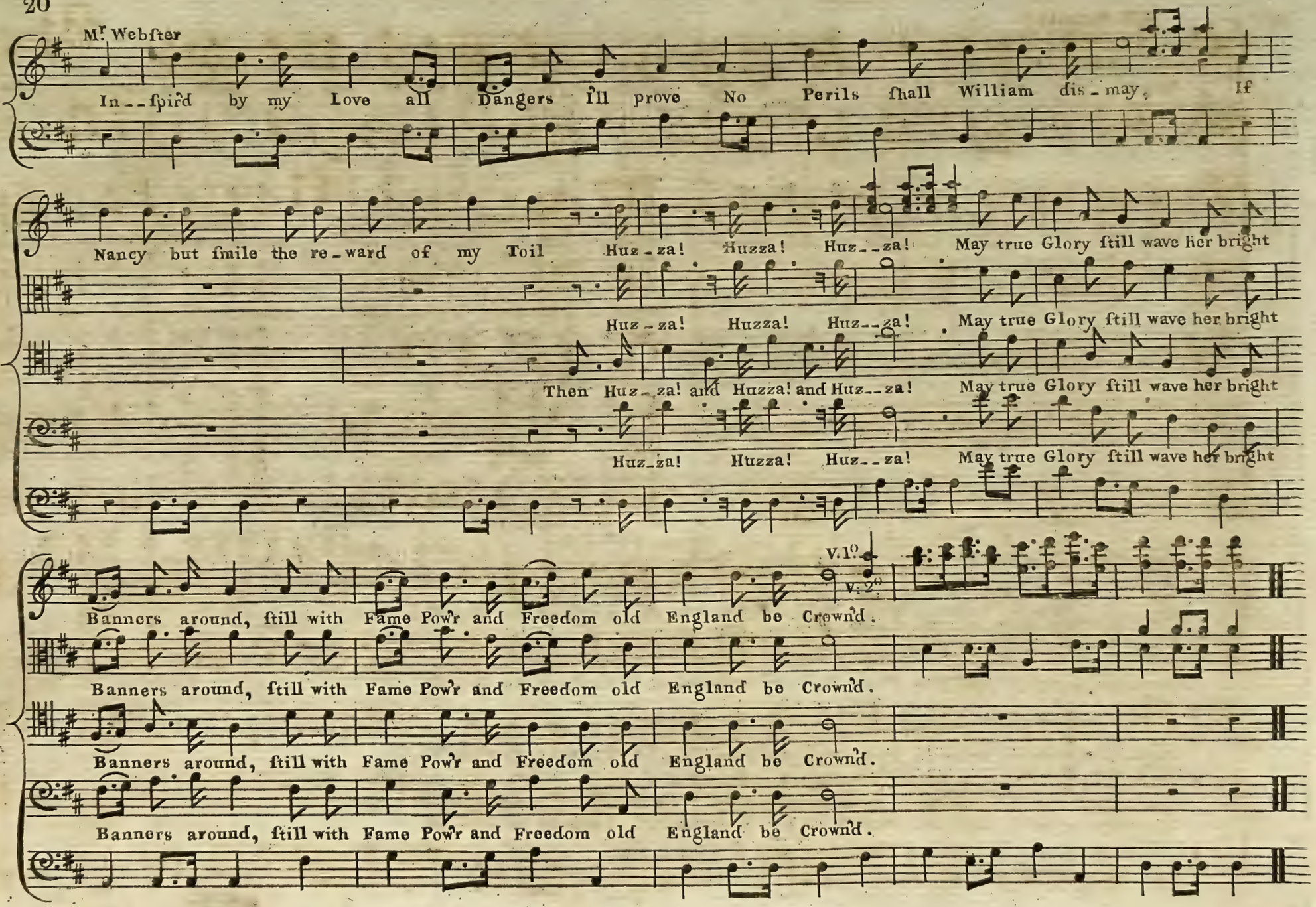
V:2°

Banners around, ſtill with Fame Powr and Freedom old England be crownd.

Banners around, ſtill with Fame Powr and Freedom old England be crownd.

Banners around, ſtill with Fame Powr and Freedom old England be crownd.

Banners around, ſtill with Fame Powr and Freedom old England be crownd.


Mr. Webſter
In--ſpird by my Love all Dangers I'll prove No Perils ſhall William diſ-may, If
Nancy but ſmile the re-ward of my Toil Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright
Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright
Then Huz-za! and Huzza! and Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright
Huz-za! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright
V.1º.
V.2º.
Banners around, ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Banners around, ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Banners around, ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Banners around, ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.

Miſs Walpole

Brave Sons of the Field Whoſe Va-lor's our ſhield Love and Beauty your toils ſhall re--pay, In

Chorus

Wars fierce a--larms in-ſpir'd by theſe Charms Huzza! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

Huzza! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

Sound Huzza! and Huzza! and Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright,

Huzza! Huzza! Huz--za! May true Glory ſtill wave her bright

V:1.

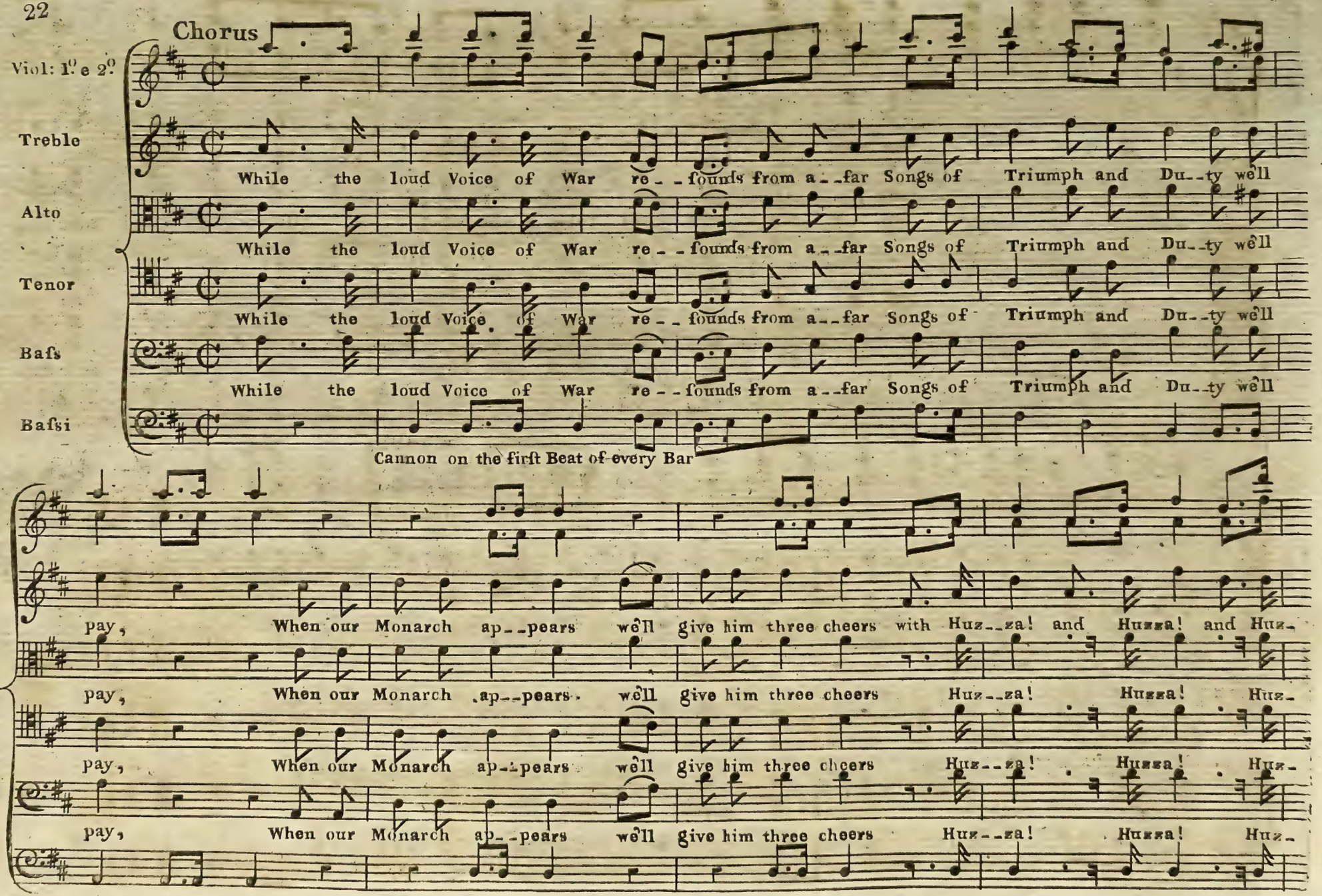
V:2.

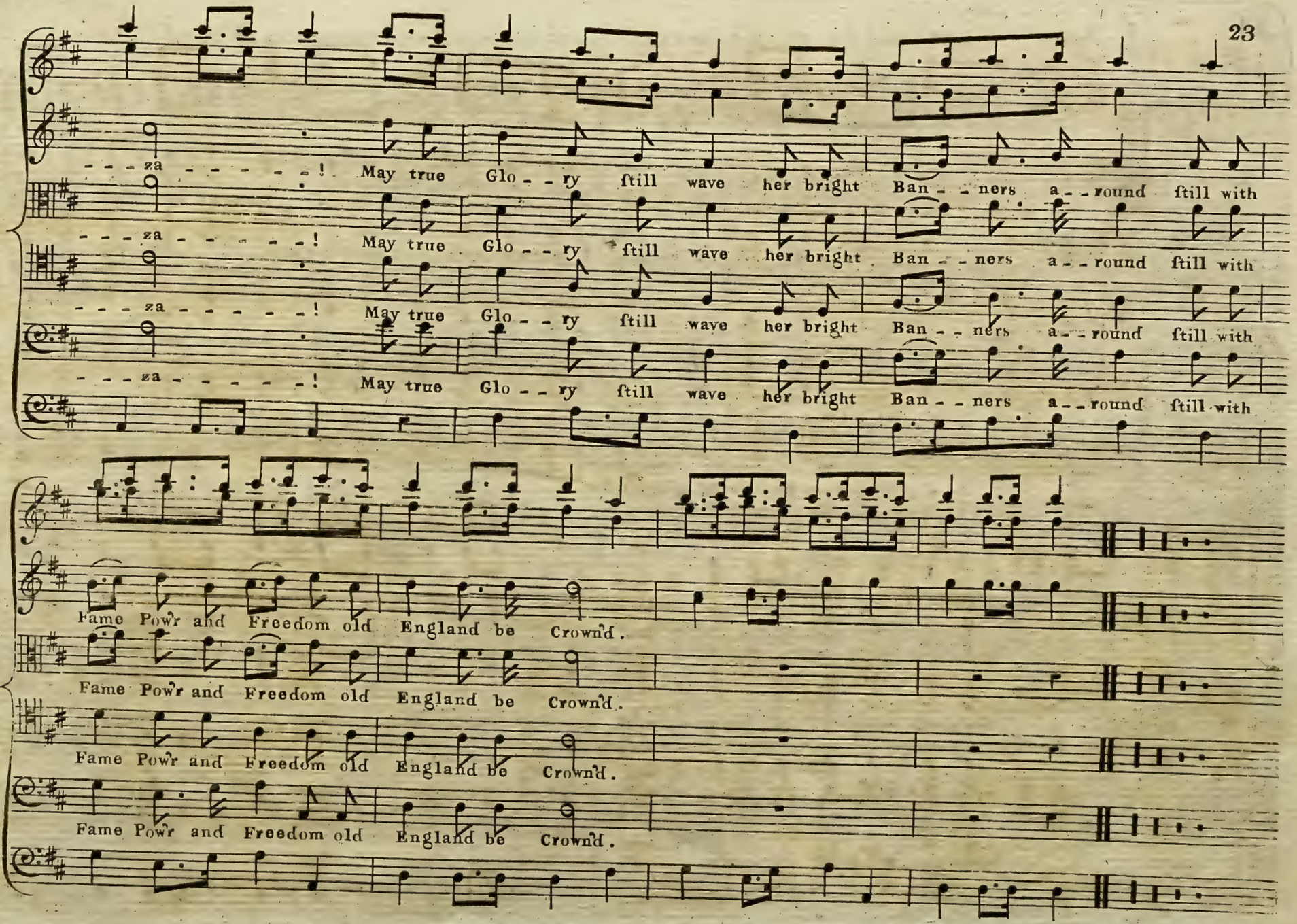
Banners around ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.

Banners around ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.

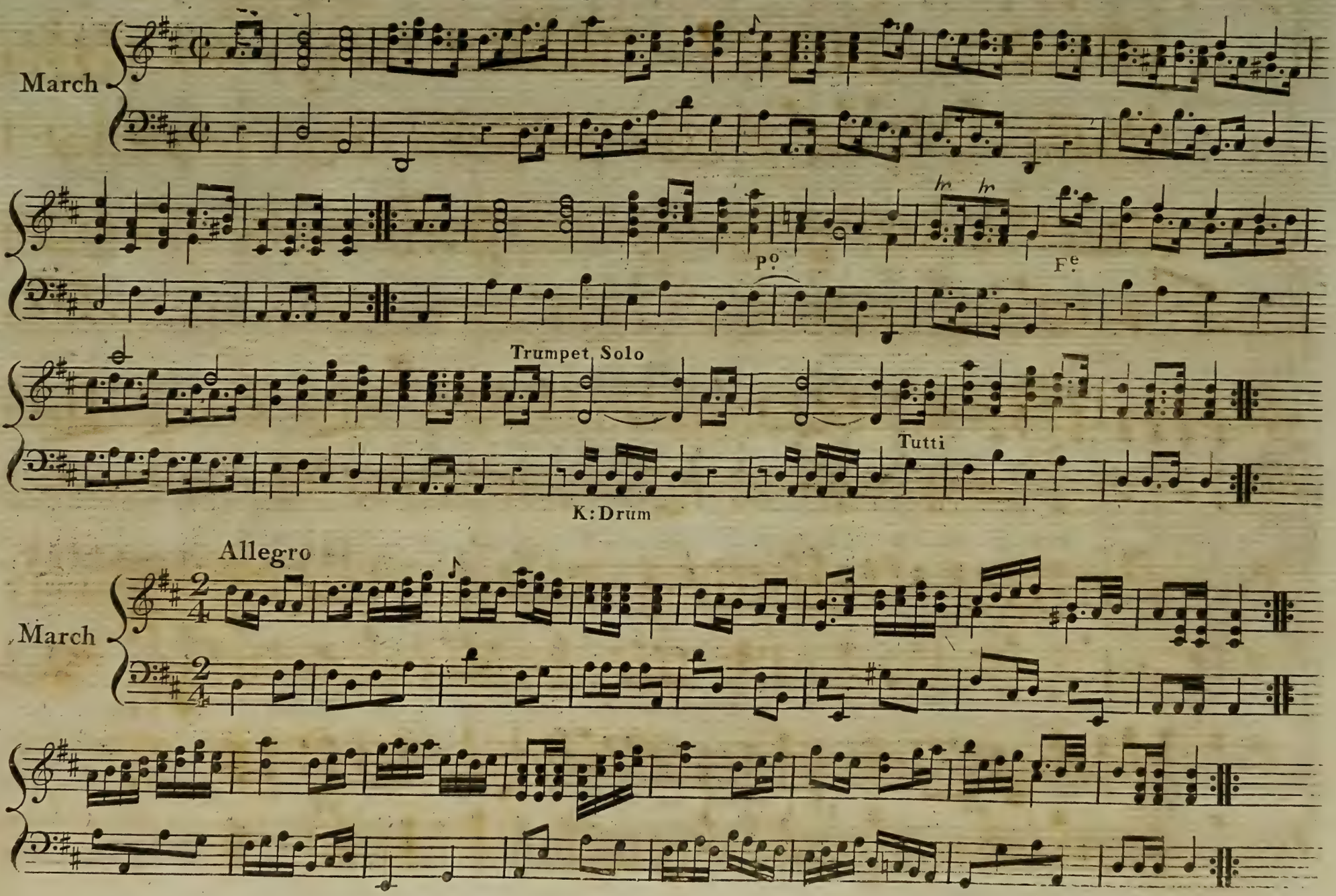
Banners around ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.

Banners around ſtill with Fame Pow'r and Freedom old England be Crown'd.


Chorus
Viol: 1.o e 2.o
Treble
While the loud Voice of War re--founds from a--far Songs of Triumph and Du--ty well
Alto
While the loud Voice of War re--founds from a--far Songs of Triumph and Du--ty well
Tenor
While the loud Voice of War re--founds from a--far Songs of Triumph and Du--ty well
Bafs
While the loud Voice of War re--founds from a--far Songs of Triumph and Du--ty well
Bafsi
Cannon on the firft Beat of every Bar
pay, When our Monarch ap--pears well give him three cheers with Huz--za! and Huzza! and Huz-
pay, When our Monarch ap--pears well give him three cheers Huz--za! Huzza! Huz-
pay, When our Monarch ap--pears well give him three cheers Huz--za! Huzza! Huz-
pay, When our Monarch ap--pears well give him three cheers Huz--za! Huzza! Huz-

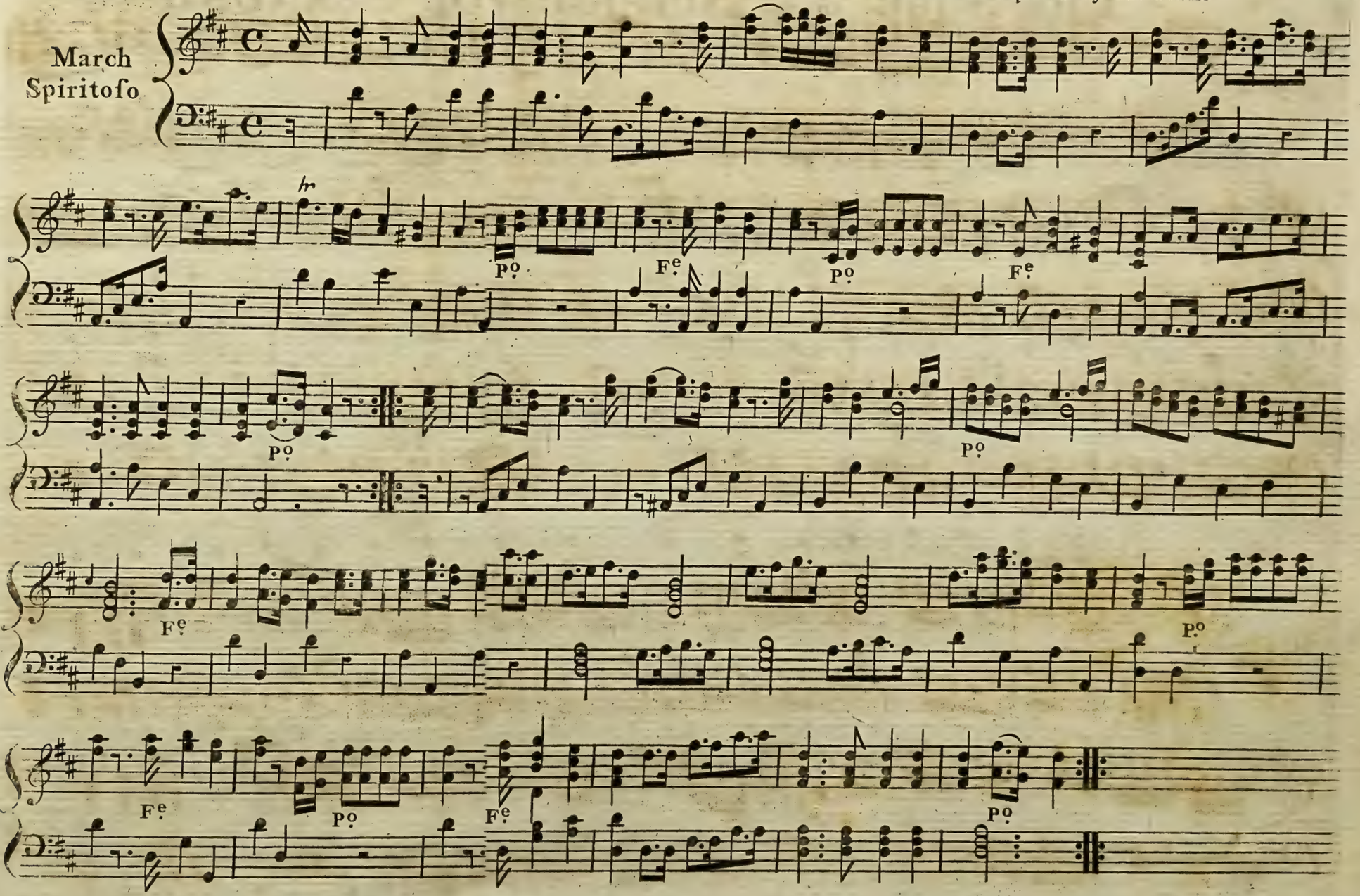

---za------! May true Glo--ry ſtill wave her bright Ban--ners a--round ſtill with
---za------! May true Glo--ry ſtill wave her bright Ban--ners a--round ſtill with
---za------! May true Glo--ry ſtill wave her bright Ban--ners a--round ſtill with
---za------! May true Glo--ry ſtill wave her bright Ban--ners a--round ſtill with
Fame Powr and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Fame Powr and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Fame Powr and Freedom old England be Crown'd.
Fame Powr and Freedom old England be Crown'd.

Marches perform'd by the Regimental Band in the Entertainment of the CAMP.



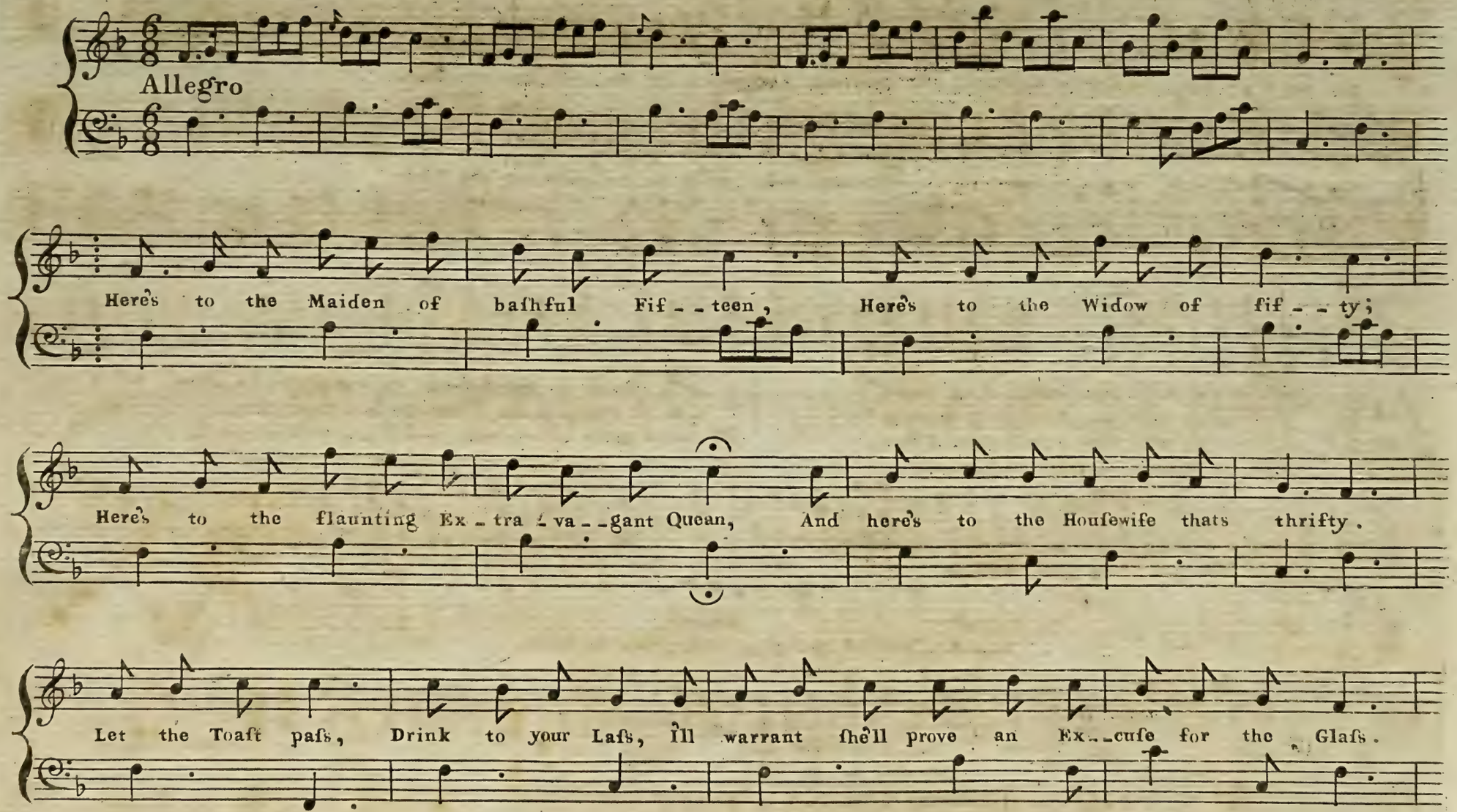
Composed by M.r Parke

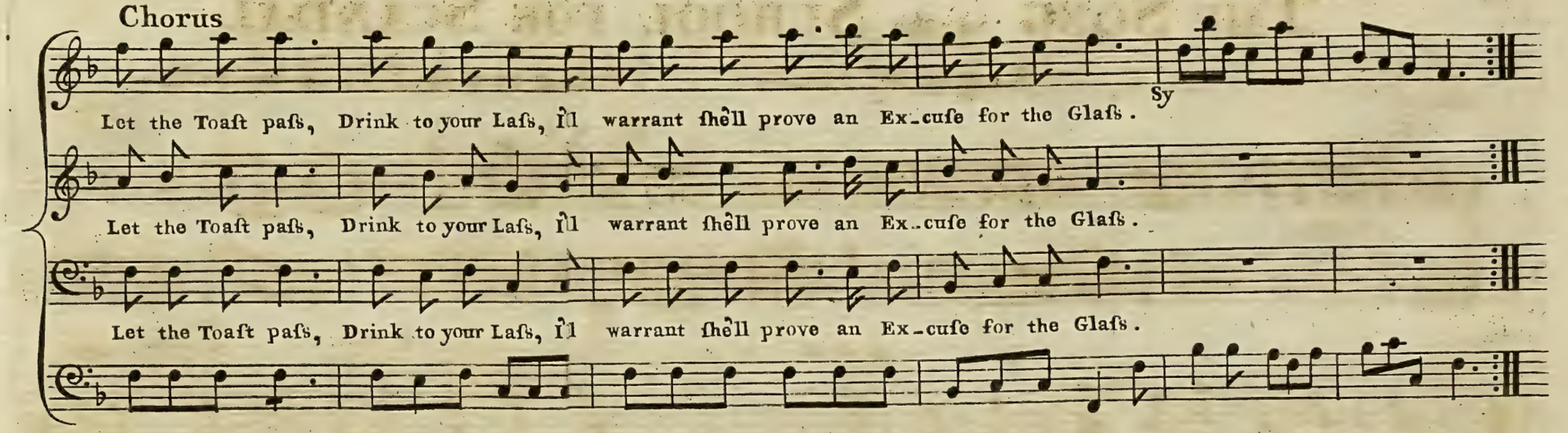
March
Spiritoso



THE SONG in the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

Sung by Mr. Vernon Printed by Permiſsion of the Author.





2

Here's to the Maid with a Boſom of Snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a Berry;
Here's to the Wife with a Face full of Woe,
And now for the Damſel that's merry.
Let the Toaſt paſs,
Drink to your Laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an Excuſe for the Glaſs.
Cho: Let the Toaſt paſs &c.

3

Here's to the Charmer whoſe dimples we prize,
Now to the Maid who has none Sir;
Here's to the Girl with a pair of blue Eyes,
And here's to the Nymph with but one Sir
Let the Toaſt paſs,
Drink to your Laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an Excuſe for the Glaſs.
Cho: Let the Toaſt paſs &c.

4

For let 'em be clumſey or let 'em be ſlim,
Young or Antient I care not a Feather:
So fill a Pint bumper nay fill to the brim,
And e'en let us Toaſt all together.
Let the Toaſt paſs,
Drink to your Laſs,
I'll warrant ſhe'll prove an Excuſe for the Glaſs.
Cho: Let the Toaſt paſs &c.